

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 400,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 9, 1939

Registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3d



CHOOSING THE GIFT

Painting by VIRGIL

When you buy a pet ...



A PONY for Christmas ...
tops in gifts ...

Expert advice on choosing a pup or kitten

THE advantage of the four-legged Christmas present is that the "giftee" cannot forget you or it. Admittedly, the reminders may be somewhat mixed.

However, if you're willing to take the risk and you're not so knowledgeable about animals, these few tips on dog and cat buying and owning may be helpful.

Obviously the best house-dogs are the smaller breeds. Their unlimited energy finds ample scope in the average house.

Setters and spaniels, particularly cockers, are ideal pets, though sometimes their abounding vitality can be a trifle wearying.



BLUE-EYED, sooty-nosed Siamese kittens—reckless extravagance.

Curiously enough, all gun dogs (and these include the setter and spaniel) are grand for children. They are good tempered and gentle, and even if your youngest hopefuls do pull them around by their tails, or confiscate their juiciest bones,

they can usually be depended upon not to retaliate viciously.

Having determined the breed you want, the next problem is selecting the best puppy from the litter.

If you just want a little common-or-garden mongrel you can simply whip up that fluffy little bundle with the outrageous appeal.

If, on the other hand, you want a really snooty animal, these are the points to look for.

Most important of all, see that the puppy you propose to buy is clear-eyed and alert, well-boned and intelligent.

Look for one with a bit of defiance. You'll find he has all the qualities which will endear him to you.

Very often he is better fitted to throw off the many crises which all puppies have to face in adolescence, whereas if he is shy externally, internally he is predisposed to doggie ills.

Once you get your pup home, the main problem is training him.

Punishment for disobedience may be necessary, but you must be understanding and patient.

When punishing a puppy, do so immediately after the offence. It is very difficult for the little chap to associate a chastisement with a "crime" committed earlier.

After the age of four months, never feed a dog more than twice a day—a light meal at breakfast-time, dry biscuit for preference, and a mash feed in the evening.

Don't stint the supply of water, for plenty of clean water is an essential to a dog's health.

Concerning kittens

IF it's a kitten you're giving, remember that the "high-born" kind need care and attention. Children should be given common cats or half-Persians; reserve the others for adults.

Give a Siamese kitten only to someone willing to cherish it with positively maternal care. These rare felines are delicate and subject to chills and tummy disorders.

You'll need to be a moneyed Santa Claus to give one, as they cost about £10, but if spreading yourself in this direction look for blue eyes with



LOOK ... I've got a puppy.

wine-colored pupils, and a clear, fawn-colored coat with deep sable shadings along the back and points.

You can buy a Persian kitten from £1 upward—£2/2/- will bring you a good one.

The chinchilla is ousting the blue Persian in fashionable popularity at the moment, but blacks and whites or any of the three tabby tints, red, silver, or brown, are popular, too.

Look for a short, compact kitten with sturdy, bigish legs, a short, thick head and small ears, and a nice depth of coat.

Daily grooming is essential to a Persian kitten's welfare, so don't give one to a lazy friend. The coat will develop knots if not brushed regularly.

The kitten may be fed four or five times daily while young, reducing the meals to two from six months onward. More raw meat than anything else is right for the diet, but boiled rabbit and biscuits soaked in milk may be added.

Potatoes or white bread should be removed from table scraps.

Avoid washing as much as possible. The coat can be dry-cleaned with bran and fuller's earth.

Pin these instructions on your four-legged gifts. You take on a responsibility to animals when you give them away.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



LORD STRADBROKE

"Tangible Admiration."

WITH the offer of his lovely old Suffolk mansion, Henham Hall, as a convalescent home for Australian combatants, Lord Stradbroke, former Governor of Victoria, has given "tangible expression" of his admiration for Australians.

Earlier this year, in supporting a British fund for Victorian bushfire victims, Lord Stradbroke said: "As one privileged to know the loyalty and courage of the Australian people, I think we should give some tangible expression of our sympathy."



—Dorothy Welding.

MAY BRAHE

"I Passed by Your Window."

ALTHOUGH she has published more than 300 popular songs, Melbourne-born Mrs. George Morgan (May Brahe) says she does not intend giving up composing.

One of her best-known melodies is "I Passed by Your Window."

She is at present visiting Australia from London after an absence of 27 years.



C. J. BURCHELL, K.C.

"I Shall Be Back."

CANADA'S first High Commissioner to Australia is evidently something of a prophet! Much interested in Australia when here last year as a delegate to the conference on international affairs, he remarked, on leaving to return to Canada, "I shall be back!"

New romantic powder shade...

ERASMIC
"Peach"



Try it now—

and look lovelier this
summer!



Only 1/- per box

"Peach." A new, beautiful powder shade to bring you a new summer complexion! Fair skins take on a tender, fragile beauty... golden-brown complexions a sun-kissed glow. And Peach dramatizes "in-between" colouring with unexpected radiance. So do try it—there's no lovelier powder than fragrant English Erasmic. Other well-loved shades are Natural, Rachel, Brunette, Suntan.

Erasmic Creams (Vanishing or Cold) 1/- TUBE

57.47.47

WIFE OF RAWALPINDI HERO . . .



JOHN ORTON, one of the Rawalpindi heroes. Against overwhelming odds they fought to the last.



MRS. ORTON, his wife, who is anxiously awaiting news in England



DR. BERTHA ORTON, mother of John Orton. Her own sense of loss was put aside to comfort his wife during the sad hours of waiting.

"I cannot believe he will not come home" says mother of Melbourne girl

Behind the smoke of the Rawalpindi's gallant battle against the German battleship Deutschland last week is the story of the wives and mothers of the crew of the British merchantman.

Among them is the charming Melbourne wife of John Orton, an officer of the Rawalpindi, whom survivors thought might have been taken aboard the German ship as a prisoner.

THE young wife waits in a quaint old cottage in Surrey for news of the survivors.

Thirteen thousand miles away, in their Melbourne home, her parents are thinking of her and waiting and hoping . . .

Before the war, John Orton made many trips here when attached to the P. and O. Line.

Early in 1937 he married Molly Fisher, the attractive, tall, fair daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fisher, of Canterbury, Melbourne.

Less than two years of happiness—then last week's tragedy, first news of which came to the parents over the radio.

Mrs. Fisher, who is calm but anxious, told how she heard the news.

"I was listening to a rebroadcast of Mr. Chamberlain's speech on Monday morning.

"He said, 'You will be told of reverses. You have heard of the Courageous and the Royal Oak. Now you will be told of the Rawalpindi'.

"Wonderful boy"

"ANXIOUSLY I listened for the news and at noon heard that only one officer and ten men were so far reported saved.

"I cabled my daughter, 'Is John on Rawalpindi?'

"I received her heartbroken reply, 'Yes,' followed by a later cable from John's mother, Dr. Bertha Orton, who lives only a mile from Molly.

"Molly bearing up well. All hoping for best," she cabled.

"John is a wonderful boy. He is only twenty-five, tall, dark, brown-eyed, charming, a great stickler for naval tradition.

"He was navigation officer. My great fear is that he was on the bridge, and I read that the bridge was blown up.

"But I know that if he was to go that is how John would choose to go.

"He loved the sea. His only regret was that the sea he loved allowed him to spend so little time with Molly.

"When they celebrated their first wedding anniversary I remember they had only spent eleven weeks together.

"John is a son of the late Dr. Francis Orton, a Birmingham surgeon, and Dr. Bertha Orton, who

had a practice in Park Place, London, but has retired to Four Wind Cottage in Surrey.

"He always followed the sea.

"He went to Worcester Naval Training College, gained one of the coveted prizes there, then joined the Strathaird as a cadet and came out on the Australian run.

"My daughter had just finished first-year nursing at the Children's Hospital.

"The romance began when she went on a cruise to Fiji. They were introduced on board.

"They corresponded, and John made various trips out in the Cathay and Chitral. It was a strange coincidence that the Chitral went to the Rawalpindi's rescue.

"Molly only did two and a half years of the nursing course, then John cabled her to go to England.

"She went in a Dutch cargo ship at the end of 1935, stayed with his mother, and took a secretarial job with Dr. Plesch, in Gloucester Place, till John was able to get leave for their wedding.

"I went home to see her, helped her buy the trousseau and a lovely satin wedding gown, and had to return before the wedding.

"They were married on May 1 1937, at Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone. Dr. Plesch gave her away. They sent us a film of the wedding.

"John's brother Louis, who was best man, is now serving with the artillery in the British Army. Bridesmaid was an English friend, Louise Orr. There was a reception at Chelsea, then the couple flew to Paris for their honeymoon.

"John made another run to Australia as Fourth Officer in the Cathay, so Molly came out via Bombay.

"They met in Sydney to continue their interrupted honeymoon, then went back to England via separate routes.

"Their married life has been a series of short periods together, with long stretches apart.

"Last January, when John was on the Indian run, Molly came home for a visit, then went to India and met John for six glorious weeks in Bombay. She came back to be with us, her three sisters and her brother, Arthur, who is now sergeant in signals in camp.

"When she went back in May, my youngest daughter, Hilda, went with her. She was to study singing, but, like Molly, has taken up war work instead.



JOHN ORTON and his bride, Miss Molly Fisher, of Melbourne, on their wedding day.



MRS. HAROLD FISHER, of Melbourne, mother of the young naval officer's wife.

"I am thankful they are together now.

"Early this year John applied for leave from the P. and O. Line to join the navy, and went home to do the Admiralty examination.

"He was the only one of nineteen to pass, and was given a commission till he could be absorbed.

"The P. and O. asked him to make a trip to China as third officer in the Rawalpindi.

"While waiting, he accepted, but before he could put to sea war was declared, and the Rawalpindi commandeered for service.

His last letter

"AFTER his first wartime trip Molly went to Scotland to spend two days' leave with John.

"The ship must have been on its second homeward run when attacked.

"Molly knows the Rawalpindi well. She often visited it at the Commander's invitation when in dock at Tilbury.

"She and Hilda had a flat at Hampstead and helped to evacuate children from Poplar, near Tilbury Dock.

"They have been living at Four Gates, a lovely old cottage built in 1850, at Farnham, Surrey.

"My great hope is that Molly will be able to see and talk with survivors. She must know Sub-Lieut. Anderson, who was saved.

"I hope she can see him and get first-hand information.

"We are hoping and praying there may still be good news. Perhaps John was picked up by the Deutschland—but the Deutschland is being chased and will be sunk on sight.

"It is hard to know what to think. 'In John's last letter' he said: 'When next we come to Australia won't I be a happy man.'

"I cannot believe he will not come."

The Gift that's always safe - ONOTO



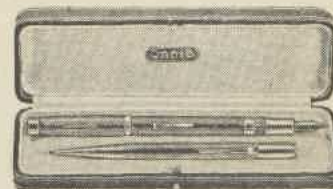
EMBOSSED SOLID LEATHER ZIP CASE WITH PEN and PENCIL. Ladies' Lever Filling 712, 26/-; Ladies' Plunger Filling Flow Control 5122, 36/-; Gents' Plunger Filling Flow Control 4622, 34/6

The Gift of an Onoto Pen and Pencil Set is always in good taste and reflects the character and disposition of the donor more than any other action.

All British and handsomely cased, they are available in all Onoto colours as well as gold, at prices to suit you.

Those Pen and Pencil Sets may be had in the following colours: Blue, Green, Brown, Wine, Gold, Silver and Black.

From 21/- to 70/-



LEVER FILLING ROLLED GOLD SET 719, 82/6

Onoto

The British Pen

USE
ONOTO
INK
FOR ALL
PENS

From All Leading Stationers, Jewellers and Stores.
Made by the firm that has been making British Pens for nearly 60 years.
THOS. DE LA RUE & CO. LTD., BUNHILL ROW, LONDON.

Royal Family reunion at Christmas

King eager to see his daughters after long absence

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in England

Christmas will see the first reunion of the Royal Family since the war.

It is not known just where, but it is understood the two Princesses will join the King, who is looking forward eagerly to seeing his two daughters from whom he has been separated since the outbreak of war.

THE Duke and Duchess of Kent will be reunited with their children, Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, who are staying in the west of England.

The Duke of Gloucester, with the B.E.F., is expected home and will join the Duchess, who is at present staying at Buckingham Palace.

There is no news, as yet, about the Christmas plans of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.



THE KING on a tour of a munition factory. War work has separated him from his family.



THE QUEEN and Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. How happy they'll all be at the Royal Family's Christmas reunion!

Loretta Young's * * * CHARM BATH

MY OWN COMPLEXION SOAP...
LUX TOILET SOAP....
IS THE PERFECT BATH SOAP. IT
LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND
REALLY FRESH—FRAGRANT WITH A
DELICATE PERFUME THAT CLINGS.
THERE'S NO EASIER, MORE
DELIGHTFUL WAY TO PROTECT
DAINTINESS. TRY IT!

* Actual statement by

Loretta Young
A 20th CENTURY-FOX STAR

How soft and satin-smooth Lux Toilet Soap leaves your skin. It must... because there's beautiful skin cream blended into every tablet. You cream as you wash.



Supercreamed Lux Toilet Soap

LEVER PRODUCT

© 1939 L.V.

The Royal Family's Christmas will not be complete without Queen Mary, who, staying at present with her niece, the Duchess of Beaufort, hopes to join her children and grandchildren for the festivities.

The problem of evacuated children, which is worrying many parents, is causing a good deal of thought in the Royal household, too.

The King feels the parting from his two daughters very deeply, and if they remain at Balmoral he sees little prospect of being able to journey up and down to Scotland as long as the war lasts.

Working something like sixteen hours a day the King is one of the busiest men in England, and even when he was visiting the Fleet in Scotland he found it impossible to tear himself away from work to take the drive across the mountains to see his two daughters.

In the circumstances the King and Queen have been thinking of making some other arrangement, whereby the Princesses could be nearer home and yet remain in a safe place.

Queen Mary's advice

THERE are, of course, special difficulties in providing evacuation accommodation for the Heiress Apparent and the Princess Margaret Rose which do not arise in the case of other children. For the time being, at all events, the King and Queen have regretfully decided that the children shall stay where they are.

In coming to their decision the Royal couple turned to Queen Mary for advice, and she confirmed their own ideas on the subject—that the effect of their example on the hundreds of thousands of evacuees must be considered first.

An evacuee herself, Princess Elizabeth has shown she is very thoughtful for others, and last week eleven-year-old Betty Murphy, evacuated from Glasgow to Crathie, received as a birthday gift a coat that belonged to the Princess.

Little would have been known of the Princess' thoughtfulness had not Betty written her mother a letter that is a human document.

"Dear Mummy and Daddy (the letter reads),

"I had a most beautiful birthday present—Princess Elizabeth's coat. She said she had grown out of it and if it fitted me I could have it.

"It is fawn and has wee tyers to tie inside. It is double-breasted, has a half-belt at the back, and inverted pleat. It is lined with fawn satin and has two pockets, but not for putting your hands in.

"I am going to write to Princess Elizabeth thanking her for her lovely present. Everyone here says I am a very lucky girl.

"Maybe you won't believe me. But you will see the coat when I bring it home. It is so lovely. Love from Betty.

"P.S.—The teacher told me to keep it clean for you to see it."

Practical gesture

THOUGH the Queen has not missed a single opportunity to visit the centres of war work and civil defence, she, too, has found time to bring comfort and happiness to evacuees at Balmoral.

Seven evacuee mothers and their tiny charges, formerly billeted in cottages on the Balmoral Estate, have been given one of the Royal residences near Balmoral Castle.

The Queen insisted that each mother should have a room to herself and children, and she had the rooms fitted with modern conveniences.

The Queen, who has always followed Queen Mary's advice since the early days of her married life, has turned time and time again for the guidance of her mother-in-law on numbers of small points.

One problem was whether or not it would be advisable for her to wear uniform, and whether Queen Mary, from her own experience in the last war, could suggest any work or tasks for the Queen to help the national war effort.

Queen Mary, whose knowledge of what the people of England are feeling and thinking amounts almost to genius, was able to tell the Queen of the stimulating effect her visits to the various units and workers in civil defence were having.

She assured the Queen that by wearing pretty feminine clothes she was giving a lead to women and helping to keep the background of English life as normal as possible.

Complete short story

By
WINIFRED
BIRKETT

CHRISTMAS ... Just the Same

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

With her first Yuletide in a new land came gifts that she had not dreamed of.

PROVIDENCE had endowed Miss Jessie Brunsell with a face and form tinner than most and a look of extreme fragility.

Among the great hills of Cumberland, where she kept house at the rectory for an older brother, she might have passed for a fairy; but her duties there were anything but fairy-like and the parish knew her as "Priest's Sister" in the idiom of the county.

Because of her appearance she was looked upon as a charge upon the indulgence and solicitude of the parish. Such an air of delicacy, it was taken for granted among a big and hardy people, could only go with bodily weakness and a mind above the flesh, and Miss Jessie was early committed to a regime of fresh air and spinsterhood.

Church affairs, the compensating lot of her spinsterhood, and charabanc excursions to christenings and funerals, which provided her with handy doses of the prescribed fresh air, were Miss Jessie's portion from January to December.

December brought Christmas, the only season when, for a few days, the life of "Priest's Sister" had any real social color. Miss Jessie loved Christmas.

After she had known some twenty such Cumberland festivals her brother was killed in an accident attending one of the charabanc funerals and the role of "Priest's Sister" was no longer hers. With surprising self-assurance then she made up her mind to go to Australia and perhaps live permanently there with a nephew and niece she had never seen.

"You'll miss our Christmases here," somebody said, voicing the last of a hundred misgivings. "They won't have Christmases like ours."

"Oh, well," returned Miss Jessie, at last giving rein to her own philosophy. "If they don't they'll have some other sort."

She was not going to be frightened into spending the rest of her life in the drudgery of this affectionate parish. She was only too thankful for the opportunity to get away before she became resigned; resignation was imprisonment indeed. For a while she felt lost, but not dismayed; and on the way out in the ship she had no anxieties beyond the hope that her relations would not try to look after her too well.

And would they only remember the years of her age, or would they discover and be guided by the more real fact that, never having been allowed to spend her youth, she had rather disconcertingly preserved it? They met her on the wharf at Sydney. John wore a clerical

collar; Myra's long legs were already trained to running rectorial errands. Miss Jessie was not especially comforted or inspired by observing this, or by the thought of living in another clerical household.

"Do they call you 'Priest's Sister'?" she asked her niece.

Myra laughed and said, "I hope not!" and John, a strict evangelical, looked scandalised at the suggestion.

They began, apparently, as they meant to go on. They would not allow Auntie Jessie to carry even her own handbag. They both said together, "Mind the step!" and almost lifted her over it. They shook their heads when they thought she was out of earshot and said, "Doesn't she look frail!"

But they were nice young people. She liked them. And she liked the undisciplined garden of the suburban rectory and the smell that came from the earth when Myra hoed it in the evening, and the December heat of which that new smell of wet earth must be a part. It was wonderful to sit on a verandah in the coolest of clothes, watching sparrows taking dust baths in front of great clumps of blue agapanthus, and remember that it was within a few days of Christmas.

Miss Jessie was a little disappointed. She could have been quite happy where she was and at present she had no desire for coolness and no nostalgia for mountains.

Sunshine after snow

Myra went on: "Mr. Benson is coming, too; we hoped you wouldn't mind."

"Not at all," said Miss Jessie. "Who is Mr. Benson?"

"He's really the nominal incumbent of this parish, but he had a nervous breakdown and John has been acting for him for nearly two years. He should be quite better by now, but he can't believe it himself, and he still suffers from all sorts of imaginary ills. We thought the change might do him good, and that we might induce him to take a service while we were there. He's promised that he will, but he'll probably fall down on it at the last moment. You'll see him to-night if he thinks he's well enough to put in an appearance."

He did not appear till they were drinking their coffee after dinner. Then he coughed gently in the doorway, paused, and said: "Do you mind if I come in?" before he advanced further, as if people should be warned of his apparition. Yet he did not look in any way shocking or particularly ill. He was big-boned and thin with deep-set dark eyes.

He looked at Miss Jessie and whispered audibly to Myra, "Dear me; what a little thing; what a very little thing!" and evidently thinking that she was in danger of being blown away, he carefully shut the window behind her.

A new resentment began to awaken in Miss Jessie when she heard him. After all, she was not a midge; and she knew herself, if nobody else could be made to believe it, that she had the comparative strength of a piece of platinum wire. "I dare say," she said in retaliation, when the opportunity offered, "that I'm actually a lot stronger than you are."

"Probably so," agreed Mr. Benson in a pleasantly melancholy tone. "After all, I'm a broken man; a broken man." He sighed and put down his cup with half the coffee left in it, suggesting by the action that sustenance was only wasted on such an individual as himself. And for some strange reason Miss Jessie seemed to resent this more than any disparagement of her own strength.

He was not altogether selfishly engrossed in the cares of his own health. He continued solicitous for

Miss Jessie. "Do you sleep well?" he asked.

"Always," said Miss Jessie. "I'm afraid you won't here. The roosters are very bad. This is a terrible neighborhood for roosters."

"It's just the Christmas season," Myra said cheerfully. "When we get back from the mountains they'll all be silenced for ever."

But Mr. Benson persisted in his melancholy. "It will be very cold for Miss Brunsell at the mountains," he said.

"That's principally why we're going," Myra explained again. "It will seem more like the Christmas weather she has been used to and she won't feel so strange."

"There may be something in that, as far as it goes," conceded Mr. Ben-

son. "But I'm afraid the difference is more to be felt in sentiment than in climate."

"What's wrong with the sentiment of our Christmas?" asked John.

"Nothing, my dear boy; nothing. One does not feel that it's wrong, but that it's different. One just has to get accustomed in sentiment as well. For instance—" He paused and appeared to be considering some new idea.

"If we are to arrange a Christmas more resembling those Miss Brunsell has been used to," he went on at last, "we should try to plan it as near as possible in every relevant detail. Food and presents and everything all in keeping—"

"Well," said Myra, "there'll be turkey and ham and plum pudding—"

"I have never eaten a mince pie in this country," mourned Mr. Benson, "or seen a plum pudding burning in brandy."

"Very well; we'll have mince pie too; and you can pour brandy on the pudding and set alight to it yourself." The humoring of Mr. Benson was evidently one of Myra's duties.

When they finally set off for the mountains the back of the car was full of packages dedicated to Miss Jessie's Christmas. Miss Jessie herself was given the front seat, with a special little cushion referred to so often as "Auntie Jessie's cushion" that it sounded as if she were a poodle. Mr. Benson sat behind with Myra. He was not in very good shape when they started because the crowing of the neighborhood roosters had again disturbed his rest, and while he lay awake it had occurred to him that the mountain elevation would seriously affect his heart.

"I hope that I do not become so ill as to spoil your Christmas," he said lugubriously. "And now you have Miss Jessie to look after as well." Miss Jessie could have turned round and hit him with her cushion.

But it was a beautiful day, with that bright heat that was like an astonishing new love to Miss Jessie, and as they drove along she was so taken up with just absorbing the

atmosphere that for miles at a time the strange scenery passed her like a dream.

They had their lunch on the road, and when they came to their destination in the small town of Branch it was already evening. The old rectory had a wide wooden verandah with a tremendous bougainvillea spreading across its front; its rose-purple flowers just caught the last of the light. The air was still and warm.

VERY pleasant indeed," said Mr. Benson, putting aside fears for his heart. "One would not think we were at any great elevation at all."

"But you're not," he was told by the churchwarden who had opened the rectory for them. "This is only twelve hundred feet, you know."

"I was led to believe," said John, as one reproving fraud, "that this was a mountain parish; that it was of some considerable elevation."

"Well, it is and it isn't," the churchwarden explained. "This is only one of the three churches in the parish, you know. There is another quite high up on Mount Warden—about four thousand feet, I believe—and a third on the north bank of the dam. They have only fortnightly services or such as the rector can manage. The rector hoped that you would hold a service at each during the Christmas season."

"Oh, I see," said John stiffly. "Certainly I will hold at least one service at each." He felt concerned for the morals of a parish whose minister could indulge in such doubtful quibbles for the sake of spending his Christmas in Sydney.

Myra, planning at the same time occasions when Auntie Jessie might be taken out of the possible heat of Branch, arranged her brother's programme. "A service at Mount Warden on the morning of Christmas Eve," she said, "and one at the dam in the evening. It will mean a lot of driving, but it can be done."

Please turn to Page 6

THE DAYTIME FRAGRANCE



MISS JESSIE took an almost morbid interest in the way that her niece fell into her new parochial duties, the way her long legs immediately and instinctively took up their errand-running in a new place. "They may not call you 'Priest's Sister,'" she commented to herself, "but before long that will be all the identity they will allow you."

Not the least of Myra's duties, as she had noticed before, was that of dealing tactfully with Mr. Benson. On the morning of Christmas Eve he came to breakfast in a settled melancholy. A distressful cow, apparently let loose right under his window, he said, had kept him awake all night.

"You'll feel better when we get on the road a bit," consoled Myra. "It's going to be a lovely day."

"You'll have to leave me behind," said Mr. Benson. "I can't possibly go, I couldn't get my shoes on."

"Then you must just come in your slippers," said Miss Jessie, suddenly making herself heard. "I'm sure no one will notice them."

But half an hour before it was time for them to start Mr. Benson was again protesting to Myra. "No, no; I will not come. You don't realise how ill I am. The exertion may be too much for me altogether in the state I'm in, and you will have quite enough on your hands looking after Miss Brunsell."

"Rubbish! I'm quite capable of looking after myself!" declared that lady, putting in an opportune appearance.

Christmas . . . Just the Same

Continued from Page 5

"And you, too!" she added. She hadn't the smallest fear that Mr. Benson would die on the road, and she could no longer endure being talked about as if she were herself an invalid or an imbecile.

Mr. Benson hastily apologised, sighed, put on his best slippers, and came out to the car with his arms full of mysterious bundles.

The church building on Mount Warden was so small that John in his vestments seemed to almost fill it. The little congregation sang Christmas hymns to an amazing accompaniment from an organ which, the organist explained to Myra, had been devastated internally by mice.

Accepting the organist's further apology for not inviting the party to the midday meal after the service, Myra explained that they had brought a picnic lunch, and were going on further up the mountain.

"Then don't go far into the scrub," they were advised. "And don't stay long, because it gets dark there in the middle of the afternoon, even this time of the year."

This was not hard to believe when they looked into the tall-timbered depths that stretched above and behind the grassy clearing where the little church stood. They could hear a small river running somewhere in the stillness.

John drove on, up and up, bumping along a track made only by some previous vehicle bigger and rougher than the car. There had been heavy rain some days before and the soil was loose at the edges of the deep ruts.

It was chiefly Miss Jessie's urging that made them go on. When she turned round she could see Mr. Benson holding on grimly to the strap beside his seat and she fancied that he was faintly groaning.

Suddenly they came out on a spur of the mountain where timber-getters had been at work. All the soft ground was littered with the branches of the great trees they had felled and the severed butts were still bright with sap.

"It doesn't look as if we can go any farther," said Myra, "so we will have our lunch here."

They could not stop the car in the broken ground where the timber jinkers had evidently stood, and John drove it on to the only other available space near an old fence close to the edge of the spur, from which the scene awakened even Mr. Benson to enthusiasm. Mr. Benson had cheered up considerably, either under the influence of the drive or because of Miss Jessie's salutary remarks before they started.

They spread their lunch out on the ground not far from the car, and Miss Jessie was given special charge of the leather case that held John's cask and surplice.

"WHAT are these?"

Myra asked, picking out three unidentified parcels she had put down amongst the luncheon packages. "I don't remember—"

Mr. Benson self-consciously explained. He was feeling so much better now that the explanation sounded rather silly, even to himself. "They're my presents to you. I thought I might be too ill to give them to you to-morrow, so I brought them to-day."

They did not dare sympathise with his so real but so ridiculous fears; it seemed best to ignore them altogether.

"I love to get a present the day before," Miss Jessie assured him, seeing her own name on one of the parcels.

Mr. Benson then, forgetting his self-consciousness, handed them

round. "I chose these things," he said, "remembering particularly Miss Jessie's tradition of Christmas. They may not be of actual use to you at the moment, but they are the kind of things Miss Jessie would have been given as Christmas presents at home." He waited with an almost pathetic anxiety while they were unwrapped.

John disclosed a large hot-water bottle with a red woollen cover, at which nobody dared smile. Myra and Miss Jessie had mysteriously large, soft, lumpy parcels, foot-muffs made of fur, grey for Miss Jessie, brown for Myra!

"They'll be lovely for next winter," Myra said, stroking the fur with a hand damp with perspiration. And Miss Jessie said, "It was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Benson. They're just the sort of thing one would be given for Christmas in England."

Certainly they would have been more appropriate there than here, for even on the mountain it was anything but cold. The sun was fiercely hot above the green shade of the scrub, and the thin air, which made them all breathe a little faster, was moist and still.

THERE was a

stillness and quietness about the place that was almost uncanny, and Myra, clearing away the remains of their lunch, seemed to break in upon it with the smallest rustling of paper. John had taken the picnic basket and put it in the car and had just returned to the others, when suddenly there was a dull deadly sound that seemed to grow as it fell; and before the eyes of Miss Jessie, who alone faced that way, the whole edge of the bluff, with the car standing upon it, broke away from the side of the mountain and disappeared.

For a minute the whole party stood petrified. Then Mr. Benson said, "There must have been a settlement below after the rain."

Miss Jessie said, "After all, I expected to find this country a little different."

John said: "I wonder if the car insurance covers landlides."

Myra said: "How will you get to the service to-night, John?"

Myra's remark seemed the only one worthy of immediate consideration. They had intended driving back to Branch, having early dinner, and then driving out to the little church by the dam, where the service had been arranged for eight o'clock and John was expected.

It did not need long discussion before they decided upon the only thing to be done. John and Myra would walk back to civilisation on the track they had come. There John would find someone with a car, or even a horse, that would take him straight back to Branch, and Myra would get a conveyance to bring Aunt Jessie and Mr. Benson down from the mountain. Till she came back these two would have to stay where they were.

The young people started off, Myra so shaken, for once, that she did not notice the case with John's vestments left behind.

The shock had had its effect on the others. Neither of them wanted to stay longer in the stillness now fluttered by startled birds. After a few minutes Miss Jessie said: "Let us walk down the track a little way and they won't have to come so far to meet us."

She picked up the foot-muffs and the hot-water bottle, the only things, with John's case, that had not been put back into the car. Mr. Benson took the case and they began to walk slowly down the way that John and Myra had gone.

Please turn to Page 36

It's refreshing to remember **LIFEBUOY** alone can give sure protection from "B.O." (Body Odour)



Now 2 forms of **LIFEBUOY**

REGULAR



New **SUPER-MILLED**



Both contain the valuable Life-buoy health element. That's why Lifebuoy's eager-foaming, deep-cleansing lather gives the only reliable protection from "B.O." (Body Odour).

Both are extra mild. Again it's the special health element that persuades your skin to clear glowing freshness.

Both are the same price. Both are Lever Products.

AND WHAT IS **Super-milling?**

Super-milling is an expensive refining process that makes Lifebuoy's generous lather still creamier . . . richly dense. You'll like it!

Choose **LIFEBUOY** in the form you prefer

ROYAL ESCAPE

Quick wits and a pretty girl carry the King safely through a time of great danger

Serial Story

By

GEORGETTE
HEYER

THE STORY SO FAR:

AFTER the defeat of his army by Cromwell at Worcester, the young CHARLES STEWART had to flee for his life. Disguised as a poor countryman, he passed through various adventures, with the help of LORD HARRY WILMOT, and numerous others, and eventually reached COLONEL LANE, who has an excellent plan for helping him on his way.

The Colonel's young sister, JANE, and their kinsman, HENRY LASSELS, are to ride by Bristol to visit their friend, MRS. NORTON, stopping on the way at the home of a MR. TOMES at Long Marston, so Wilmot and the Colonel plan that Charles shall ride with them as a groom, calling himself Will Jackson.

Another sister, WITTHY PETRE, and her husband, JOHN, who are unaware of the "groom's" identity, decide to ride part of the way with them; and all goes well on the journey until they enter the village of Wootton, near Stratford, to find it swarming with Cromwell's troops.

Though John Petre promptly rides off the main road with his wife, the King insists on riding straight on, but soon the soldiers, attracted by Jane's beauty, surround the party and will not let them go on.

NOW READ ON:

AT this moment, an officer came out of the ale-house. He was a stern-looking man, very neat and soldierly in his bearing, and as soon as he perceived the travellers, and the uncomfortable situation they were in, he rapped out a sharp order. The troopers gathered round Jane's horse drew back in a hurry.

"Clear the way there for the lady to pass!" commanded the officer. "Your pardon, madam; I am sorry for it if you have met with any discourtesy."

"Thank you, sir, but I think none was intended," she replied, smiling faintly at him.

"I am obliged to you, sir," said Lassels, doffing his hat. "Go on, Jackson! The road is clear now."

The horses moved forward, the officer taking off his hat and making Jane a bow as she passed him.

She did not speak until they were out of the village, but as soon as they emerged again on to the open road she said with a note of bewilderment in her voice: "He was very civil to us!"

"Ay, we were lucky to chance upon a gentleman in command of that troop," said Lassels. "He looked to be a good sort of fellow."

"But, Harry, a rebel! a traitor!" she said.

The King laughed. "Did you think there were no decent, gentlemanly fellows amongst mine enemies, Jane? Alas, I fear there are many!"

"Yes, sir, and the more shame to them!" said Lassels roundly. "I pray heaven I may live to see them come by their deserts!"

"Why, what a fierce fellow you are!" remarked the King.

"Shall you punish your enemies, sir, when you come to your throne?" asked Jane.

"What, be revenged on every poor devil that had the bad taste not to like me? No, child; if I could do it, which I am very sure I could not, I would not."

"I hoped you would say so," she replied. "If your enemies knew you as I do, I think they could not be any longer your enemies."



Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

Lassels watched on, a little troubled, as the King took Jane's face between his hands, murmuring, "Such a pretty face!"

"Those are very comfortable words, Jane, but at this present I am giving thanks that my enemies do not appear to know me at all. I think this disguise of mine must be better than I had hoped. We have now only one care left, and that is how to come up with poor Mr. Petre again."

"For my part, sir, I think we shall be well rid of him," said Lassels.

"Yes, you are a very ruthless man, my friend. I promise you, I fear you!"

A laugh quivered in Jane's throat. "How now, Jane?" promptly demanded the King.

"Sir, placed as I am between one ruthless man and one reckless King I must wonder at it if I find not myself clapped up presently in prison."

"There was nothing reckless in what we just did. The soldiers were not paying any heed to me. Their eyes were fixed on that face which I cannot see, and small blame to them! If we find not your sister

and Mr. Petre in Stratford, we had best await them at a decent inn there. I suppose they will look for you in the town."

This suggestion, however, Jane rejected, nor could any argument advanced by the King in favor of his plan induce her to change her nay to yea. She thought that the Petres would very likely catch them up on the road to Long Marston, and begged the King not to court discovery by lingering in a disaffected town. Accordingly, they passed through Stratford without a halt, and, having crossed the Avon, proceeded by the Pebworth road towards Long Marston.

It was agreed between them that although Mr. Tomes was a man of undoubted loyalty he should not be admitted into the secret of Will Jackson's identity, and so, when they drew rein at last outside a half-timbered manor-house, standing a little retired from the highway, only Jane and Lassels alighted, the King remaining in the saddle to lead both horses to the stables.

His appearance excited no curiosity there, for, however unhandy he might be in helping ladies into pillion-saddles, there was very little he did not know about the care of horses. When he presently should

dered the baggage, and made his way towards the house, he had rubbed both nags down, assisted by one of Mr. Tomes' grooms, had watered and fed them, and seen them bedded down for the night. He had also enjoyed a desultory conversation with the groom, who ascribed his voice and accent to his supposed Staffordshire breeding and thought him a very pleasant fellow.

He entered the house by way of the kitchen, where a harassed and consequently short-tempered cook-maid was preparing dinner for her master's unexpected guests.

Please turn to Page 14

Mr. Philibus Plays a Part

These people's troubles were no business of his ...but the festive spirit ran riot within his heart

SNOW had fallen during the night, the skies had cleared, and when Mr. Philibus stepped forth from his lodging-place on the morning of the day before Christmas the world was a place of frosty perfection.

Nothing more respectable in appearance was in the street throughout its whole length. The young policeman at the corner gave him "Good morning" with proper deference.

Mr. Philibus acknowledged the greeting with quiet cordiality, and withheld a rising tide of mirth until he was a hundred yards away. Then he shot a hasty glance back and, being quite alone at the moment, chuckled aloud:

"My boy, my boy! What a Christmas package I'd be if you knew enough to get your hands on me!"

This was no braggadocio. In solemn truth, rewards offered by exasperated individuals, companies, corporations and communities ran to a high aggregate—a price on Mr. Philibus' liberty, if not his head.

It is true that these rewards specified a dozen different people, as far as names and descriptions went, but that was merely a tribute to the astuteness and histrionic versatility of the respectable gentleman who now turned a corner and, entering a modest tea-room, took a favorite seat by the window and ordered breakfast.

At the window you could, without missing anything interesting within, keep an eye cocked on the passing show outside. One would hardly credit what dividends this habit had paid!

To-day, however, a holiday spirit was upon Mr. Philibus. For a man who had started life under his handicaps—though the training in mendacity that he had received from his parents was a subject of continual gratitude to him—he found himself really incredibly sentimental.

Here was he, a Wanted Man—and exceedingly badly wanted—emotionally uplifted at the sight of the waitresses putting final touches to holly wreaths, and at the gay movement of shoppers and celebrants already under way on the ascent outside.

It was quite a sharp ascent this, a street with a decided pitch to it, and something about it awoke memories in Mr. Philibus.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Philibus, with sudden sibilance, that brought the pretty waitress to ask if everything was not as it should be with his breakfast.

"Perfectly, my dear!" said Mr. Philibus. "It is merely memory. Look at that kid!"

They looked. The kid indeed was going! Lying flat on his ancient

and home-made sledge, he was the owner of the hill. The sound of his runners no less than his gaily warning cry scattered the pedestrians.

"My gosh!" cried Mr. Philibus. "The days of real sport, eh, my dear? Look at his eyes, his cheeks! That's a real boy!"

The youngster was toiling up again now, a picture of utter joy. Mr. Philibus was really quite genuinely excited about it. He watched the progress until the lad was out of sight over the brow of the hill, and eagerly hailed the next swift rush of the sledge.

Then suddenly Mr. Philibus stood up and wiped his lips with an angry motion. The sledge had skidded sideways, turned over, and it and its owner come to a sudden and untimely halt. The hand of a stoutish, dour, elderly policeman was on his shoulder.

"This," said Mr. Philibus quickly, "must be looked into. Stick that dish of bacon on the stove, my dear, and I'll be back for it."

The Fates, if any, that moved Mr. Philibus towards the scene of this minor arrest gave no indication to him that larger issues were pending. At the moment the light of a crusader was in his eye; he forgot even his sense of caution which ordinarily kept him from mixing unnecessarily in police affairs.

Now, the nearer Mr. Philibus drew to the scene the less he liked the look of the police officer. He disapproved of the fit of his uniform, the angle of his helmet, and above all he disapproved of the face.

The youngster, frightened badly now, was trying to restrain tears.

"You've gotter come along with me. You can't do that kind of thing here. Slidin' down the pavement, too! Don't you know the law?"

The boy snuffled. "Oh, please. I was just havin' a bit of fun. I didn't hit no one. An' I only had two little slides. I was on my way to get some Christmas things from the grocer's for me mother. Honest I was!"

Several people were standing round now watching the little drama with varying expressions upon their countenances, but it was left for Mr. Philibus to take action. He stepped forward ingratiatingly.

"Look here, officer, this boy evidently is telling the truth. His mother is probably waiting now for her groceries. He's learned his lesson; let him go—there's a good fellow!"

A pair of mudily ferocious eyes turned their battery upon Mr. Philibus. The policeman took a firmer hold on the boy's collar.

"So that's the game, eh?" said Mr. Philibus, and to the cadger's dismay he began to chuckle softly.

"I don't need no advice from you!"

Little specks of red threatened Mr. Philibus' eyes; he clung, however, to the wisdom of a soft answer.

"But Christmas, officer! You wouldn't hawk a poor little kid to the station at Christmas time?"

"Christmas?" If ever upon any other countenance Mr. Philibus had detected a surly, obstinate, sour, hopelessly un-Christmas expression such as this officer wore, he couldn't remember, and didn't particularly care to. Mr. Philibus saw no hope. If anything, his entrance upon the scene, his solicitation, his espousal of the youngster's cause had made the policeman more mulishly determined.

"You've gotter come along," said the officer.

A mad gleam came into the boy's eyes. The pupils shifted. Mr. Philibus knew what that meant. On occasion he'd had that look himself. It preceded a wild attempt

their energies. The backs of the curiously unequal, yet for the moment struggling pair were to the sleigh.

Mr. Philibus, approaching from the rear, with very evident intent of aiding the police in this vital arrest, and shouting still his admonition, "Hold him, officer!" seemed not to notice its proximity. Indeed, his left foot, kicking against it, moved its nose round pointing down the descent, and he fell heavily upon it.

Instantly, the descent being steep even here, and the impetus of Mr. Philibus' falling body urging it forward, the sledge leaped. With its sprawling occupant it caught the officer nicely in the back of the legs. His big body bent backward and shot over Mr. Philibus' recumbent and evidently agitated form. The sledge tipped and went on its way, freed.

The officer, winded and dazed, sat up and rubbed his head. Mr.

glances, he saw, skinning down the balance of the slope, a boy on a speeding sledge. He took a few paces as if to follow. The laughter grew. He turned aggrievedly. Mr. Philibus, back now in the crowd, was smiling also and brushing himself. The policeman hesitated, mumbled some words in defiance of the anti-blasphemy law, and ordering the crowd to "Move on, there! Move on!" moved on with some alacrity himself.

Mr. Philibus, little the worse for his adventure, and a deal more light-hearted, returned to find his bacon crispier but very appetising to a man made hungry with satisfaction and the keenness of the frosty air.

"Who—" he asked the waitress presently, "who is the policeman on this beat? I mean the one like a seasick walrus?"

The girl laughed. "You mean Milliken? Grumpy old dear, isn't he?"

"An ornament," said Mr. Philibus soberly, "an ornament to the force. I have known intimately not a few policemen, my dear, but he is unique. If it were not the holiday season, I should like to—well, to see more of him, my dear."

With which rather cryptic remark Mr. Philibus relapsed into a meditative silence.

Mr. Philibus had scarcely come from "The Dairy Lunch Room" when he became aware that all was not as it should be. He was being shadowed. Someone was furtively following him.

He did not, however, quicken his gait at all. Rather, he stopped casually to examine the contents of shop windows and, without appearing to do so, took opportunity of glancing back at his pursuer. Mr. Philibus smiled.

If this was a creature of the police he had none of the earmarks. Being providentially gifted with hawk-like vision, Mr. Philibus noted that the fellow was gaunt to a painful degree, that he looked not unintelligent but a little dazed, and that his following of his quarry was not in the least skilful. Mr. Philibus, therefore, wishing to bring the matter to issue, swung into a side street and there stopped to regard a window full of scrawny turkeys in a second-rate butcher-shop.

A moment later, as if accepting the opportunity afforded by this quietest of side streets, the fellow turned the corner and approached

On Christmas Eve

at flight. But the grip on the collar was tight.

"You would, eh? Resistin' arrest, my fine young clown!"

The boy, committed now to his attempt, struggled violently.

Instantly the look of concern for the boy expressed on Mr. Philibus' face became one of indignation.

"Hold him, officer!" he cried. "Hold him! The little wretch! Tut, tut! I have been deceived in him. Such conduct!"

The boy fought harder. He was blubbering now, and the madness of despair was his ally. He pulled, he kicked, he scratched, and, doing so, proved no mean handful. At their heels bobbed the sledge dislodged from its resting-place by

Philibus, groaning gently, sat up also. Their eyes met.

"Who done that?" growled the officer.

"The sledge," panted Mr. Philibus. "You shouldn't have left it in people's way, officer. I've a mind to report you—"

"Hah?" The officer was up now, and with a curious alacrity Mr. Philibus also found his feet. "You?" said the officer. "Sure you didn't do it a-purpose?"

"Me?" said Mr. Philibus in a hurt tone, "why, the lad was—"

"The lad!" The officer seemed conscious then not only of his loss, but of the distinct laughter of the little crowd that had collected. Following their



WANTED

Wanted, a boy who is handsome and tall
To take Mary Anne to the Roundabout Ball.
He must be delightful, and witty his talk,
Devoted, romantic, and god-like his walk.
The standard is high, and there's no in-between
When one is a dreamer and just seventeen.
Oh dear, Mary Anne, sweet and dainty and small!
I doubt if you'll be at the Roundabout Ball!
—Yvonne Webb.

Mr. Philibus in a queer, half-timid, half-swaggering way.

He was shabbily attired; some rough and worn woollen garment topped by a shiny tweed coat housed his body. Overcoat he had none. His stained cloth cap was tugged down over one eye in a way that didn't frighten Mr. Philibus at all. In fact, he opened the conversation most genially.

"Merry Christmas, my son!"

"No kiddin'," said the young fellow. "I been a-follerin' you, I ave."

"Your news is no news, my son," explained Mr. Philibus gently. "I saw you a mile off."

"Yus, like a blooming duck! Look, guv'nor, what's it worth to you for me not to tell that blinkin' bobbie that you upset 'im a-purpose?" His eyes narrowed. "Don't look so bloomin' innocent, guv'nor—I seen it all. Lumme, but I 'eard 'im swearin' just now if 'e ever clapped eyes on you again 'e'd run you in for assaultin' the police so 'e would! Come, nah, wot's it worth, eh?"

Mr. Philibus' lips pursed themselves into a whistle.

"So? That's the little game, my lad? Blackmail, eh?" He began to chuckle.

The thing indeed was silly, so silly that Mr. Philibus' laughter was quite genuine. The fellow was a poor cadging fool. Then, quite suddenly, the half-scornful, half-merry curl of Mr. Philibus' lips was straightened out. At the same instant, with a species of instinctive retreat, he stepped back into the shelter of the butcher-shop doorway. Down at the corner, and at the moment glancing suspiciously along the side street, was the Scrooge-like cop.

The young fellow lost neither the significant movement nor the cause of it.

"Come along, guv'nor, 'ow much now? 'Ow much, or I rises my voice and calls 'im."

THE thing was still silly. Had Mr. Philibus been all he looked, instead of all he was, he might have blustered the business through, and even turned the tables on this cadging creature who, on so flimsy a pretext, sought what was tantamount to a hold-up.

"One—" said the fellow. "When I get to free, so 'elp me, I'll whistle wiv me fingers in me mouf; and it'll be puss-in-the-corner for you. 'Ow much now?"

With a sigh Mr. Philibus put his hand in his pocket and drew out some coins—knowing, much better than the silly fool himself, when he was beaten.

"It's worth two quid," said the fool, "or I'll whistle through me fingers. 'Ere goes!"

Cannily but desperately Mr. Philibus held out a single note.

Whether at that moment the fellow took fright at sight of the man moving towards the scene or not, he snatched the note and stumbled off up the street.

Mr. Philibus, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, entered the butcher's. The constable came slowly along.

"What for you, sir?" asked a white-aproned butcher.

"Something in turkeys," said Mr. Philibus hastily. That bobby was in the doorway. Had he any suspicions, or was it mere coincidence?



Illustrated by WEP

Mr. Philibus took no chances; he moved farther into the shop, inspecting the stock. Would the bobby never move on? He purchased a turkey. Couldn't stand there all day on the sawdust floor and not make good his entrance.

"Fourteen pounds, sir. A beauty; full breast, nice and tender."

Mr. Philibus, a little dazed at the price, paid over his money, took the turkey and departed. Mr. Philibus felt not a little foolish.

At that moment Mr. Philibus saw the policeman farther down the street and slinking out from a doorway the man in the cap. Evidently he, too, had been taking no chances. "Gor blime!" said Mr. Philibus, borrowing the cadger's lingo to express his feelings, "now strike me pink! And may my soul never respect me again, if I don't get my own back with usury!"

The man who thus, unsuspectingly, was being shadowed moved on his way half eagerly and half furtively. His shoulders were more hunched, his cap was pulled down farther over his eyes. He buttoned his threadbare coat more firmly over the woollen garment underneath, and thrust his hands into his pockets. The left one touched the crispness of the note.

"Money!" said the cadger. "A blinkin' quid! I never done nothink like that before, so 'elp me!"

His fingers, numbed by the cold, crept back into the pocket and touched the note.

"A quid!" said the cadger again. "A blinkin' quid. Easy money! A bloke's got a right to tyke it from a well-stuffed bird like 'im!"

A little gleam lit his eyes. He moved on again with more assurance.

"Like enough," he said, "there's a lot more lyin' round for a fellow to get. Easy money. A bloke's got a right—'ullo, 'ere we are!"

The exclamation was caused by the sight of a shop, before whose windows children seemed drawn as if by magnetic attraction. The district by now had taken on a poorer aspect; the toys displayed were cheap, but they were none the less delectable in juvenile eyes. The cadger, over the heads of excited youngsters, stared his fill also. His hand moved on the note, twisting it nervously.

"Better see first 'ow things is at 'ome!" said the cadger regretfully.

He moved on down the street, not noticing but almost brushing into the back of a respectable gentleman with a turkey, who also had paused to glance at the toys and who, whistling a queer little tune, followed after the retreating footsteps of the unsuspecting Cockney.

Bill sat miserably on the edge of the bed, hardly feeling the hand his wife reached out to him.

Five blocks and a half along he turned sharply, and almost with shame went up an alleyway to a shack-like place that had long been crying out in vain for the notice of a sanitary inspector. There were several doors, and into one the cadger went.

The gloom of the interior baffled his eyes for a moment or two; then he nodded to a woman lying on a bed of sorts and said cheerfully:

"'Ullio, Myra, 'ere's yer old man back. Where's the kids?"

The woman was quite pretty, in a common way, when she smiled.

"Gorn to see Santa Claus," she said. "Nothink else'd do them, Alf's

got 'is mits, and Teddy's got a muffer, so I reckon they'll be all right." She paused. "I couldn't tell 'em it wouldn't do no good. You know 'ow it is, Bill. They'll line up wif a lot of other kiddies and pram-bulate past a dressed-up himage that's paid so much a hour to nod and s'y: 'Now wot do you want, little 'un? And when they up and s'y all they want, 'e nods wif 'is finger on one side of 'is nose, and says, 'Yus, yus, we must remember that.' And they'll come aw'y, Bill, sure it'll be 'ere. Oh!"

The cadger drew from his pocket a flabby box of fags, drew one from a precious stock and lit it cere-

moniously. She'd know what that meant. He'd got to only allowing himself a gasper when things were going right.

She sat up in bed.

"Bill! Not—not luck?"

"Luck!" agreed the cadger, tossing aside the last scruple. "A blinkin' quid, Myra. Got it from a kind old toff. Look!"

He put his hand in his pocket eagerly; the lips holding the cigarette opened and let the weed droop oddly; his free hand pounced upon the pocket like a cat fearing the escape of a mouse. The cadger looked up, white-faced.

"Gorn!" he said. "Cripes, it's gorn!"

He sat there miserably on the edge of the bed, hardly feeling the hand she reached out to comfort him. A fellow who couldn't make out better than he had lately oughtn't to have a wife and two children, with the expectation of a third before the New Year was ushered well in with bells.

The fag drooping from his mouth was almost dead; he puffed it into new life and was scarcely conscious of the action. There was a lot of money out in the world, part of which surely belonged to a man with a wife and kids.

He stiffened, remaining quite long in silence.

"Wot you thinkin', Bill?"

"Nothink."

But still he sat.

"Bill?"

"Well?"

"I don't like you setting there thinkin' nothink, that way. Wot's a bitin' of yer, Bill?"

"Nothink."

"Yus, you are! Yus, there is!"

"Well, money then. How long'll the kids be, likely?"

"A good hour yet, Bill."

He lifted his head decisively.

"When I see 'em safe 'ome," he said, "I'll go out again, so 'elp me, I will. There's more money like I got that quid. Don't you get worryin' old girl, things are going to look up for this 'ere family!"

"'Onest money, Bill?"

Please turn to Page 10

Mr. Philibus Plays a Part

Continued from Page 9

"Eh? Sure, 'onest. Wot you tyke me for?" He smoked furiously. "Shut up yer trap now and let a fellow think."

"What abaht, Bill?"

"Nothink."

"Ow!"

But she was silent.

After a time she said: "I'm cold, Bill. There's a draught fit to blow yer 'ead off!"

He rose, glad of the need for action; went to the entrance and came back.

"Door was open," he said. "Thought as 'ow I closed 'er tight. Couldn't ave."

"Wot's it like out, Bill?"

"Snow and frost and sunshine. Jolly old Christmas wever. 'Oily and mistletoe in the winders and the shops!" He added after a time:

"I'm fingerin' on a bit o' green and 'olly 'ere."

"Oh, Bill!"

"Nah then, no waterworks. Cut it!"

He went over and patted her hand. He had made up his mind. The decision left him eager but nervous. It seemed an interminable time to wait, but he was bound to see the children back. They'd have tales to tell, and he wanted to be present to cheer up the missus.

When they finally came he could hardly get away fast enough. A thing like this put a fellow off his stroke a bit. And perhaps he'd been too previous promising the kids that much. No, by Jiminy, he'd make good on it, if he had to lay out a bloke cold to do it.

A little crowd had collected about a shop window in which a mechanical bear moved and growled most amazingly. Crowds were—were good places.

Suddenly his eyes blinked rapidly. Just in front of him was a dowager of a woman with a bag on her arm. The catch had come open. It gaped, revealing an evidently well-filled purse. It was almost at his finger-ends. And he felt certain of shelter. His heart failed him. He licked his lips. A choking sensation overcame him. Then he saw the fur above her neck. He didn't know much about furs, but he was no fool. She could afford it. His fingers shifted nearer, touched her bag, drew back, touched it again, were almost in—then he stiffened, numbed right through with terror.

Someone was tapping him pursuively on the shoulder.

He daren't turn at first. He knew what it would be. A policeman or a detective.

He swung round. Plain-clothes man! Dressed unobtrusively like a well-to-do workman. Bowler hat, slightly on one side. Cigar at an angle. Just like he'd seen on the stage when he and Myra had scraped enough to ornament the gallery.

This man said nothing, just winked, crooked his finger, and nodded to the cadger to follow. Once apart from the crowd he seemed to be sizing his captive up. Then he spoke.

"I saw you, you know. After her purse, eh?"

The cadger wilted. He had no defence. A man couldn't show much when he had a wife and kids waiting for Christmas at home. He merely shrugged.

"You come along with me," said the man.

He went, dumb, despairing. He found himself on the descent where that morning the whole thing had started with the kid sliding down the pavement.

"We'll go in here," said the man. The cadger stared. They were entering a place proclaiming itself to be The Dairy Lunch Room.

His guide led him to a secluded table at the rear and pushed a menu at him.

"Order," he commanded. "You look hungry."

The cadger's heart leaped. He looked his question.

"Eat first!"

The cadger ate. His stomach cried out to him to take advantage of this.

THEN the man leaned forward. "It's a poor game, that!" he said, "and it don't pay one in a hundred. I'd lay off it, if I were you!"

The cadger forgot his gratitude. "Yus!" he snarled. "That's fine preachin' when you got money like you. But when you needs it desperate bad—wot then, hey?"

The man regarded him for a long time, then sighed in a queer, decisive way.

"Then if you're goin' to go in for it, do it right," he snapped. "If there's one thing I hate, it's a novice trying them games." He leaned forward. "D'ye want money so very bad? Eh? Bad enough to take a chance, and work on orders? Humph. Well, I've got the lay for you. You do as I tell you, and by to-night you'll have money enough for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Are you game?"

The cadger hesitated. He sat and listened. It sounded easy enough. By ten-thirty he would meet this fellow and split fifty-fifty. And the stores didn't close till after eleven on Christmas Eve.

They rose. With a full stomach the cadger felt sure of himself and his world again.

"At ten-thirty, then? I can trust you, young feller?"

"At ten-thirty," gulped the cadger.

The stoutish man with the very black hair and moustache watched him go. A tailor's window held a mirror that reflected the stout man.

"Pretty good!" said Mr. Philibus, regarding himself. "Not half too bad for a quick change, and not

even my little waitress would ever guess!"

His eyes visualised another scene. He shuddered. "What a place to live! Ugh! Even my poor dear parents did better than that! But then they used their wits. And ended up," sighed Mr. Philibus, "one in the mad-house and one on the scaffold." He shook his head. "They let their technique run down," he said. "And it don't do. It don't do any more than getting too softy does."

He rubbed his chin. "A good lay wasted on that fellow!" he said mournfully, then brightened. "Ah, well, it's Christmas. I couldn't with self-respect let him get away with my money, but something had to be done for that wife and those kids of his. Glory, what a place to live! I hope now," said Mr. Philibus a little nervously, "I do hope now that nothing goes wrong for him to-night. Christmas Eve and all!"

The philanthropic gleam in his eyes died. He sighed again. "But what a lay that is—and all gone into Santa Claus' bundle!"

All the evening a nervousness clung about Mr. Philibus. Going out, the Christmas crowds failed to stimulate him.

The only thing that lent inspiration was a species of fog that crept coldly into the Christmas streets, not unlike a hoar-frost. It was of its blanketing qualities that Mr. Philibus thought with some pleasure. He kept walking and glancing at his watch at regular intervals, and at length moved with decision about his business for the night.

IN the rear of The Dairy Lunch Room ran a lane with which he was quite familiar. He was not a man to do a job without taking thought, and being patient. At night this lane was lighted, and very sketchily, by such gleams as fell from the back windows of the row of shops fronting on the hill.

When, at a quarter to ten, Mr. Philibus unobtrusively slipped into the lane, the gloom and fog received him with friendly arms. He arrived in the area immediately contiguous to The Dairy Lunch Room.

Watching his opportunity Mr. Philibus dived like a rabbit into an oblong of lighted doorway that gave a rear entrance to the restaurant, but instead of continuing on in swing to the left and down a short flight of steps.

Here he was safely caught in gloom again. His hand, reaching out, felt the stout door blocking him, and though his eyes were not yet accustomed to the darkness after that flash of light, he had no difficulty in locating the lock. From a waistcoat pocket Mr. Philibus drew a key, inserted it in the lock, and turned. Halting to make sure that the slight noise of the sliding lock had not been noticed, he opened the door quietly and closed himself in on the other side.

The key he put back in his pocket a little sadly. Only yesterday had he finished working on that, after careful study of the problem of the lock, in such few safe moments as were available to him coming or going to meals. And now—well, it was Christmas, and the other fellow needed the fifty-fifty split.

Please turn to Page 14



"Help! Hel-pp! HEL-LUP! Whadayamean 'whatsamatter'? Look at Neddy! He says he won't go another step. Says he's hot and his saddle chafes. Says he has a will of iron and an unconquerable soul."



"Whoo-oo-ee! OF COURSE! Imagine letting a pal get chafes and prickly heat when there's Johnson's Baby Powder in the house! No, no, Neddy, she is NOT bringing burrs to put under your tail..."



"... she's bringing my cooling, soothing Johnson's—and it's the softest, nicest stuff that ever tickled your hide... But I AM a little worried. You'll feel so frisky, I might have a runaway!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft as satin, made from the finest talc. Doctors and nurses recommend Johnson's as the best powder baby can have. Use also Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream.

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby - Best for you"

Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush. Modess, etc.

ANN IS PRETTY—ANN'S EFFICIENT WHY CAN'T SHE KEEP A JOB?



Mum would have saved her charm
and her job. Mum prevents underarm odour

ANN's jobs, like her dates, always came to grief, and she never knew why—never thought it could be underarm odour. Didn't she bathe each day? So many girls make Ann's mistake of thinking a bath keeps them fresh and charming all day long. Remember, no bath can! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odour *to come!*

Girls who are really smart play safe with their jobs—and their friends. In one quick half minute they take an all-day-long precaution. They prevent odour—with Mum. They like Mum—it's so pleasant, so quick, so dependable.

MUM SAVES TIME! A touch of Mum under each arm and you're through. Keep a jar in your desk to use even after you're dressed. Mum is harmless to fabrics!
MUM IS SAFE! Try this pleasant cream deodorant even after underarm shaving. Mum actually soothes your skin.
MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odour for a full day or evening. Buy Mum to-day and on your job, on your dates, you can be sure of your charm.

Obtainable everywhere, purse size 9d, regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

IN BUSINESS OR IN LOVE—MUM GUARDS YOUR CHARM



ANOTHER USE FOR MUM...

Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

TO-DAY IS MINE

Complete
Short
Story

"Kiss and make up" was the old lady's recipe for happiness . . .

As she sat at the parlor window of the Home and looked out across a snowy vista of lawn, old Mrs. Barklie could glimpse the sloping red roof of her own place. She couldn't see it in the summer-time, when green leaves made a gay young shield between the Home and the rest of the world.

But when it was winter and the trees were bare, she could catch sight of an occasional curling smoke wreath rising from a familiar chimney. At such times it was as if she warmed her weary soul at a wide, friendly hearth!

She tried to remember—across a gap of ten years—just exactly how that hearth had looked with bright flames making magic upon it. It was hard to remember because there were no open fires at the Home. Elderly ladies who wore long woollen dresses might find such things a menace.

Mamie Carraway, leaning on her ivory-headed cane, came across the room to stand at the window beside old Mrs. Barklie.

"You can see your roof quite plainly to-day, can't you?" she asked.

Old Mrs. Barklie said: "Yes, I can. It looks brighter than usual, too. Perhaps they've painted it."

"That's because of the snow," Mrs. Carraway told her wisely. "Snow makes everything look brighter. I don't think those young folks would bother to paint the roof. Not this year, anyway."

Mrs. Barklie turned to stare at her friend. "Why wouldn't they, for goodness' sake?" she wanted to know. "They're careful, and they take a pride in the place."

"That was last summer," interposed Mrs. Carraway. "A lot of water has gone under the bridge since last summer."

Old Mrs. Barklie felt cold fingers pressing on her heart. She didn't know why, either. Mamie Carraway was the worst gossip in the Home—

"What are you getting at, Mamie?" she asked and her tone was worried. "What do you mean about water going under the bridge?"

Mouthed with a certain relish, "that they say," Mrs. Carraway the young folks that bought your place are going to get a divorce."

Indignation blazed from Mrs. Barklie's eyes, and her face was suddenly gaunt.

"That's what who says?" she asked bluntly.

Mamie Carraway laughed on a high, cackling note. "Miss Karns told me when she gave me my massage, and her cousin lives next door to your place."

The evidence of the resident nurse—and the nurse's cousin—was inescapable.

"I thought those young people were crazy about each other," Mrs. Barklie mourned. "When they bought the house—after it had been vacant so long—they used to walk over the lawn with their arms round each other. Twice I saw them kissing under the apple tree—I've been happy in that house—and I've been kissed under the apple tree, too—in my time. John, my husband, was a great one for kissing."

"My husband was like that, too," sighed Mamie Carraway. She hesitated, drumming on the head of her cane.

"I'm sorry I told you about the young people," she said finally. "I didn't know you'd take it so hard."

"How else could I take it?" asked old Mrs. Barklie. Her voice trembled. "When you've owned a place for near fifty years, and have seen it go out of your hands and

seen it go into other hands, well—" She hesitated.

"Well, what?" asked Mamie Carraway.

"Well, you hope those hands will treat the place gently," said old Mrs. Barklie, "and you hope sorrow won't come to the rooms where there has been so much gladness and laughter—"

It was later that evening, just before bedtime, in fact, that old Mrs. Barklie sought out Nora Karns, the resident nurse. When she saw Mrs. Barklie hesitating in the doorway of her little office, she sprang up swiftly.

"I didn't know I was going to have company!" she said.

Old Mrs. Barklie tried to laugh. "I'm not company," she murmured. "I live here!"

"You'd better keep on living here, Mrs. Barklie," Nora said. "I couldn't possibly get along without you—"

"And I couldn't get along without you," replied Mrs. Barklie. She cleared her throat miserably. "To-night, I want—"

Nora Karns laid her arm across the frail old shoulders.

Then old Mrs. Barklie said bluntly, "Mamie told me," she said, "that your cousin—the one that lives next door to my house—said they were getting a divorce . . ." She lowered her voice as she uttered the dread word.

"A divorce?" echoed Nora Karns. "Who is getting a divorce, for goodness' sake?"

"The people that live in my place," explained old Mrs. Barklie. "It broke me up to hear about it."

"But I thought you didn't know them," Nora Karns objected. She

Illustrated
by
VIRGIL

"They're not your problem!" As she lay in her bed and fought sleep, old Mrs. Barklie repeated, over and over again, what the nurse had told her. Of course the young couple weren't her problem. She hadn't met them—she hadn't even exchanged a nod with them. The fact that she was burningly aware of their comings and goings was important to her, but not to them—they didn't know of her existence. They would have been astounded to hear that the woman who had once owned their house was living

groom were interested in the Barklie house, and when carpenters and painters and gardeners took possession she was like a soul mad with joy. As the remodelling went on she was full of details which she gathered from every available source, and which she scattered, like seeds, among the other old ladies.

And now old Mrs. Barklie, lying lonely in bed, fought sleep and felt the slow tears trickle down her withered cheeks.

The Old Ladies' Home was always in a whirl of excitement on the day before Christmas. There was a constant influx of relatives who came to call—or to whisk off, for the holiday, the more fortunate inmates of the Home. There was the occasional sound of childish laughter in the halls, and the postman rang more than twice! Heavily laden, he made trip after trip across the front porch, bearing greeting cards and letters and packages.

But old Mrs. Barklie, ordinarily the most enthusiastic of the lot on this day, kept to herself. She stood with her face pressed

against the window, staring out across white lawns at the gleam of red that was a roof.

It was late afternoon before Miss Karns put in an appearance. After a while Nora detached herself from the throng of elderly admirers and went to stand beside the little lonely figure. She knew what was the matter. "Don't you bother your lovely silver head about those foolish children," she said. "I could spank Mamie Carraway for telling you!"

Mrs. Barklie replied, "It was better she should tell me. It would have come out in the long run, anyway. It would have been worse if I hadn't heard about the divorce until I saw the vans going by, or the house closed or something. I've time to get used to it before they move away."

Nora Karns shrugged helplessly. "Some people don't know when they're well off," she said. "Look at them, with a beautiful house—"

Mrs. Barklie murmured, "It is beautiful—"

"They're good-looking, too!" Nora Karns finished.

"It's high time somebody told you to kiss and make up," Mrs. Barklie said.

By Margaret E. Sangster

sighed. "Oh, I believe it's true, all right."

Mrs. Barklie caught her breath. "Perhaps when they get the tree up," she said, "and their turkey in the oven, it'll seem different. Perhaps they'll be together under the mistletoe and kiss and make up."

Nora Karns chuckled lightly and said, "I don't think so. The woman's maid told my cousin's maid that there'd be no Christmas turkey this year, and no tree either . . . But there, Mrs. Barklie, don't worry your head about a couple of strangers. They're not your problem."

Please turn to Page 12

YOUTH and good

looks and money, and a lovely house—and yet they aren't satisfied. They've got to throw it all away—

"It's a shame," mourned Mrs. Barklie, "and at this season of the year—"

"Somebody ought to give them a good talking to!" Nora exclaimed. She shook her bright head wrathfully. "Somebody ought to read them a lecture—"

There was a call from across the room. The eldest of the ladies wanted smelling salts—she'd opened ten boxes, and the excitement was growing too great, Nora Karns hurried away, leaving old Mrs. Barklie alone.

Alone? No, not quite alone. For old Mrs. Barklie, a flush spreading over her face until it looked as pink as the sunset, had an amazing idea to keep her company.

It was after dinner, when the lights were low and carol singers from the village church were entertaining a group of drowsy oldsters, that Mrs. Barklie slipped—like a furtive wraith—from the parlor of the Home.

As rapidly as the nagging rheumatism would permit, she went down into the hall and into her room—thank fortune that room was on the ground floor! She buttoned herself into her winter coat and tied a tippet—hand-knit when her fingers were less clumsy—about her head. Overshoes she couldn't manage—the bending was too difficult—but she told herself bravely that the snow was the crisp sort that wouldn't wet a person's feet. She thrust a small, tissue-wrapped package into the pocket of her skirt—though unfashionable, Mrs. Barklie clung to skirt pockets—and then, equipped with a stout stick (stouter than Mamie Carraway's ivory-handled one!) she again tiptoed along the endless hall.

The distance between the Home and her own place wasn't great. As old Mrs. Barklie crept down the drive—luckily it had been cleared of snow—she told herself that she was making a mountain out of a molehill—this journey wouldn't be hard. And yet, in the fastnesses of her soul she knew that it was hard not only physically, but

spiritually. She was doing more than covering a stretch of snowy road. She was burying her reticence and she was calling back her past.

In the old days, fifty years ago, twenty-five years ago, even ten years ago, Mrs. Barklie would have covered the space of ground in a matter of a few minutes. But it was a good three-quarters of an hour punctuated by frequent pauses and an occasional poorly-stuffed groan before the weary pilgrim turned in at a familiar path. Her feet were sodden, and the wet hem of her frock (the snow hadn't been nearly as crisp as she had supposed) flapped round her ankles.

"I'm like an old horse," she told herself, "I can hurry when the stable's in sight!" But even so her steps dragged as she finally mounted the steps to the door and her finger trembled as she pushed it against the bell.

"I FEEL like a child at Hallowe'en," she thought miserably. And then with a sudden abrupt jerk the door was flung open and a neat, uniformed maid stood upon the threshold. A maid who peered into the shadows and asked:

"What is it?" And then, a moment later, "What do you want?"

Old Mrs. Barklie stepped forward until she was close to the maid. "I would like to see your mistress," she said.

"What is it, Nellie?" asked a voice from upstairs. It was a woman's voice, and it was not quite steady.

The maid moved away from the door. She walked over to the stairs. Old Mrs. Barklie, seizing her opportunity, stepped into the hall.

"It's a very old lady, Mrs. Gregory," said the maid.

From the regions above the woman's voice sounded. "Is it a beggar?" she wanted to know. "Ask Mr. Gregory to give her something, Nellie—"

Old Mrs. Barklie thought, "Perhaps I am a beggar, at that. Coming to the door of my own home like a tramp, to ask a favor." Dimly she heard herself saying:

To-day Is Mine

Continued from Page 11

"I'm no beggar, Nellie. Tell your mistress I'm a friend—"

And then suddenly the crystal chandelier began to dance and the walls to vibrate, and she heard a man's voice echoing from an unbelievable distance, saying, "Catch her—she's falling—". It was at that precise moment that Mrs. Barklie stopped hearing and thinking and feeling.

When she came to, old Mrs. Barklie wondered at first if she were dreaming. For she lay upon a couch near the very fireplace that she had tried so hard to remember.

There was a pretty woman bending over her. The woman said, "She's better now, David."

The woman held a cup of something to her lips.

"Drink this," she advised, and the man's voice said, "Easy does it!"

Mrs. Barklie tried to struggle to a sitting posture. After the third try she managed it.

"I'm sorry," she gasped, "that I made a fool of myself. But I had to see you, somehow, to-night. I couldn't bear it—". Her voice crumpled into a little sob, and the woman asked:

"What couldn't you bear?"

"I couldn't bear to have you two quarrel," she said, "and leave each other, and get a divorce. I couldn't bear for you to have no turkey and no tree at Christmas. I felt you were being young and silly—and that if somebody gave you a good talking to everything would come straight."

The man moved into Mrs. Barklie's range of vision. He was tall and handsome, but there was a strained white line round his mouth.

"I won't ask," he said slowly, "how you happened to hear about our trouble—I know how rapidly news travels in a small town." He paused. "But I can't help being curious to know why you—care?"

Old Mrs. Barklie looked from the man to his wife. She said simply:

"I cared because this house used to be my own home. It was mine until ten years ago when I couldn't afford to live here any longer. I was happy here for nigh on fifty years—and since you took the place over I've been awfully interested in

you young people." Her voice quavered, steadied itself. "I was interested because I wanted you to be as happy—as I was!"

It was the young woman who spoke. She spoke slowly, as if she were marshalling her thoughts.

"Where do you live now?" she wanted to know. "Where did you go when you left here?"

Mrs. Barklie spoke eagerly. "Why," she said, "I went straight into the Old Ladies' Home, down the road."

The man leaned against the mantelpiece. His forefinger traced the design in the carved wood. He queried:

"How did they happen to let you out on a freezing night like this? Didn't they have the sense to know that—"

Old Mrs. Barklie interrupted. "They didn't let me out," she told him. "I came of my own accord. I thought if somebody could convince you young people you were being silly it might help. You are being silly, you know—"

The woman said, "Are we?" in a strange, bleak tone, but Mrs. Barklie went on:

"Only last summer," she said severely, "I saw you kissing each other under the apple tree—"

"An apple tree in Eden," said the man shortly. "That was before my wife became bored with me—"

"That," added the woman, "was before my husband became so absorbed in his business that I ceased to matter!"

OLD Mrs. Barklie managed the thread of a chuckle. She was a trifle astonished that she could manage it.

"You children have touched the after-honeymoon snag," she said. "All young married people go through it... You're telling yourself that the apple tree's brown and bare now, and that lots of water has gone under the bridge—". Unconsciously, she was quoting Mamie Carraway. "It's high time somebody reminded you of how easy it is to kiss and make up. That was why I came down on Christmas Eve and brought you—this—"

WITH fingers that were shaking, old Mrs. Barklie reached into the pocket of her voluminous skirt. She drew out a tiny, tissue-wrapped package.

"Here," she said, "open it up and use it! It isn't very big, but it was the best I could do. It came on one of the Christmas parcels at the Home—"

The man, rather reluctantly, took the package from the unsteady old hand. The tissue rustled as it came undone. A tiny sprig of mistletoe, rather the worse for wear, fell out upon the floor. The man gave a little strangled cry and his wife cried:

"David!" Just that. And he said: "Mildred—"

And then, they were in each other's arms.

It was the next afternoon, late, but the three of them were still sitting at the dinner table. Old Mrs. Barklie was eating her second mince pie. It wouldn't do her any harm—Nellie, the maid, had made it from the foolproof Barklie recipe.

"This has been a wonderful dinner," sighed David Gregory, "and to think—"

Mrs. Barklie chuckled as she interrupted him. "I don't want to think—not to-day!" she told him. "I'm too full of peace on earth! Knowing that I'm going to spend my Sundays with you, from now on, will make the weeks fly—"

Mildred Gregory smiled softly.

"Mrs. Barklie," she said, "do you think it's too early to light the candles on the tree? We came so near to not having a tree—that I can scarcely wait—"

Old Mrs. Barklie chose to misunderstand. "It was clever of your husband to find a tree last night after all the shops were closed," she said, "but then he's a determined man! My husband, John, was just the same—"

(Copyright).

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

THE BIGGEST BEAUTY NEWS FOR YEARS

Pond's Creams now contain active "SKIN-VITAMIN A"

GIVE your skin the benefit of to-day's extra beauty care... use Pond's Creams containing the active "skin-vitamin," vitamin A.

This is the vitamin which scientists have found to be a direct aid in keeping skin healthy and beautiful. Yet sun, wind and washing are constantly sapping the supply from your skin. Then your complexion becomes harsh, rough, dull-looking. But now you can restore this precious vitamin, with Pond's. Every time you use Pond's, you're helping to keep your skin smooth, clear and radiant. Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener. Every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin."

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- jars for your dressing table, 1/- tubes for your handbag, and economical 2/6 jars which contain approximately 3½ times as much.



In Hospitals doctors found one certain vitamin healed wounds, burns quicker when applied direct to skin. At Pond's request leading bio-chemists tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.



THE LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM.

"I've found that using Pond's Creams prevents any peeling, dryness and coarsening, and keeps my skin in perfect condition. And now that they contain the 'skin-vitamin' they're even more effective. I noticed they'd made my skin exceptionally smooth."

"THOSE WE LOVE." The delightful new radio story presented by Pond's... every Thursday at 8 p.m. on JCH, 10th-L.A., 4th-AK, 6th-WB; at 7.45 p.m. on 2SR; at 8.30 p.m. on 5AD-MU-PI-SE; every Monday at 7.30 p.m. on 2KO; every Wednesday at 8.0 p.m. on THT and 8.15 p.m. on 20Z.



When this vitamin was lacking, skin became rough, dry. When Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, skin became smooth.

Women Enthusiastic. Thousands of women have tried these Pond's creams containing the "skin-vitamin," and they're coming back for more.

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS

—The Active "Skin-Vitamin"



FREE! Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin." Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL () LIGHT CREAM ()
(Brunette) NATURAL ()
SUNAN () (Rose Cream)
(Dark Brunette) LIGHT NATURAL ()
ROSE BRUNETTE () (Natu-relle)

POND'S DEPT. (X15), Box 1131 J., G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME

ADDRESS

Betty's Christmas hamper



ONE DAY Betty decided it would be nice to send a soldier a Christmas hamper. So she went to a Comforts Fund depot.



SIX SHILLINGS, she found, would pay for a lovely collection of Christmas morning surprises for someone in camp. The woman said she could pack the hamper herself.



PLUM PUDDING, cake, cigarettes, nuts, dried fruit, magazines. Betty put in one of everything . . .



BUT the box was too small. She could not fit them all in—not if she wanted to shut it.



"A PLAN! That's a good idea. They'll all go in that way. I couldn't bear to have to leave anything out."



A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place. Betty found the box easy to pack this way.



PHOTOGRAPH of Betty went in the box. She wondered what "he" would look like.



HE CAN'T SEE her . . . But a little make-up won't hurt. Maybe sometime she'll meet her unknown friend.

Nervous and Depressed

BAD HEADACHES AND BACKACHES

"I was continually nervous and depressed," stated Mrs. A.R.T. of Macquarie, Q. "I suffered from headaches, backaches and pains in my legs. I was anemic. After taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was amazed at the change in my health. All the aches and pains have gone and I feel greatly improved."

People who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills say they are genuinely amazed at the unexpected benefits and restorative effects these famous pills have upon the entire system. The reason for this is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rapidly help to enrich and increase the blood, which strengthens and revitalizes the nerves, organs and tissues of the body. See for yourself how rapidly your headaches, nervous depression, backaches, worry, vanish after taking these pills, and how much brighter, happier and stronger you feel. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are wonderfully beneficial for nervous, depressed women and all worried, sleepless people who are "not-so-young." At all chemists and stores 1/- bottle.

Personality! Poise!

Are they your proud possessions? FACIAL HAIR and Skin Blemishes rob you of Charm and Self-Confidence. For expert advice in permanent removal of hair and new Recol Skin Treatment—Consult

ELIZABETH CHAPMAN
Room 16, 7th Floor, Chalmers House,
70, BEEST, Martin Place, Sydney.

Mr. Philibus

generous as he was, disliked splitting hard-earned money of this kind. It was like sharing a copyright on the work of one's brain.

A similar pair of stairs led him up to the previous level again. But now he was on the other side of a partition. He needed no lights to see. High up in the wall, panels of pebbled glass gave him light from the restaurant next door. At the front, raw silk curtains effectively hid Mr. Philibus from possible gaze from the street, and partially hid from him the reversed legend Dairy Products, Limited. The place, he knew, was run in conjunction with the Lunch Room, but closed promptly each evening at seven.

A small office in the rear was Mr. Philibus' goal.

Two minutes later he was kneeling before a small safe, his hands, with a certain expert tenderness and precision, moving over the dials, his ears attuned to the faint reaction of sound. For perhaps ten minutes he gave intense attention to this, then he had the door open and was regarding, lovingly, a cashbox full of notes flanked with smaller cash in which he had less interest.

Mr. Philibus Plays a Part

For a moment or two he was tempted.

Then he shook his head.

"Christmas," he said, "and I promised him a proper start in the business. Well, everything's ready for him." He closed the door regretfully, without turning the dials, and stood up.

"No," said Mr. Philibus, "he's got to start somewhere. If he's going professional. A man's no good till he's done his first job. But by the Shades of Sing-Sing, he's got a soft one to start on—the door unlocked, the combination of the safe discovered for him, everything ready to hand. He couldn't fail. And once he has a start he might make a very handsome thing at the game!"

It was always up to an older and experienced man in any profession to encourage the amateur. "He can't say," declared Mr. Philibus, unbolting a door that ran directly into the lane, and letting himself out into the gloom. "That I haven't given him a proper start!"

The mist was thicker now, and the night intensely cold, but the warmth of self-sacrificing virtue kept Mr. Philibus in a pleasing and properly Christmasy glow.

Scarcely had he gone six paces into the darkness when he became aware of some menace in front of him. Feeling a little too close to his "job" to be bold, or a little surprised at this advent in an obscure lane, he foolishly tried to flatten himself against a wall and remain there until either the menace passed

Continued from Page 10

on or he could appraise it and his possible actions.

A moment later he was looking into a small but blinding glare, and a voice took the initiative with distressing emphasis:

"Now then, what are you doing here?"

"HIST!" ordered Mr. Philibus, his wits reviving. "There's some dirty business afoot here, officer. It's well you came along. I was passing the lane and there was a man slinking about who didn't look up to any good. He watched his chance and crept in by the dairy there. I fancy he's got the back door open!"

The fellow was actually following, a little mistrustfully perhaps, and naturally with the advantage of bringing up the rear, but following.

"There!" whispered Mr. Philibus.

The back door swung open at the policeman's touch. Within, an empty semi-gloom greeted them. The officer was evidently convinced. He was on the trail of crime. He thrust his head forward and the faint light fell on his features. Mr. Philibus repressed a gasp. No mistaking them.

"Scrooge!" said Mr. Philibus audibly.

"Eh?"

"Esh!" warned Mr. Philibus. Something in him made him incredibly happy.

"Probably he's hiding downstairs!" suggested Mr. Philibus in a whisper. "Shall you go in?" In his mind a merry bit from childhood whirled:

"Won't you walk into my parlor?"

Said the spider to the fly...

A heavy jowl was thrust towards him.

"How do I know you ain't spoonin' me, eh? How do I know you haven't just pinched the till yourself?"

"That," said Mr. Philibus, "is all the thanks a decent citizen gets for mixing in your job, eh? All right. Don't take my word. Let the fellow go. But if you've got any sense, officer, you'll come in with me."

He looked entirely innocent, and, under the suspicious glare of the searchlight now momentarily turned on him again, irreproachable in his disguise.

"Come on!" said the officer gruffly.

"I ain't afraid, but I'm taking no chances. You keep just an inch ahead there, and go quiet, and be ready to duck. Mind you, it's at your own risk. There are some hard-boiled crooks these days and he may be sittin' with a revolver waiting."

"No?" said Mr. Philibus, in a low, scared tone. "Oh—I—I hope not, officer."

"Frightened now—eh?"

"N-no!"

They moved forward, almost side by side, the flashlight playing.

"Those steps!" said Mr. Philibus. He had noted them before. "Down there, you mean?"

Please turn to Page 30

The Ideal XMAS GIFT— a lifetime guaranteed Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine



THIS BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS MODEL COMPLETE FOR £25/18/6

QUICK! Extraordinary Xmas Offer!

Sews everything from heavy canvas to fine silk.
FREE new Direct-Ray Sewing light—finest feature ever added to a machine—saves your sight.
FREE illustrated book of Dressmaking—easy to understand.
FREE Hollywood Patterns cut to your measurements.
FREE Sewing Chair with machine illustrated if ordered for delivery before 21st December.
Special set of easy to use attachments—enables you to add many extra finishes to your frocks.

Other models priced from £19/19/-.

Wide variety of cabinets from which to select.

£1 Deposit secures delivery. Easy terms—balance can be paid in convenient instalments. Post coupon for particulars of free patent top thimble to first 30 enquiries. Your old machine accepted as part payment.

Bebarfalds

OPP. TOWN HALL, SYDNEY

FREE CATALOGUE

OF MACHINES AT PRE-WAR PRICES

Call or write now for free book, "HOW TO JUDGE A SEWING MACHINE." Get this before you decide on any machine.

NAME

ADDRESS W.W.5/12/39

S

HE looked at him with disfavor, and upon his asking her to direct him to Mr. Lassels' chamber, told him that it was not for the likes of him to go trapesing about the house unbidden.

"But I must carry the baggage up, must I not?" said the King.

"Set it down; there's others as'll tend to that. A nice thing it would be if every great overgrown gawk out of the stables was to go where he pleased in a gentleman's house! And don't stand about there in my way, and me with dinner to get, and not so much as half-an-hour's warning of company!"

"It smells very good," remarked the King, putting the saddle-bags down by the door.

"It may well! And me withouten any to give a hand! Company! Ay, it's always company when that lazy Joan's ill a-bed. Do you do something to earn your dinner, and wind up that Jack, 'stead of standing there like a great maypole!"

"Why, with good will!" said the King, stepping forward, and grasping the handle.

He found, however, that there was more to this seemingly simple task than he had supposed, a certain knack, which he did not possess, being required. His efforts exasperated the cook-maid. She thrust him away and, winding up the Jack herself, demanded scornfully: "What kind of a countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a Jack?"

"I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane in Staffordshire," replied the King meekly. He added with a heart-rending look: "We seldom have roast-meat, but when we do we don't use a Jack!"

The butler came into the kitchen at this moment, and, at sight of the King, said: "You're to take up the baggage. It seems nothing will do for your master but he must have his own servant to wait upon him. I'm sure it's naught to me, and he may have it as he pleases, for all you look to me more fit for the stables than a gentleman's bed-chamber."

"Mr. Lassels can never bear to have a stranger near him," explained the King. "I'd best go to him at once, or he will fly into one of his passions."

He once more shouldered his burdens, and followed the butler out of the kitchen. When they reached Lassels' bedchamber, that young gentleman, who had evidently flung himself into his part with a good deal of zest, greeted them with an exclamation of pent-up impatience.

"The devil! What have you been about all this while? Set the bags down, and unstrap them! I want a clean handkerchief directly."

"Yes, master: at once!" said the King.

The butler withdrew. Lassels waited until the sound of his footsteps grew faint upon the stairs, and

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 7

then said: "Forgive me, sir! I knew not how else to bring you away from the kitchen."

"I think you have made an enemy for yourself in that poor butler," said the King. "As for me, I fell

into very ill-odor in the kitchen. How do you wind up a Jack?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Nor I. I thought the cook-maid would have boxed my ears. But she has promised me a good dinner, which I shall eat in the buttery."

Please turn to Page 44

LONG LASTING

BUT ALWAYS

fresh!



Ah, the strange charm of "Mischief"! Exciting, sophisticated, adorable. Shedding its beloved fragrance about your evenings. Bewitching your work-a-day self into a romantic personality. Into this lovely and subtle perfume is distilled yet another excellence which makes it last and last without loss of the first delightful freshness.

CREATED BY
SAVILLE
OF LONDON

Adorable statue of the spirit of "Mischief"! Perfume bottle in base. 3/6



In miniature moulded Top Hat—Black or White. Ideal for ash-tray after. 3/6

IN SWAGGER
BLACK AND
CHROMIUM
FLASKS AND
IN THE NOVELTY
PACKS SHOWN

HANDBAG
SIZE 2/6



5/9, 10/6, 23/6.

Saville Perfumery Ltd., England.

Try for £1 Prize

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.



Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

IDEALS FOR WAR

BECAUSE of this war, some people have the opinion that the last war was fought in vain... But was it?

It is through experience that we progress mentally and acquire a sense of values; through one experience we become fitted to meet the next.

People generally are facing this war in the right spirit, devoid of jingoism and without a sense of glory.

Instead of "Death and Glory" we have substituted "Life and Liberty," and we realise that we can hold fast to our own ideals without hating those we feel must oppose.

El for this letter to A. M. Curven, 118 Attfield St., Fremantle, W.A.

"BABY SNATCHING"

WHEN I entered a city store recently with a friend and her baby son, we were besieged by a bunch of shop girls who whisked baby from his mother's arms and then proudly handed him around among them for admiring comments.

As I have often witnessed this "baby snatching," I am wondering about it.

Is it just an example of that innate love of babies which is supposed to be lurking in all of us, or is it just another aspect of the psychology of salesmanship?

Mrs. D. Hearne, Wellcott, Mulgoorie, via Binda, N.S.W.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS

WHAT is the ideal period for courtship? I think that twelve months is sufficient. Anything longer tends to take away the romance.

I was told about a couple who have been engaged for eleven years. Both are now in their middle thirties, but their marriage is still uncertain. It will be surprising if they ever marry at all.

In this case it was the business ambition and selfishness of the man which were responsible for the delay, but his fiancée now is threatening to break off the engagement.

I think she should have done so ten years ago.

Miss J. Hart, 55 Magill Rd., Stepney, S.A.

Strongest, Smartest, and Best Belt Ever Made

MOST FASCINATING KMAS PRESENT FOR MAN, YOUTH OR BOY. Saddle-made of the finest Oak Bark Tanned Solid Hide, with a Monogram Buckle. Clasp of TWO or THREE letters. Price 3/6 post free anywhere.



This illustration reproduces the actual size of MONOGRAM BUCKLE. The ANCHOR MONOGRAM BUCKLE is made of strongest gun-metal, and the letters are pure SILVER PLATE on SOLID NICKEL, and will last for ever. Simply state the initials you desire, any two or three letters. (If initials M or W are required, 2 letters only can be supplied.) JOHN AFRAT, Pacific House, 296 Pitt St. (near Bathurst St.), Sydney.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. NEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

Modern views on custom of confetti throwing

FOR so many years the throwing of confetti has been part of the romantic interest of weddings, A. Thornton (18/11/39), that it would be a pity to forbid its use.

Even those of us who think we are practical surely must have a sentimental regard for the delight-



Adds to wedding glamor.

ful old-fashioned customs such as confetti-throwing.

Some bridegrooms may pretend to dislike it, but most brides have no objection.

Mrs. K. Webster, Hamilton Rd., Hamilton, Qld.

Caused injury

MOST bridal couples do not appreciate being nearly smothered in confetti.

In fact, one bride I knew had to receive medical attention for an injury to her eye caused by a dirty little piece of confetti.

Instead of being the radiantly pretty bride, she had to face the guests at the reception with a rapidly swelling and most painful eye.

It was accidental, of course, but her well-meaning friends felt very guilty, and have "sworn off" confetti ever since.

Miss Betty Seddon, George St., St. Peters, S.A.

Is embarrassing

WHAT a lot of unnecessary fuss and embarrassment would be overcome if would-be well-wishers refrained from throwing confetti at weddings.

It is uncomfortable to have confetti thrown all over you, and embarrassing to have your clothes, shoes and handbags filled with this trivial nonsense.

Mrs. Stanton, 18 Boronia Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

Friendly gesture

CONFETTI throwing at weddings is not always a nuisance.

It seems a friendly gesture on the part of one's friends, and a pretty custom which it would be a pity to abolish.

Even if a few of the gaily-colored little bits of paper do get caught in the bride's frock, or the bridegroom's pockets, they are only a happy reminder of the good wishes of relatives and friends.

Mrs. W. Wilson, 114 The Right, Eaglemont, Vic.

Really liked

MOST prospective brides and grooms appear to be very alarmed by the thought of confetti throwing, but I believe they really enjoy every minute of it.

Dead flower petals would look more unsightly if left lying about and the tiny bits of paper soon blow away.

Mrs. Eric Bycroft, 77 Macrossan Ave., Norman Park SE1, Qld.

Is out of date

IHAVE seen lovely wedding frocks ruined by the dye from confetti, when brides have had to leave the church in showery weather.

People also might think of the poor church cleaner, who has to sweep the confetti away.

As for sentiment—well, I think that spoken good wishes mean more, and cause no trouble.

Confetti is out of date, and we all should realise it.

James Watson, Edgecliff Rd., Woolahra, N.S.W.

Do families need those hot Sunday dinners?

COLD dinners can easily be served on Sundays, Mrs. Murray (18/11/39).

Surely husbands do not want their wives to be in a hot kitchen cooking meals for seven days in the week.

Men like to finish their work on Saturday and have a holiday on Sunday, so the same should apply to their wives.

Sunday is the one whole day the family can spend together at home or at picnics.

Mrs. R. P. Wightman, 32 Weisford St., Shepparton, Vic.

More healthy

IT isn't only the cooking of the hot Sunday dinner that is tiring for the housewife... Just think of the greasy washing-up she has to do on a hot Sunday afternoon.

Cold meat and salad are easily prepared, and I think few people would be so anxious to spend Sunday afternoon resting if they had less indigestible meals, especially in the summer.

Since we adopted the no-hot-Sunday-dinner plan, we have all been in better health.

Mrs. H. N. Walter, P.O., Port Pirie, S.A.

Is useful

SUNDAY is the best day in the week to have a good hot dinner as the housewife has more time to prepare it, and also she can be helped by other members of the family who are at home on that day.

Most of us also depend on the remnants of Sunday dinner to provide the Monday meals, especially when Monday happens to be washing day, as it so often is.

Also in our family we like the homely atmosphere created by the traditional Sunday dinner.

Mrs. R. L. Gaffney, Pacific Highway, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Fewer meals

IT is high time we got rid of this old and incongruous custom.

By Sunday evening, a busy mother is worn out, especially in the summer, as young people seem to regard Sunday night's tea as the highlight of the week.

In our family we have cut our Sunday meals to two.

We have a mixture of breakfast and lunch, with easily cooked foods, and then for tea we have salads, cold meat, fruit and cake.

This makes Sunday a day of rest for me.

Mrs. M. C. Warner, Vinifera, Vic.

Why women tell troubles to hairdresser

IT may be hard on the hairdresser, Miss Jackson (18/11/39), to have to listen to women's tales of domestic tragedies, but many of those women are lonely, and it does them good to talk about their troubles.

It isn't often that they can be sure of an audience.

Hairdressers, like all other people who deal with the public, need a sense of humor.

By giving sympathetic attention, they often can turn a client's depressed mood into one of cheerfulness.

Personally, I enjoy the confidences.

R. Walker, 7 Lansdowne St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

Too sympathetic

IFIND it a work of art to prevent myself from telling some hairdressers all my personal troubles. Their inquiries are so subtle, and so very sympathetic.

Of course they are only trying to make conversation, but I wish they would keep off personal topics.

One does not wish to be rude, but it is difficult to evade some of the questions and hints for information.

I would rather not talk at all. Not many of us have time to sit down and think, so the hairdresser's chair is a chance for a mental stock-taking.

Margaret Martin, 109 Grange Rd., Toorak SE2, Vic.

Reasons for talks

THERE is a curious distinction between men and women hairdressers and their customers.

In the men's saloons it is the barber who does the talking. He may be boring, but he sin-



Has to attend garrulous client.

cerely wishes to entertain and help pass the time.

With the talkative woman customer it is often merely vanity and a sense of self-importance that makes her talk unceasingly.

I know, I have worked as a hairdresser.

C. Grant, Headland Rd., Dee Why, N.S.W.

GIRLS WHO BLUSH

I KNOW a timid girl who cannot meet people without blushing. She says she would do anything to overcome this embarrassing habit. Actually I think she should be grateful for it, because blushing makes a girl more attractive.

The happiest women are those who are sensible enough to appear timid and shy. Men unconsciously seek their company.

E. Johns, 28 Divett St., Adelaide.

PROOF OF EDUCATION

"HE is so well educated" one often hears said in a tone of awe. That means that in the dim days of his college life his head was crammed with knowledge from text books and the like. He may be atrociously mannered and very domineering, but because he has been "so well educated" one must bow the knee.

Haven't people got a wrong idea of education? Education is not merely book knowledge. It is the art of cultivating natural talents by the process of living a full life and, from the experiences gained, applying the best from them to one's own life.

Miss S. C. Wilmington, Box 36, P.O., Bundaberg, Qld.

TEAS FOR BRIDES

PRE-WEDDING gift teas for brides are growing out of all proportion.

The same friends either are hostesses or guests at linen teas, kitchen or pantry teas, handkerchief teas, bathroom teas, garden teas, and I have even heard of cocktail bar teas.

Gifts for all these are costly, and a wedding present also has to be given.

I would not allow my daughter to have her home partly furnished by her friends.

Mrs. Simmonds, Balaclava Rd., Caulfield, Vic.

TEASING CHILDREN

IT is surprising the number of otherwise kindly people who take a stupid delight in teasing small children to the point of tears.

When the little one, scared out of its wits by being forced to touch a creepy insect or balance itself in a precarious position, starts to cry, it is further teased and called a cry-baby, and often the episode is mentioned to other grown-ups.

If grown-ups would only recall the things they were scared of as children through their limited knowledge the harmful practice might cease.

Mrs. G. Young, 70 Mowbray Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

ENERGY...VITALITY... thanks to ENO

It is impossible to enjoy life as Nature intended, if your body is habitually clogged with poisonous food waste. Adopt the pleasant practice of taking a sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt",

the famous household corrective for digestive ailments, first thing every morning. Eno will keep your system thoroughly free from poisons that rob you of energy and vitality.

Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9.

ENO IS DIFFERENT because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts. Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

Listen to the "ENO CRIME CLUES"

Thrilling detective mysteries featuring Spencer Dean, 2CH, Monday and Wednesday, 9 p.m.; 4BK-AR, Monday and Wednesday, 8.30 p.m.; 6IX-WR, Monday and Wednesday, 8.30 p.m.; 3DB-LR, Tuesday and Wednesday, 7.45 p.m.; 5AD-FI-MU-SE, Tuesday and Wednesday, 8.30 p.m.



ENOS FRUIT SALT

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

Man who torpedoed the Royal Oak



**German
"heroes"
—and British!**

Above we reproduce one of the most remarkable pictures of the war. It shows the young German naval officer, Guenther Prien, who torpedoed the 29,000-ton British warship, Royal Oak, in a submarine attack at Scapa Flow on October 14.

With him is his wife, and according to the German caption on the picture the young officer is telephoning his mother, telling her of his successful exploit.

THE picture was radio-grammed to neutral countries and only reached Australia by last week's air mail. It emphasises the German efforts to end Britannia's rule of the waves.

Britannia's determination about this point was shown last week when the armed merchantman Rawalpindi gallantly fought the German pocket battleship Deutschland and another cruiser off the coast of Iceland and went down with colors flying.

What a contrast in national bravery! This man, sneaking underwater, torpedoed a ship and hundreds of men were killed without any chance of defence or retaliation.

The Rawalpindi men, right out in the open, fought to the last against a ship that could outgun them and that fled as soon as a British warship of equal size appeared.

Through the centuries the tradition of the British navy has been upheld by men such as those on the Rawalpindi.

It cannot be broken by reverses such as the Royal Oak, which merely electrified war preparations throughout the Empire and showed that there can be no half-hearted measures if victory and peace are to be won.

New Gifts of Lovely Green GLASSWARE

FREE for SIREN Users

SIREN IS SUCH VERY GOOD SOAP TOO!

Here are 2 of these useful GIFTS

ROTARY EGG BEATER WITH GREEN GLASS BOWL
SAVE 132 SIREN CROSSES
Send 1/6 to cover freight and packing.

GREEN GLASS GRADUATED MIXING MEASURES
CAPACITY 1 PINT
SAVE 40 SIREN CROSSES
Send 9d. to cover freight and packing.
CAPACITY 2 PINTS
SAVE 60 SIREN CROSSES
Send 1/- to cover freight and packing.

and these GLASSWARE GIFTS to choose from, too!

"HANDY ANDY" LEMON SQUEEZER

64 SIREN CROSSES
Send 1/3 to cover freight and packing.

PAIR SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS

SAVE 20 SIREN CROSSES
Send 3d. to cover freight and packing.

SALT BOX

SAVE 96 SIREN CROSSES
Send 1/3 to cover freight and packing.

SET OF 4 MIXING BOWLS

SAVE 168 SIREN CROSSES
Send 1/3 to cover freight and packing.

MANY MORE GIFTS AVAILABLE—WRITE FOR LIST TO LINTAS GIFT DEPOT

NOTE: Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

DO NOT SEND A LETTER, BUT USE PRINTED FORM

Name (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

Enclosed _____ Crosses

State the Gift required.

Freight and packing

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT
Take your crosses to:
LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT,
147 York Street (Town Hall end),
SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars, enclose with crosses and stamps to cover freight and packing, and address to:

LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT,
Box 4267 Y, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

4 CROSSES WITH EACH LARGE BAR

SIREN SOAP

1 CROSS WITH EACH UTILITY TABLET

Save these crosses

2 THINGS AT A TIME..

(and both done well)



The old slogan about doing one thing at a time holds good no longer. When you include Sanitarium Health Foods in your grocery order you are doing TWO things at the same time, and doing them both in the best possible manner.

YOU ARE GETTING THE PUREST, MOST WHOLESOME AND HEALTHFUL FOODS THAT MONEY CAN BUY. Sanitarium Health Foods are manufactured with a care for the preservation of vital, health-giving elements that is unrivalled. Sanitarium Health Foods taste better, are digested more easily and the benefits to physical well-being are immediately discernible. If it's a Sanitarium product it is a genuine health food.

YOU ARE PARTICIPATING IN THE QUICKEST AND MOST GENEROUS GIFT SCHEME OPERATING IN AUSTRALIA. You don't have to wait months for your gifts. When you save the Sanitarium way the gifts can be yours in a matter of a week or two. You can save coupons from ANY of the nine different Sanitarium Health Foods and thus you save much more rapidly. It's both healthful and profitable to use the Sanitarium Health Foods.



★ FREE *Quick* GIFTS

You can get gifts from 6-8-13 points upwards with Sanitarium coupons and as one coupon may be worth 8 points, you can see what a speedy gift scheme this really is. Remember too, there are 9 different Sanitarium Pure Health Foods which carry quick gift coupons.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT

Order from your grocer a 4 oz. jar of Marmite, a 24 oz. packet of Weet-Bix, an 8 oz. tin of Kwic-Bru and an 8 oz. jar of Betta Peanut Butter. Immediately you will have 13 points and the choice of several gifts. There is no waiting with the Sanitarium quick gifts scheme.

NOTE: All gifts are available at the following addresses—

SYDNEY	13 Hunter Street.	HOBART	43 Elizabeth Street.
MELBOURNE	York House, Little Collins St. (opp. Australia Arcade)	LAUNCESTON	82 Charles Street.
PERTH	844 Hay Street.	NEWCASTLE	Chr. Tudor St. and Parkway Ave., Hamilton.

If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you.

THIS SCHEME DOES NOT OPERATE IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA OR QUEENSLAND.

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS

NEW FRIENDS for CHILDREN in Christmas Books

Books, in endless variety and a rainbow of gay bindings and illustrations, again solve the Christmas present problem for children of all ages.

The bookshops are in blossom again with delightful new stories and reprints of old favorites.

As well as new heroes and heroines, eye-popping adventures and fabulous fairytales, there are at least forty annuals to choose from, and a number of new novels by such favorites as Isabel M. Peacocke, "Lizbeth Anne"; Angela Brazil, "School on the Moor"; L. M. Montgomery, "Anne of Ingleside"; Mary Grant Bruce, "Son of Billabong"; and Bessie Marchant, "A Girl Undaunted."

NEW Australian publications for children are notable for their stories of bush animals and bush legend, and their exuberant illustrations.

The answers to hundreds of "Whys?" are contained in T. J. S. Rowland's series, "For Lively Youngsters."

Most recently published "Every-day Things for Lively Youngsters" answers questions about composition of the earth, weather, dwellings of man, metals, glass, timber, heat, lighting, making of paper, including even cellophane, sticky things and smelly things—explaining why they are.

This painless education is made more entertaining with amusing but

informative drawings. (Cassell, Dymocks.)

Stories of the bush are told by the animals themselves — Mrs. Gnoorie, the emu, Woop Woop, the owl, Dr. Creep, the wombat, Bundah, the kangaroo, Ginger Groogie, the opossum, Glory, the lyrebird, and numerous other bush inhabitants—in "Bunyip Says So," by W. M. Fleming.

There are delightful pictures of all the "Campies," except Mr. Bunyip. (New Century Press, Dymocks.)

Last year Gladys Lister wrote "The Little Round Garden." This year's sequel is "The Little Round House."

Pixie O'Harris' delicate drawings illustrate the book. (Angus and Robertson.)

"Australians All" is a book of rhymes by Nelle Grant Cooper about animals, birds and insects.

Blinky Bill again

It is charmingly illustrated by Dorothy Wall and Phyllis Shillito. (Publishers, Angus and Robertson.)

Dorothy Wall's three books about Blinky Bill, the koala, have been published this year in one volume and packed with her engaging pictures of Blinky Bill, his family and friends. (Angus and Robertson.)

Biggles and his two comrades, Algy and Ginger, who have already survived ten volumes of breath-taking adventures, reappear in "Biggles in Spain," by Capt. W. E. Johns. Swimming ashore to Barcelona from a bombed ship they are arrested as spies. (Oxford University Press, Angus and Robertson.)

Stanley Rogers slakes the thirst for sea adventure in three volumes on the history of piracy.

"The Barbary Pirates" outlines the origin of piracy in the fifteenth century. "Atlant-

CAPTAIN COOK

CAPTAIN COOK is a penguin sent to Mr. Popper, a house-painter, who yearns to be a Polar explorer.

The conversion of the family refrigerator to house C a p tain Cook, the arrival of Greta, their stage career and other adventures make "Mr. Popper's Penguins" a hilarious chronicle. Robert Lawson's illustrations add to the hilarity. By Richard and Florence Atwater. (Harrap and Angus and Robertson.)

tic Buccaneers" records its heyday in the lives of such famed representatives as Captain Kidd and Calico Jack Rackam, and "Modern Pirates" brings you up to date when Mr. Rogers records rather wistfully that piracy is practically confined nowadays to the China coast.

For those who have just reached, or never passed, the Red Indian stage, Blackie has published a "Red Indian Omnibus Book" containing James Fenimore Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," and "Deerslayer."

Australian brother to Huckleberry Finn is "Duck Williams and His Cobber," a tale of the "Lane Gang" in Bendigo, Victoria, by Fred Davison. Baldy Johnson, Tut Walters, Blue Tresize and Sniffy Hooper share with Duck the strenuous occupation of just being young. (Angus and Robertson.)

If you have experienced the panic response to "Tell Us a Story," buy "The Youngest Omnibus," conducted by Rosalind Vallance.

It contains more than a hundred stories, poems and plays by well-known authors, and more than 150 pictures.

The plays are brief enough for children to memorise for a rainy day indoors. (Nelson, Dymocks.)

"THE SILENT HUNTER"

A BEAUTIFUL lynx, List, in the forests of Sweden, is the heroine of "The Silent Hunter," by Phyllis Briggs. List's capture by Karl, their journey to the city where Karl plans to sell her, and her escape when Karl's conscience will not let him deprive her of her freedom is an enthralling story. The fine drawings are by Raymond Sheppard. (Blackie, Angus and Robertson.)

Your Holiday Wardrobe by Spectator SPORTSWEAR

Smart styles — California inspired.

Crush proof — easy to pack.

Guaranteed washable — fadeless.

Gay designs — glowing colours.

AND SO INEXPENSIVE!

25/11

35/11

39/11

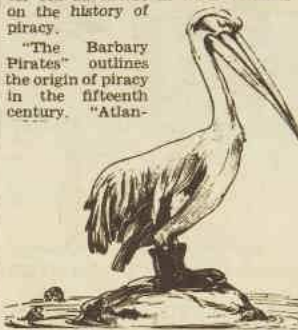
SHARKTEX
Trimly tailored in mint cool pastel shades...

EVERLOC
The frock with the famous guarantee...

floraloc
Dazzling prints and genuinely crush proof...

There's a store close by that stocks Spectator Sportswear—we'll tell you its name if you let us know where you are. Write, too, for a brochure with cuttings of fabrics and illustrating twelve of the smartest styles.

E. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD., 27 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE



THE PELICAN in "Australians All," by Nelle Grant Cooper.



the wise woman
won't worry

she will give

COTY

COTY — The world's finest Eau de Cologne in six sizes from 5/-.

COTY — Twelve classics of the perfume world from 4/6 upwards.

And many useful and beautiful gifts in a long range of prices.

ALL signed with the greatest guarantee of inimitable quality and distinguished packing.

Coty



MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

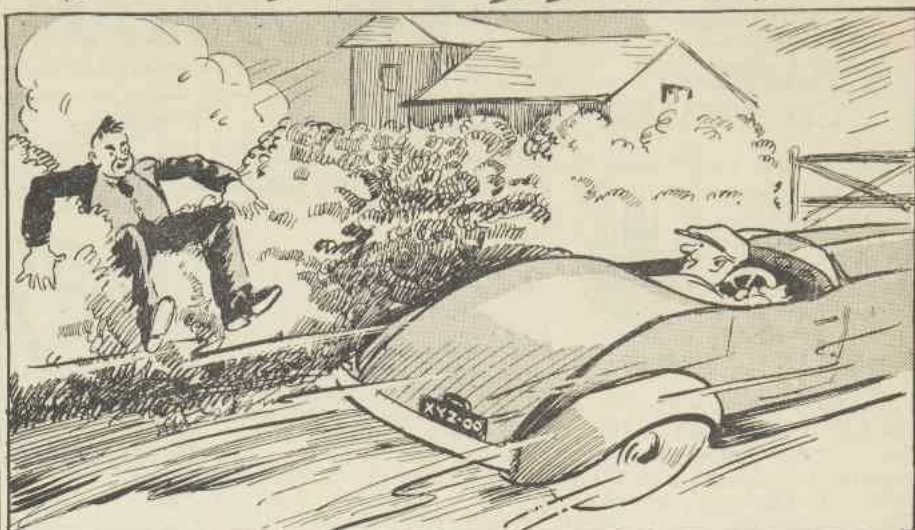


"I don't think I'm fitted for the battle of life."
"You ought to be, you've been in four engagements."



WIFE: Don't be selfish, John. Let the child help you with his homework if he wants to.

Some NEW LAUGHS



PEDESTRIAN: Road hog!
MOTORIST: Hedgehog!



SMALL: I didn't get home till three this morning!
TALL: What didn't your wife say?



"You're buying your Christmas presents early?"
"Yes, I'm getting in early to avoid the rush that takes place to avoid the Christmas rush."

HAPPY

Now
he's free
from

INDIGESTION



To eat well and enjoy his food a man must have perfect digestion. When indigestion is ruining his appetite, get De Witt's Antacid Powder. Instant relief follows from the first dose and indigestion is quickly ended.

Instead of complaining of flatulence, stomach pains, and just picking at his food, he'll be eating like a trooper—happy

he's free from indigestion. Here is proof.

Mrs. Valentine, Camp Hill, Brisbane, says:—"My husband has been a sufferer from indigestion for years and could get no relief no matter what he tried. One day we saw an advertisement for De Witt's Antacid Powder and gave it a trial. Now he is able to eat and enjoy anything without fear of after-effects. I recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder wherever I go."

Benefit is certain, because De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess acid, protects the stomach and actually digests part of your food.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large canisters, 2/6. New giant size (2½ times quantity), 4/6.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"YES, old man, motoring's a fine thing. I used to be fat and sluggish, but now I'm spry and energetic."

"I didn't know you had a car."
"I haven't. I'm a pedestrian!"

SALESMAN: Let me interest you in a motor harvesting machine. It will do the work of six men.

Farmer: No use to me, mister. I've only got enough work for four men, so the thing would be wasting two men's time.

THE plumber had been called up for the militia and was asked to make a joint in a lead-pipe.

When the job had been finished, the officer wrote on his papers: "Joint very neatly done."

A day or two later he was posted as head cook in the officers' mess.

DOCTOR: Why did you have BP7652 tattooed on your back?

Patient: That's not tattooing, doctor. That's where my wife ran into me when I was opening the garage door.

"MAY I use your telephone?"
"Certainly. Is yours out of order?"

"Not exactly, but sister is using it to hold up a window; Ma's cutting scones with the mouthpiece, and baby is teething on the cord."



HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

KINTHO

[DOUBLE STRENGTH]

An Editorial

DECEMBER 9, 1939

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

DON'T let us have a gloomy Christmas.

To do so would be to play Hitler's game in the war of nerves.

Our slogan should be, "Christmas as usual."

Let the youngsters have their Christmas toys and parties; buy that new hat or dress you promised yourself; carry on with your Christmas shopping; buy presents for your friends.

This is not being selfish; it is just being sensible.

In a war such as this, woman plays her most important role in history.

She is the second line of defence, caring for those at home, keeping the family happy and contented, shutting the door on panic, facing up to the war, but not letting it get her down.

Christmas gives her a chance to show the world that the Nazis can't wipe out the festival of Christmas in democratic countries.

The shadow of Hitler over our Christmas celebrations should not reduce the size of our Christmas turkey or the measure of our Christmas spending.

Women play a great part in keeping up the national morale. Sensible Christmas spending spreads money and employment in all directions.

A happy Christmas Day is the best of national tonics.

Religion and civilised sentiment have made it the child's own day.

With the whole festival centring round the children, its observance in the traditional manner inevitably bestows a special blessing on family life. So we get a priceless return for the efforts we make to sustain the spirit of Christmas.

We hope that our children will not have to endure another war. That, indeed, is why we are fighting.

Meantime, let us do what we can to keep alive the Christmas spirit of goodwill, of healthy laughter, of family affection.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

On the toy front

TOYS are playing their part in the war, and Santa Claus' sledge will look like an armament factory this year.

Machine guns, tanks, aeroplanes, and soldiers—especially the British Grenadiers—are toys most asked for by children making Christmas visits to the stores. Dolls are dressed in all the war service uniforms.

Our importations of toys last year ran to £196,361—including £34,000 of German toys and over £100,000 of Japanese toys.

Wartime will probably restrict variety for next Christmas, but, as in the last war, restricted imports will no doubt help to develop toy manufacturing in Australia.

In the last war the Red Cross came to the rescue, when invalided soldiers made hundreds of toys which were sold for Red Cross funds.

Fashion winner

MY Canberra spy tells me that Brigadier Street, the Minister for the Army, continues to be the Federal Cabinet's fashion leader.

Every morning he can be seen riding round the leafy by-ways of Canberra, clad in jodhpurs and hunting "pink" jacket, on the horse that was broken-in and trained for the Duke of Kent to ride.

Phobia beats bombs

BECAUSE she suffers from claustrophobia (fear of confined spaces) the Duchess of Windsor has refused to take refuge in a bomb-proof shelter during air-raid warnings.

Psychologists recognise 19 phobias, all of which, they state, can be cured by tracing the particular fear to its source in some terrifying or inexplicable experience in childhood.

Women are more prone to phobias than men—four out of a hundred women have some form of phobia. Men number about half this.

"Claustrophobia is a fairly common phobia," Mr. G. S. K. Taylor, a well-known psychologist, told me.

"But not all the people who rush out of doors during air-raids in England, Scotland, and Europe are claustrophobics.

"Three instincts operate on these occasions—the instinct for self-preservation, when people rush to air-raid shelters, the instinct of curiosity and the primitive instinct of wanting to be in the fight, even if only as onlookers, both of which send them out of doors to watch.

"According to the individual's make-up one of these three instincts will operate more strongly than the others."



LITTLE TOMMY: "Boo-hoo! I don't want any of these toys. I want a magnetic mine."

Called him "Cobber"

I WAS visiting Ingleburn camp (N.S.W.) when this happened. A handsome man in mufti asked the young sentry to direct him to Private X's hut.

"You're out of luck, cobber!" said the sentry, "he's out. Shall I tell him who was asking for him?"

"Tell him his father called!" the visitor replied.

When a number of brass-hats greeted the stranger the sentry began to look apprehensive.

An officer nearby said to him: "Do you know who that was?"

"Nope," said the sentry.

"That was the General," he was told.

"Struth!" gasped the sentry, "and I called him cobber."

Camp homemakers

MOTHERS and wives who have been to see their soldier menfolk on visitors' days at the camps are amazed at displays of domestic talent hitherto unsuspected in the home.

Unbleached calico curtains and

bedspreads, butter-box shelves and bookracks made by the men in their spare time suggest that there are plenty of other things father could do at home besides reading the paper and mowing the lawn under compulsion.

Dear rabbiting

GERMANY'S first air-raid on the Shetland Islands cost the Nazis £100,000, and killed one rabbit.

An R.A.F. reconnaissance pilot dropped a parcel containing the rabbit somewhere in Germany, addressed to the Grand Master of the Hunt, Marshal Goering.

The Marshal may like to revise an old nursery rhyme to croon to his year-old child and the new baby reported to have arrived last week.

"Baby, baby bunting,
Daddy sent planes a-hunting.
They caught one little rabbit
skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

"One hundred thousand pounds
it cost
To bomb it in the Shetlands.
But how much more he would
have lost,
If he'd send a fleet of Zep-
pells."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP





Do YOU really want an unforgettable Christmas?

L. W. Lower prepares for Christmas Day.

Well, try these super recipes

With Christmas soon upon us I suppose you're all thinking about the cooking aspect of it.

Don't let it worry you. Using the proper methods, preparing a Christmas dinner is easy.

FIRST the menu! Clear soup. Roast turkey with vegetables. Plum pudding with brandy sauce. Fruit salad and cream. Nuts and fruit.

That, you will admit, is a pretty good average menu. Now the method of preparation.

First bump off the turkey. This may sound cruel, but it is almost impossible to cook a turkey with the thing struggling all the time. Pluck it and tear the inside out of it. It is then ready to be stuffed.

Recipe for stuffing: Half-cupful each of thyme, mint, marjoram,

cloves, parsley, cinnamon, and grass-seeds.

Mix well with breadcrumbs. The mixture may be moistened by adding two cups of rum, or, if preferred, the same amount of gin. Empty this into the turkey, and place the bird in a slow oven.

Take the insides, paws, beak, etcetera, place in a pot with one to two gallons of water and allow to simmer gently. This is the soup.

Now the pudding. Most households have a recipe for Christmas pudding which was given to them by their grandmother, but for the benefit of those who never had a

By . . .
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

grandmother the following recipe is recommended:

Four cups of flour, 4 cups of ground ginger, 4 cups of lemon peel, 2 cups of cloves, 5 cups sultanas, 6 cups mixed currants and raisins, 5 cups of sugar, 1 lb. cinnamon, 1 pint of chilis, 2 cups of almonds, one tin of treacle, one gill of brandy, and mix.

Those of you who have no gill measure at home may measure the brandy in the wash-basin. It should be a little more than half-fill the wash-basin. Mix all together.

I forget to mention with regard to the tin of treacle that the tin itself should not be put in the mixture as it spoils the flavor.

Now, if you want to put in any of those little surprises so dear to the hearts of both kiddies and grown-ups, be sure to stir them well into the pudding.

The trend now is to put in something that will be of practical use, such as a small alarm clock, a packet of razor blades, or a set of dominoes.

When thoroughly mixed, wrap the pudding in a sheet and boil it in the laundry copper. If it will not fit in the copper, place it in the bath and turn the bath-heater on it.

By the time you have finished this it would be as well to look at the turkey. If it is on fire do not throw water on it, as it spoils the flavor and dilutes the gravy. Throw sand on it until the flames are extinguished, and then reduce the heat in the stove.

Useful hints

THE fruit salad may be left until last as its concoction is only a matter of minutes. Take a large vessel—a wash-tub will do—and put in oranges, lemons, bananas, water-melons, etcetera, and bash into pulp.

Incidentally, when eating fruit salad it is etiquette to place all peach stones, coconut husks, and so forth, on the side of the plate. Never, in any circumstances, throw them under the table. You might hit the dog.

The menu I have outlined is a suitable one for the average family, and is also economical. The pudding alone ought to last well into February.

For a more pretentious dinner I would suggest:

*Soup a la Gas Company
Sardines in Oil
Turkey au naturel
and, of course, pudding.*

The beauty of this menu is that it is not difficult to prepare. The soup is very easy to make. Drain the water out of the gas-meter, add

DON'T MISS "LOWERITIS"

★ A book by L. W. LOWER containing the pick of his stories, the cream of his humor.

Get your copy now from any bookstall. Price, 1/3.



Eyes for you alone

You're the only girl in the

world to him—keep him thinking so! Look your loveliest always with Three Flowers, the face powder that creates an aura of romance—an atmosphere of glamour about you! A smooth, fine texture . . . a delicate flower fragrance . . . a subtle transparency that permits warm, natural skin tones to glow enchantingly through—these are the qualities that make Three Flowers the powder of smart women the world over, that will make you, too, want to adopt this powder for your very own. In two sizes—3/9 and 2/6.

Three Flowers Vanishing Cream. For that perfect powder base—a smooth, lovely skin devoid of shine and roughness—try Three Flowers Vanishing Cream and see how evenly, how softly and lastingly, your powder will adhere! Jars 2/6—tubes 1/6.

three flowers
FACE POWDER

RICHARD HUDNUT • New York • Paris • Sydney

Why not have an Attractive FIGURE

LOOK at this lovely girl! She is wearing a swim suit identical with hundreds of others on the beach. Yet with her perfect figure she stands out delightfully from them all. She's a picture of health, happiness and fitness.

Start taking Bile Beans now—each night at bedtime—and you, too, can achieve this Bile Beans figure for yourself, regain those lovely slim lines that Nature intended and become gloriously fit and well.

Just follow her lead—a couple of Bile Beans nightly.



HOW BILE BEANS ACT. Bile Beans are purely vegetable and therefore can be taken regularly with perfect safety. Bile Beans tone up the system, assist digestion, purify the blood and daily eliminate fat-forming residue, thus making you healthy, happy and slim.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU SLIM AND KEEP YOU SLIM

Women's practical gifts for overseas friends

Well-known people choose their Christmas presents



MRS. MENZIES, wife of the Prime Minister, considers hampers are the perfect gifts for overseas friends.

Christmas gifts for overseas are intensely practical this year. So many people have sent hampers of food or parcels of warm clothing that the Christmas cargoes might easily be consignments of stock for a grocery warehouse or a department store.

The usual frivolous gifts have been replaced by food and clothing because if England has to adopt rationing nothing will be more acceptable to friends abroad or to men of the R.A.F. or Navy than such presents from Australia's abundant stores.

SOME people are sending cheques or bank drafts. Many who usually send specially-designed Christmas cards are devoting the money to wartime causes and sending simple printed cards instead. Both Lady Gowrie and Lady



LADY GOWRIE, whose large Christmas mail has kept her busy at her writing-desk.

SUMMER'S SMARTEST

Sportswear

IS STARCHED WITH
CLIFTON'S RICE STARCH

Longer lasting smartness, and a far superior finish for all starched fabrics, when you use the modern starch, that women are acclaiming everywhere — Clifton's Lilywhite Rice Starch! It is superfined — for superlative results! Try it once — and you will use it always.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

C.27

C.28

SPECIAL OFFER

Make these Tennis Frocks for the Holidays!

SEND FOR PATTERNS

C.27. Pleated Skirted Tennis Frock in Lystav, Linen or Piqué weave. Sizes: 32-38" bust. Material Required: 3½ yards, 36" width.

C.28. Tennis Frock in Linen, Piqué or Cotton weave. Sizes: 32" to 38" bust. Material Required: 3½ yards, 36" width.

Clifford Love & Co. Ltd., 77 Clarence Street, Sydney, will post patterns and full directions for making these lovely tennis frocks on receipt of your name and address, together with the end panel from a 1-lb. packet of Clifton's Lilywhite Rice Starch and 9d. in stamps — for each pattern required.

CLIFTON'S
Lilywhite
RICE STARCH

A PRODUCT OF CLIFFORD LOVE & CO. LTD., 77 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY

Wakehurst, wife of the Governor of N.S.W., who usually send charming cards specially designed for them, have decided to buy their cards "ready made" this year.

Mrs. R. G. Menzies, the Prime Minister's wife, is sending a few personal gifts overseas.

"I'm not sending any hampers, but I consider them the perfect gift for relatives living in London or in the fighting forces. My husband chose our Christmas card. It is an Australian scene painted by George Benson."

Mrs. R. G. Casey, whose husband, the Minister for Supply, is at present in England, said: "With my husband away I have not had time to do more than arrange for a few hampers to be sent to soldiers."

"Now I must decide on my other overseas gifts, but will have to consider tonnage and cartage this year."

"I would like to send a frozen lamb or two, but I'm afraid they would be too bulky for this particular Christmas when there is a limited amount of shipping and so many urgent supplies are going."

"I shall probably send butter in tins, dried fruits and raisins."

Dame Enid Lyons: "I have not thought about Christmas presents until this moment."

"This is so different from other years when I arranged all such things with my husband. I shall probably send only greeting cards overseas—something typically Australian, of course."

Exciting : practical

MRS. JOHN HUMAN, the daughter of Sir Samuel and Lady Walder, who returned to Australia with her English cricketer husband this year, is sending parcels of groceries to English friends and relatives.

Doris Facker, playing the title role in "Elizabeth the Queen," has sent to America cases of Australia wine and sheepskin rugs, made from the directions given by the Country Women's Association.

Miss Marie Burke is sending money. "I shall also telephone my daughter, Pat, on Christmas Day, if I can locate her," she added.

The Barnes sisters, Norrie and Moya, who spent considerable time in England and Europe recently, have decided to send only greeting cards—with a picture of their Border collie, "Pickles."

Lady Gordon is sending hampers of Australian preserves, jams and dried fruits.

Mrs. Ronald Peden, who captained the last Australian women's cricket team in England, has sent hampers of groceries and Australian dried fruits to several members of the English Women's Cricket Association executive.

She has also sent a hamper to her cricketer-architect sister, Mrs. Colin Munro, whose husband has been called up with the London Scottish.

Mrs. Munro is at present in Buck-

inghamshire, where she has built a camp for evacuated children.

Mme. Pao, wife of the Chinese Consul in Sydney, has insured all her overseas presents, which bear addresses in America, England, China and Italy.

"I'm sending old Chinese embroidery, very fine Chinese handkerchiefs, kangaroo leather wallets, and to little children in China some toy koalas," she said.

Mrs. Kenneth Street has bought books of Australian photographs for overseas friends.

Mrs. H. B. Bonney, the Queensland airwoman, is sending cables instead of presents.

The Chief Justice of Queensland, Sir James Blair, and Lady Blair have mailed handkerchiefs overseas as a Christmas remembrance.

Lady Gengoult Smith is sending to England hand-made undies she has sewn herself for her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Dyer.

To Los Angeles she has sent a hand-knitted angora cape to her sister, Mrs. Regie Bessemer Clark. She also made this herself.

Lady Best sent pretty shoes and a woolly toy to her grandson and granddaughter, the children of Dr. and Mrs. Mellotte, who are in Ireland.

To other relatives she sent paper-knives, ash-trays, and other gifts of polished Australian mulga wood.

Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, wife of the Governor of South Australia, says that people in England would appreciate practical Australian presents for Christmas, such as butter, meat or fruit. She herself is sending typically Australian things, and all her Christmas cards for overseas have Australian scenes on them.

Lady Bonython, wife of Sir J. Lavington Bonython, has thought of Australian unemployed people in her choice of presents.

From the "Unemployed Sales Depot" she has despatched many things—children's pinafores, quaint rag dolls, hand-painted darning clothes brushes, and beach bags of hand-blocked linen.

"We always send Australian lamb," said Lady Coombe, another South Australian. "We have found that Australian meat is much more acceptable to our friends and relatives in England than any other Christmas present."

Middle-Aged — But Vital

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. A progressive decline of vital powers results. End this by taking COLOSEPTIC. Cleansing the colon of poisons and clogging waste, COLOSEPTIC then feeds precious, life-giving minerals to the starved bloodstream, and so re-invigorates your entire system. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

FASHION PORTFOLIO

December 9, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

SEAGOING SUITS . . .



● SHE struggles with her beach umbrella in a carefree color-splashed dimid with "rowdy-red" knitted cummerbund.

● THEY gossip on the sand in white form-fitting swim suits patterned with gay little beach scenes. Bra top if the midriff can take it—otherwise a one-piece.



● SHE LAZES near the swimming pool in blue and white striped linen slacks with a matching hand-knitted sweater.

It's XMAS GIVE KAYSER

"I'm a ONE Brand woman now"

That such beauty could be—Scantee and Vest made in "Kay-Mist"—a Kayser fabric, new and refreshing as a breath of Spring—sheer and misty as its name. Made by Kayser — frivolously form-fitting and s-m-o-o-t-h.
Shown—Vest No. 2413, 5/11 each garment.
Scantee No. 2313

I insist on KAYSER Lingerie
HOSIERY GLOVES

BRIGHT IDEAS to make 1939 clothes look like 1940



• SCOUR REMNANT tables for lengths of fragile black lace. Cheer up your old evening gowns with a minute bolero-cum-blouse, top left, or a romantic shawl, made from two yards of lace joined together like the one at the bottom right.

• GO MOTORING in a mustard summer-weight felt with a wide brim and sage-green veiling tucked into a quaint Victorian choker neckband. For versatility you might button the neckband round the crown of the hat. Sketches at top centre.

• OFFSET YOUR SUNTAN in a bra, top made of two strips of hectically striped linen, strung on thick cord, as the lass at the top right.
• ON THE "SIZZLINGEST" days defy the heat in a pique jacket over your brightest frock. Left.



- A BRILLIANT TURBAN drape contrived from an odd scrap of silk (top left).
- THE YOUNG CHARMER in the centre anchors a mustard straw disc to her hair with a green fishnet snood that ends with a butterfly bow a-top.

- IF YOU ARE AN OUTDOOR GIRL, have a briskly-tailored cherry waistcoat over a long-sleeved silk blouse, seen at top right, or the mustard linen slack suit, with fuchsia and sage accents, left. Try a clump of fuchsia daisies tied over your forehead, and com-

- plete their allure with single blossoms as earrings and corsage posy.
- FOR A TOUCH OF GAITY have a "Dorset" hat banded with a contrasting corset to match the one around the midriff of a military-minded coat, right.

By air mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE**Last-Minute**Sketched by
PETROV**FASHIONS**

● ONE.—Woollen tassels are popular just now. Mounted on long gilt hatpins they are stuck into felt or velvet toques at rakish angles. The toques are sometimes knitted, and three, four, five, or even six hat-

pins with dangling tassels are not considered too many. Sometimes the toques are made of alternate bands of felt and wool, and sport woollen tassels sprouting from a cluster of felt leaves.

Midday Sunshine
POWDER DOESN'T SHOW UP

Midnight Lights
POWDER SOFT, SMOOTH

Pond's "GLARE-PROOF" Face Powder—to flatter skin in any light

THE bright Australian sunshine is hard on your looks . . . sharpens skin faults . . . makes your powder show up . . . unless it's Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder.

Pond's powder shades are blended scientifically to catch and reflect only the softest rays of light on your face. Out in the strong

sunshine, or under the glare of electric lights . . . Pond's is always a flattering, petal-soft finish for your skin. And Pond's clings smoothly for hours, thanks to special expensive ingredients. See what a thrilling difference Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder makes to your appearance . . . try it to-day!

POND'S "GLARE-PROOF" FACE POWDER

● Sold at all stores and chemists for 1/6 and 2/6 a box.



POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.
Pond's Dept. X80, Box 11313, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NAME
ADDRESS



● TWO.—Paris panders to the current love of gingham with a whimsical checked gingham fan and per little matching hair-bows. An engagingly young style to offset a simple beach frock.

● THREE.—The new Egyptian trend has taken fashion centres by storm. Here's a super-flattering headdress of coarse white linen appliqued with brilliant felt flowers. Equally lovely on the beach or in the ballroom topping a slinky cotton evening gown.



● FOUR.—Spectators at the smartest sporty gatherings are wearing crisply tailored jackets or boxy coats of riotous gingham, and adding quaint matching eyeshades tied on with a narrow ribbon band.



● FIVE.—Schiaparelli's delightfully mad beach sandals with all the interest centred on the enormous platform soles of pastel kid. Matching cord or ribbon is laced like a ballerina's, across the instep, and dwindles the ankle to fragile lines.

● SIX.—Emphasising the hour-glass silhouette, Paris shows skirts to fit well above the nipped-in waistline. These built-up skirts show rounded movement in front, and are worn with tucked-in blouses in rich satins and laces. Some blouses are extremely feminine, with frothy lace at the neck and wrist, or elaborate tucking on sheerest chiffon. Dainty camisoles are also returning to favor.

A Happier Baby in a Bond's "NEVABIND" Shirt

Recommended by leading Baby Clinics

"Nevabind" is the only baby shirt with sleeves cut like this. No underarm seams to chafe or bind.

Opening right down the front, reinforced behind the buttons. No tugging to get this soft little shirt over baby's head.

This little tab is where you fasten on the nappy, and it stops the shirt bunching up round the middle when baby wears it.

Silk and wool with short sleeves, all infants sizes, 2/11. Silk and cotton, sleeves, 2/6, sleeveless 1/11.

Bond's "NEVABIND" BABY SHIRTS

Sold at all leading Infants' Clothing Stores.





Glamorous nighties
stay so *Silky Soft*
washed with



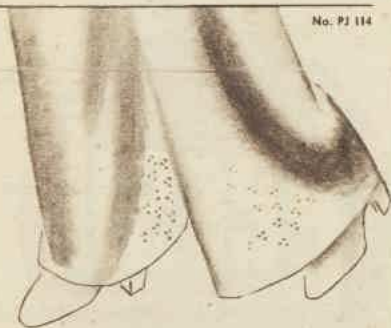
SILKS NEED GENTLE PERSIL CLEANSING

*The
Innocent
air from
Paris*



Lace and lingerie touches on your little girl dresses . . . starched petticoats . . . flowers on your bonnets . . . Paris gave us a new feeling of freshness and innocence when she started off this Summer's fashions . . . And that's how Bond's have designed those adorable new 'jamas you'll see in every store. Exquisite fabrics with whimsical shirrings . . . or embroidered satin . . . or lace. Each 'jama in the loveliest of the new pastels. 6/6 to 15/6. And be sure to see Bond's "Shorteez"—the fascinating new 'jamas with shorts at 9/11 and 10/11.

No. PJ 114



Bond's
LOVELIER THAN EVER
Underlovelies

AT ALL SMART STORES: LOOK FOR THE BOND'S LABEL ON EVERY GARMENT

You will be NETTED . . .



● BLACK VELVET pill-box sliding over the forehead is held on with a chignon of coarse net. Cyclamen ostrich feathers nestle on the crown.
● GLISTENING black-and-white toque caught at the top with a shower of crisp veiling. (Left.)



● BLACK pill-box scattered with pink and blue stones, and wreathed with pink veiling.
● THE WEARER'S own curls are pulled through the crown of this amusing "Doughnut" toque. It is tied at the back with spotted tulle. (Left.)

Paris Still Loves Crazy Hats

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE.

● Simplicity is the order of the day in frocks and suits, but the passion for hats that are deliciously gay and ultra-feminine marches on.

THE newest toques and pill-boxes are incredibly minute, and often just saved from sliding over the eyes by a loose net snood or a huge spotted bow balancing them at the back. Fair faces gain added radiance from the subtle flattery of veils, and a deft-fingered woman can work miracles with a yard or two of net this season. But, above all, let your use of veiling be dramatic—if you're going to have a bow, make it a whopping, self-sufficient sort of bow none of those small fry, "pretty-pretty" ones, if you please. Suzy is sponsoring a completely madcap little toque which she has called the "clown cap." It has a peaked black felt crown with loops of twisted red veiling for trimming.

Bruyere is using kid for her latest hats. It drapes beautifully, but holds its shape, and its soft texture is very flattering to the face.

Fabric turbans are seen a lot, usually in rich laines and crepe satins to give an exotic look like an Oriental potentate.

BOUCLE FOR
SUMMERY GRACE

it's ever so
LUXABLE

Slim 2-piece boucle suit!
Lovely, and utterly practical, because it's so easy and safe to Lux boucle. Dip your beautiful frock as often as you like in gentle Lux suds. The colours will stay frosty-fresh—texture and fit perfect.

LUX

A LEVER PRODUCT



*If it's
safe
in water
it's safe in
LUX*

L-467-37WV

Fashion PATTERNS



Special Concession Pattern

Three flattering styles for
your holiday wardrobe.
32, 34, and 36in. bust.

No. 1. — Requires 1½yds.
for blouse, and 2½yds. for
skirt, 36ins. wide.

No. 2. — Requires 4½yds.
for frock, 2yds. for shorts.
36ins. wide, and ½yd. con-
trast.

No. 3. — Requires 3yds.,
36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of
issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for
each coupon enclosed. Patterns over
one month old. 3d. extra. Send your
order to "Pattern Department," to the
address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z.
readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or
obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN
BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....
STREET.....
TOWN.....
STATE.....
SIZE..... Pattern Coupons, 8/12/39.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt
despatch of patterns
ordered by post you
should: * Write your
name and full address in
block letters. * Be sure to
include necessary stamps
and postal notes. * State
size required. * For child-
ren, state age of child.
* Use box numbers given
on concession coupon.

F1605. — Trimly tailored jodh-
purs and jacket. 32 to 38 bust.
Requires: 2½yds. for jodhpurs,
and 1½yds. for vest, 36ins. wide.
Pattern, 1/3.

F1606. — Dainty, wide-skirted frock for the 1-6
yearer. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1607. — Distinguished dressing-gown-cum-house-
coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds., 36ins.
wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1608. — Afternoon frock with swing skirt and
extended shoulder-line. 32 to 38 bust. Requires:
3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1609. — Floral frock with flattering neckline. 32
to 38 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd.
contrast. Pattern, 1/3.

F1610. — Slender checked suit enlivened with ric-
rac braid. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds., 36ins.
wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1611. — Sporty dirdl style with front opening
punctuated by buttons. 32 to 38 bust. Requires:
4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/3.



SURFER'S FOOT GERMS... Thrive on Hot Steamy Feet

Be on your guard against this crippling infection. Look between your toes at night. If the skin is cracked, moist and pulpy or itchy, it is probably due to Surfer's Foot. Don't delay—treat this stubborn infection with Iodex, which kills the germs and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues. In severe cases see your doctor promptly.



IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE
At all chemists, price 2/-

His voice, now in the faintest of whispers, sounded genuinely scared. He noted the look of superiority on the face of the policeman. All suspicion had vanished.

"Hold the light," whispered the officer hoarsely.

Mr. Philibus complied timidly. The officer began a cautious descent. Then suddenly there was darkness, a crash—and silence.

Mr. Philibus was notably thankful for the silence. Had the rumble of the fall been heard? He listened. Nothing eventuated. He turned the flashlight now on the recumbent form below. He hoped earnestly no permanent injury had been done.

Mr. Philibus would have told you himself that he disliked violence. But he knew now it was more than a natural desire to outwit his traditional enemies, the police, more than a mere move to save his own skin, more than a vivid dislike of the particular type of bobby in question, that had led him to this.

What a mercy the creature of the law had come along in time! He might easily have happened across the novice. If Mr. Philibus had a wife and children like that fellow had, he'd give the Law a wide berth. The novice might be along at any time. Well, he would be unmolested now. This ugly thing was out of his way.

Examination showed him that the policeman was stunned, though not badly hurt. But his head was cut a little, and the sight of blood always made Mr. Philibus feel queer. If they got him, and the odds were that way, they'd string him up.

Mr. Philibus grinned, but a little shiver ran down his back. He was glad, after all, he hadn't any wife or children. Suppose—suppose something went wrong with that young fellow, after all?

The young fellow with a wife and kids had, in fact, bidden them goodbye. By this time he was out of the door, into the cold murk.

Mr. Philibus Plays a Part

Continued from Page 14

He wished she hadn't called him back that way.

"Where are you off to, Bill?"

"Shopping." He guessed the word sounded rather creaking for a joke.

"But, Bill—"

"Don't you worry. Wy, I've got a job for to-night, that's wot, wiv a kind gentleman I met. I'll not be late—likely."

He had stooped and kissed her again. Damnably business that she should be off-color this way, just when things should be going well with her. Food, that was—or lack of it. He could tell. He supposed they should have gone on charity more. He hated charity. He'd rather—well...

He hurried off. There were lots of people in the streets; as he reached a better district they were well-bundled, people, in furs and proper garments, cheery-faced and eager, full of the mysterious bustle of the Christmaside. Somewhere in the distance a clock struck the hour. It was ten o'clock. He must hurry.

THE slow booming of the clock ceased. Instantly a chime of bells rang out; he recognised a familiar Christmas hymn. He grimaced. That kind of thing didn't help just now. And yet it did, in a way. It spoke of Christmas, and good cheer, and—and toys for kids—and food enough—that kind of thing. The world owed it to a man with a wife and kids.

He hurried on.

Those bloomin' chimes!

There was the Dairy place ahead, its lights still on. The one next door was his. He must go round by the lane. A fellow got shivery at a thing like this. He'd lied to Myra, too; not in words so much as in meaning. Made a fellow feel cheap. But what could you do?

The people in the street, surging crowds of merry shoppers, seemed at least too busy to be suspicious. He pulled his cap down farther. Now up the side street; now a plunge into the darkness of the lane! He halted, quivering; listened, then breathed more freely. He must be guided by the lights; avoid them, but use them as beacons. That radiant patch along farther was The Dairy Lunch Room's rear entrance. That chap had said a door would be open, just this side of that lighted patch. Suppose—suppose the fellow had spoofed him? Had him properly on?

He'd know that when he felt the door. No, it was all right. It was open for him. He was both glad and afraid because the place was not quite dark. He crept in as stealthily as a ghost.

That must be the office there. He could see the safe now, and tremors ran through him again. Conquering himself, he knelt grimly before the little safe. A mirror at an oblique angle above the wash-basin in the corner caught both the light and his reflection—himself kneeling there, grimly, furtively! A thief! Beside him, on a post, the eyes of a girl were upon him. He had a queer feeling that the calendar was alive, and that through her eyes Myra looked.

For perhaps three minutes he knelt there, almost immobile, then his hand reached out. He would, he told himself, see at least if the fellow's story was correct. The door opened easily. There was the box inside; and money. Paper money, fat and crisp with purchasing power! He took it in his hands. His breath came quickly. His eyes shone with the temptation of it. It would buy many things—health, toys, comforts, security for a long time to come. He thrust it hastily back, closed the box away behind the door. Then slowly he opened it again; took it out, hesitating. His throat seemed full of some choking fluid. A gnawing ache attacked the pit of his stomach.

What was that noise? He started. It sounded like a creaking. He backed away from the safe, seized his courage and crept out to investigate. Emptiness and silence rewarded him. A stairway gaped darkly before him.

Wh-what was that?

A little pencil of light flashed out of the void. A helmeted head and a uniformed pair of shoulders emerged into the half-light of the

place, which glinted, too, upon a revolver pointing directly at him.

"Now then, my bucko! Hands up! And pronto!"

The little Londoner's hands went stiffly up. His jaw gaped. The bristles at the nape of his neck seemed to rise under the cloth of his pulled-down cap.

"Cripes!" he said. "It's a trap!"

He awayed a little. Somehow it wasn't the head of the policeman he was seeing, but that girl on the calendar, with Myra's eyes. Then it was Myra, white-faced, swimming before him. Going to do a bloomin' faint, so help him he was!

His collar was caught roughly. He was upheld.

"Now then, my bucko! No tricks. Stand up and take your medicine like a man, you little rat!"

The reverberations of eleven strokes had scarcely ceased echoing from the city clocks, when Mr. Philibus, his breath coming short, rounded a turn and hurried to his belated appointment on the corner where he was to meet the cadger. He was a full half-hour late.

His man was not there. And it had been stipulated that the one arriving first was to wait.

It was intensely cold, too; a wonderfully clear night and underfoot the squeaking whiteness of snow in the grip of a severe frost. Over on a more prominent corner than Mr. Philibus naturally had chosen, a Salvation Army band was playing Christmas music.

It fascinated him a little. When he was a kid in the streets he used to stand wide-eyed and watch them. He tried to steal a cornet once, but, in the chase, was obliged to throw it away.

A peculiar look overspread Mr. Philibus' face. After ten minutes had passed, he nodded vigorously at some inward conclusion, and moved off.

Please turn to Page 32



Blond Hair that Men Adore

Natural blond colour brought back to even darkened shades in one shampoo without bleaching

There is something about bright and shimmering blond hair that attracts men, like a magnet. Don't think that because your hair has darkened to a dull brown shade that you can't bring back to it that golden gleam of childhood, and make it attractively charming and fascinatingly radiant. You can if you use Sta-Blond, that glorious shampoo treatment used by millions of light and dark blondes all over the world, who know that it prevents light blond hair from darkening and brings back that rich golden beauty to even the duldest and most faded hair. It makes the permanent wave last longer, and adds that girlhood charm to your face, without injurious bleaching or the use of henna or camellia rinsing. If you are not satisfied, your money will be refunded.

CONTAINS ENOUGH FOR TWO SHAMPOOS
STA-BLOND
THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

Socially or Voluntarily. For 45 years we have been the means of bringing happiness to homes in misery through drink. Not costly. Write or call for FREE SAMPLE and Booklet.
Dept. B., EUCRASY CO.
297 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

AMAZING STORY from the SOUTH SEAS

—the end of RHEUMATISM

Here's news, good news, for all who suffer from rheumatism. A South Sea Islands Trader tells how he ended his "terrific pain" by taking De Witt's Pills. Every rheumatic sufferer should benefit by his experience.

Mr. C. D. E., a Justice of the Peace, says:—"I suffered terrific pain in my back, arms and shoulders from Lumbago and Rheumatism, especially at night. Someone suggested De Witt's Pills. I took them and honestly got relief the next day and now am absolutely cured. I am 60 and have had no return of the complaint."

(Name and address on application.)

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

Made especially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

Rheumatism is due to weak kidney action. Sluggish kidneys fail to remove waste matter, poisons and impurities—especially excess uric acid—from the system. As these poisons accumulate, razor-edged uric acid crystals settle in the muscles and joints, making them stiff and painful. Your back aches and you are seldom free from pain.

De Witt's Pills overcome rheumatism because they are made specially to aid weak kidneys. In 24 hours from the first dose you have positive proof—you see they are doing you good. Pain is ended; vigour and vitality return.

DAME ENID LYONS will talk to the Women of Australia

Dec. 10—
Superstition

Dec. 17—
What is Personality?

Dec. 24—The Den

Every Sunday Night
10.15 p.m.

2GB



FARMER'S

P.O. BOX 497 AA, SYDNEY. M 2405.



FOAM OF LACE

Lacy charms into the heart of a friend . . . Blouses in the new-old-world manner. Finely tucked georgette. SW, W, 12/11. A. White and cream only. B. White, cream, grey shades.

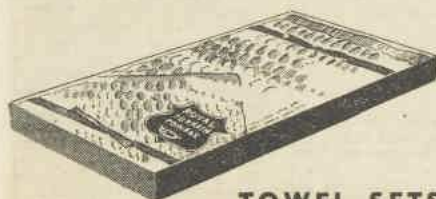
BLOUSETTES—GROUND FLOOR



MUSICAL CHAIR

It plays a little melody each time it's sat upon . . . one of the loveliest gifts you could think of for a little boy or girl. Made of strong cane in pink, blue and green pastels. 39/6

TOYS, FOURTH FLOOR. COUNTRY CARRIAGE EXTRA.



TOWEL SETS

Boxed in Cellophane for giving

Towels that are lovely in their gentle pastel colours. A good variety. Towel 25 x 47. Washer 11 x 12 inches. Set, 8/11

TOWELS—FIRST FLOOR



At Christmas

GIVE THEM 'JAMAS

Remember? How much you liked the rose-pink pyjamas with the ruffled ankles, mates to your little brother's boy-blue sleep-suits? Here are three lovely 'jamas including one with amusing Ferdinand-the-Bull print (left).

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1. Poplin, 24, 27 in., 6/11, 30, 35 in., 7/11, 30 in., 8/6 | 2. Seersucker, 24 in., 5/11, 27 in., 6/6, 30 in., 6/11, 33 in., 7/6, 39 in., 8/6 | 3. Silk, 5-8 yrs., us. 9/11 5/10; 9-16 yrs., 11/6 to 6/10. |
|--|--|--|

MAIL ORDERS—FOURTH FLOOR



Cottons

For young daughter's holiday . . . gaily coloured prints

Cool, young and easy to wash (which is why you like them), cottons this year have an air of sophistication, too, which should raise them in the estimation of your growing daughter. Fresh dimites, checked ginghams and those bright American cotton-weaves can make this summer a charming holiday for any young girl.

Rose-patterned dimity, sizes 28 to 36, 11/6
Pink and blue pin-spot dimity, 28-36, 12/6
Sprigged cotton, with pantees, 28-33, 7/6

GIRLS' FROCKS—SECOND FLOOR



"COOL, COOL, FARMER'S" say hundreds of shoppers daily stepping into Farmer's 73°.

★ NOAH'S ARK . . . grandest children's show in town . . . Brimful of exciting things to do and see. Hurry along!

Admission by sales docket (6d. per person) for Toys, Books, Infants' Wear, Fourth Floor Novelties or Children's Barber Shop.



"Young Moderns" in

COOL WHITE

Authentically styled in a grown-up manner for the growing-up miss. Genuine pump soles, covered cuban heels. White buck, perforated vamp. Halbs, 2-7. 23/9

THIRD FLOOR FOR MAIL ORDERS



Breezy

Corselette of Mesh

You'll bless its airy coolness and its firm adherence to new figure dictates—flat abdomen, uplift *bra*siere. 32 to 38 inches. Price 12/6

FOURTH FLOOR



Fragrant, new idea for a very special Christmas present

PERFUMED STATIONERY

Cabinet of French Stationery, lightly perfumed. In soft pastels, envelopes lined tissue. Big range. 4/11 Box.

GROUND FLOOR—STATIONERY



Slim Handbag

FROM FRANCE

A silky-smooth Box Calf mounted on a gold triple frame. The sort of plain fine handbag every woman wants. Well lined and carefully fitted. A 55/- value at a mere 25/-

HANDBAGS—GROUND FLOOR

★ GIFT SECRETARIES . . . always ready to help you with Christmas Gift problems . . . five of them. Information Desk, Ground Floor.

"SHE NEEDS A LONG-LASTING DEODORANT, one that neither bath nor exercise can render ineffective..."

DOROTHY DIX
(Ultimate advice to millions of women)



Nobody's sweetheart because she's not sweet

YOU may think you do not perspire enough to matter, but every girl does. Even slight moisture may ruin a lovely dress,—will certainly destroy your charm.

Thousands of women rely on Liquid Odorono to safeguard their feminine appeal. Used and recommended by doctors, Odorono simply diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it may evaporate more freely. Easy to use, it scientifically controls perspiration moisture and odour.

ODO-RONO

1/- 2/- 3/6

Mr. Philibus Plays a Part

Continued from Page 30

In another ten he was turning into a gloomy back area that had known his stealthy entrance once before to-day. Now, however, it was safer. He could move almost boldly, though there was more difficulty to find the right door and, this time, the right window.

Fortunately, the window was in shadow so deep that Mr. Philibus' presence merged with it perfectly and, but for the cold, he would have found it quite a comfortable hiding-place. Within a flaring gas jet gave a graceless light to the interior.

On an improvised bed in a corner two children lay in a state of evidently excited sleeplessness. On two nails in the wall hung two tiny stockings. The woman, who was sitting half out of bed, seemed to divide her faculties between despairing glances at these optimistic atoms of hosiery and alert, half-hopeful, half-frightened glances at the door.

As time passed, Mr. Philibus experienced a sense of strain. What had happened to the fellow? He should be here now. Should be here long since. Or had he, in the end, gone to the corner and waited? No, decided Mr. Philibus, not all this time.

Suppose—suppose, after all, anything had happened, anything untoward? He couldn't see how, but plans did go wrong sometimes. He rubbed his gloved hands to restore circulation. This thing was getting him worse than any adventure in which his own head was jeopardized.

He started suddenly at the opening of the door nearby. Had something, someone, actually passed by him so furtively, so silently? He peered again through the nearest pane. He felt as if he were seeing a tableau staged in a crook play. The children, now sleeping, the tiny stockings hanging there, the woman,

starting up from the bed but repressing a cry at sight of the man who entered.

The cadger stood just inside the doorway. His face was working curiously; his emotions from it seemed undecipherable. Occasionally, as if some shadow followed or threatened, his head jerked and he glanced round.

"Bill!" said the woman hoarsely. "For pity's sake, Bill, wot's appened?"

At her voice the cadger broke his curious pose and ran forward to her.

"Myra—Myra—I—I tried to swipe a blooming safe of money a bloke put me up to—an—an—I got pinched!"

"Bill!"

"Don't take on, missus! You know why I done it! I'm 'onest, I am. I—I couldn't 'elp it—but I've sworn on me 'onor, and I swear to you again, 'onest, I'll never do it again. So help me, Myra, I won't. The bobbie made me swear me blooming word I wouldn't, and then—Myra—Myra. If 'e didn't let me go! 'Christmas, my boy,' 'e says, 'Christmas! So be 'orfe wiv you, and maybe you'll live yet not to be 'anged,' 'e says. A proper chap that. Wlaht I knew his number, but it was dark-like and I couldn't see much."

HE knelt beside her. She rumbled his hair. His face was suddenly eager. "Hist, Myra, I got some toys for the kids outside in the porch. I'll bring 'em in when it gets light in the morning. 'Is money, would you! The bobbie's! A proper lad, that. I told 'im me whole story clean, about the bloke and everything. I wanted to go back and meet the bloke and tell 'im everything was off, but 'e says, 'You tyke my advice, son, and 'ave nothink to do wiv blokes wot offer easy money. I think,' 'e says, 'I know the guy. 'E's a bad 'un, 'e is."

"Well, I meant just the same to go and tell this toff, but I got buyin' toys and I forgot the time, so it's too late anyways. And I fancy the bobbie's right. 'E was a bad 'un that. I remember now 'e 'ad a nawsty look about 'im!"

Behind his meagre protection of torn paper Mr. Philibus grimaced. Then suddenly, at sight of the two in each other's arms, he moved off with due propriety.

"A bad 'un!" quoted Mr. Philibus, and grinned. "Little Whitechapel! 'I'll not go crooked again in a hurry. It's a game, but not for a guy with a wife and kids!"

Mr. Philibus sighed romantically. Maybe, if he'd married and had kids.

He blew out great gusts of frosty breath. And suddenly, having gained the street, and noting a cruising taxi, he hailed it.

When, twenty minutes later, he alighted again at the exact spot where he had hailed it, he held in his arms a fourteen-pound turkey, for which at last a use had been found. No more caution had he ever taken in cracking a crib than in placing with the parcels in the porch this noble bird.

The taxi bore him to the heart

of the city again. He dismissed it. Curiously enough, by now the Salvation band had reached this district. Faintly in the distance he heard strains of familiar music, for Mr. Philibus, by his own admission, was not without erudition. He even ventured to raise his voice in a low, thrumming song:

"Good King Wenceslaus looked out

"On the feast of Stephen . . ."

This mood so overcame him that suddenly a pained expression overtook him. "Christmas, by Jove!" said Mr. Philibus, and then: "Not sporting at all! Not sporting!"

He hurried on. There was The Dairy Lunch Room just closing. There was the lane behind. He plunged into its darkness again. What a fool he was to risk it! Never mind! "Christmas," said Mr. Philibus, tritely, "comes but once a year."

Cautiously now he approached his goal. The door was still unbolting. He entered. A little smile came over him. Reminiscently he fingered a small hypodermic syringe he always carried. On the floor was a flashlight which he recovered and directed down into the dark area of the stairway. A figure in stout grey underwear lay slumbering contentedly there.

"My gosh," said Mr. Philibus, "he's well under! I must have given him a dose. Hope he don't catch cold."

Picking up a tumble of clothes from the top of the stairs, he descended, and began to dress in uniform again—tugging it on as one does the clothes of a sleeping child—the rotund person of Constable Milliken. The shaking awoke some gleam of intelligence in the officer. Mr. Philibus gave thanks it was no greater. With infinite difficulty he got the sleepy Law upon his feet, and staggered with him up the stairs. At the top his burden sagged again, and had to be revived. The fresh air presently helped.

"W-wh-where 'm I?" asked the pathetic figure.

"Right here!" said Mr. Philibus cheerfully. "Come! Right foot—left foot. Here we are!"

Quickly he thrust the staggering officer into the lighted back doorway of the Dairy Lunch. Even if they didn't find him for a time, he'd be warm and cosy here.

"W-wh-who 'r you?" asked the pathetic figure.

"A bad 'un!" said Mr. Philibus in his ear. "A bad 'un with an overdose of Christmas spirit. Merry Christmas, old cop!"

He was gone. Passing out of the lane he almost ran into another blue-coated figure. Mr. Philibus immediately broke into song:

"Good King Wenceslaus looked out

"On the feast of Stephen . . ."

"Merry Christmas, officer!"

"N' to you, sir."

Close shave that! They were no doubt searching for Milliken. Bother! he'd clean forgotten his manners. Well, he couldn't go back now! Mr. Philibus grinned. He had quite forgotten to thank Milliken for the temporary—and involuntary!—loan of a uniform that had transposed a respectable, middle-aged gentleman—without morals—into a brisk, moral, and very benevolent policeman.

(Copyright)

Three things you must know about the safe food for baby

To grow into a strong, healthy child, baby must be fed correctly, from birth. The safe food in the event of a failure or diminishing of breast milk is Vi-Lactogen—the Humanised Milk. It closely resembles breast milk in its composition. Read why.

VI-LACTOGEN BEING SCIENTIFICALLY HUMANISED, IS CLOSEST TO BREAST MILK

In the manufacture of Vi-Lactogen, fresh milk (from specially controlled dairies) is analysed and its composition altered to closely resemble breast milk, by the careful addition of sugar of milk and pure fresh cream. It is pasteurised and then undergoes the process known as homogenization, which breaks down the fat globules in breast milk, are as small as those in breast milk, thus ensuring that Vi-Lactogen is easily digested.

EXTRA VITAMINS 'A' & 'D' ENSURE HEALTH AND GROWTH

Extra Vitamins "A" and "D" have been added to those already present in Vi-Lactogen. They are obtained from the richest natural sources, and make the use of emulsions and synthetic vitamins unnecessary. Vitamin "A" promotes growth and is anti-infective. Vitamin "D" protects against rickets and deficiencies in bones and teeth.

ORGANIC IRON GUARDS AGAINST ANAEMIA

Iron is essential to health! It is derived by adults from greens and fruits, but, of course, baby cannot obtain it in this manner. Cow's milk contains very little iron, so an adequate supply to baby's requirements is added to Vi-Lactogen—enough to equal the normal quantity present in breast milk. It guards against anaemia.



That precious little mite, your baby, needs the greatest possible care in feeding, especially during the first months. Remember, if breast milk has to be supplemented or replaced, use only Vi-Lactogen—it is a complete and safe food, most closely resembling the milk that Nature intended baby to have.

"VI-LACTOGEN"
REGD. TRADE MARK
A NESTLE'S PRODUCT
THE READY MODIFIED OR 'HUMANISED' INFANT FOOD

EASIEST OF ALL TO PREPARE

One simple operation—just the addition of hot (boiled) water—is needed to make Vi-Lactogen into a food of a composition closely approximating that of breast milk.

COPYRIGHT 1939

I combine Health with Pleasure — in a glass of

OVALTINE COLD



The Ideal Summer Drink

During the warm summer days you will find that a glass of "Ovaltine"—served cold—is as delicious as it is health-giving and sustaining.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. At all Chemists & Stores.

A. WANDER LTD., 1 YORK ST. NORTH, SYDNEY

OC38-35

Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



Heigh-ho for Christmas ... Mothers and daughters ...

SUCH a collection of the youngest and prettiest at Nancy Baldick's Christmas party. Fair-haired Nancy herself in tailored white pique buttoned from top to toe ... sister Joan in leaf-green lame ... Bunty Scott Fell wears filmy white net and lace with heart-shaped neckline.

Vena Fuller's periwinkle-blue chiffon frock is sun-ray pleated, and she tops it with gardenias. Hazel Jackson wears ice-green chiffon.

Preparations for the party disorganised the Baldick household for several days beforehand. Drawing-room was cleared, and the floor polished for dancing. In the huge attic the 70 young guests have buffet supper. Out of doors, on the terrace above the tennis court, is a popular spot—cool drink buffet under fairy lights.

Betty Maxwell, Madeline Prescott, Barbara Cary, Joan and Helen Baldick, Eve and Judy Playfair, Rua Williams, Lucy Brown Craig, Helena Teece among guests. Their dancing partners ... John and Tim Furber, Roddy Maund, Owen Basil Jones, Victor Maxwell, Owen Hepworth, Tony Pfeiffer.

Hits the top ...

TOPS in gay cocktail parties ... Marcia Minnett's coming-of-age. Guests vote it "best for months," and Marcy says, "I'd like another one just the same next year."

Mrs. Minnett almost speechless with excitement when she tells everyone that elder daughter Betty (Mrs. Plunkett Cole) is on her way home from Malta. Be here for Christmas dinner. Betty has not seen her naval husband since war broke out.

Jean Rofe, in navy-and-white spots with red cummerbund, Ros. Bowman, Bunny Wilkinson, Teddy Middleton, Mollie Cox among smart guests, who continue celebrating later at Prince's. Heather Macleod, on arriving at Prince's, had to send out SOS for new pair of stockings. One of hers sports O.S. ladder.

Men in uniform include Jack and Peter Minnett and Dick Buzacott.

Spinsters' song ...

HOTEL Australia's first-floor diners are amazed to hear "Good Old Bachelor Days" struck up by the orchestra, and then lustily sung by 12 spinsters. The reason? Sylvia Thorby's spinsters' dinner. Very bright party, including Sylvia's five bridesmaids, Margaret Bremner and Betty Clubb (they live in the same Drum-moyne street as Sylvia's parents), June Pridle, Kath Smith and Betty Thorby.

Sylvia tells me her bridesmaids' frocks were inspired by that worn by Loretta Young in ballroom scene of "Suez." Each one has 34 yards of white net and satin ... which I calculate is 170 yards in all. Nice work for the dressmakers.

Very impromptu ...

PAT MANNING and Graham Dickson ring a few friends last Monday and say "We're being married in a day or two." Next day they ring again: "It's on Wednesday, 5 p.m., St. Philip's. Afterwards at Australian Club annexe."

Bride and groom leave the club about 7 p.m. and set off for Moree home.

MOTHER and daughter angle at "Yes! My Darling Daughter" ... Mrs. W. T. Badgery, with daughter Joan Guinness, Mrs. H. D. Cary and Margaret, Mrs. T. A. Field, with Betty and Heather, Mrs. Lillian Croll with son and daughter-in-law, Syd and Marie.

Jane Conolly (the daughter in the play) is sent flowers by her mother. Marie Burke (the mother) receives bouquet from her mother, Mrs. Rose Underwood, who is in the audience, and a "good luck" cable from her daughter, Pat Burke, for the gala premiere.

Eye-catching trifles ... Joan Herman's large mauve orchid; Mrs. Pat Rothe's green feather cape, Mrs. Dick Pye's suntan and her fox cape, Mrs. Jack Shaw's white moire model, Mrs. John Bavin's filmy spotted black net frock.

Tin cans for luck ...

THOSE frivolous bits of alleged head-covering we wear to weddings almost come to a sad end when Valmai Arnott marries Gil Pratten. Entering St. Philip's we all have to clutch with both hands to save it being swept away in the wind.

Reception at Elizabeth Bay House goes gaily and noisily from the start, climaxing when Gil and Val drive away in their car, tin cans, old boots, etc., clattering after them.

Bride and groom of three weeks before, Nea and Bill Dawson, return from their honeymoon to attend. Nea wears lovely trousseau frock of black floral. Another recent bride, Joyce Vickery, in vivid floral, too ... bodice of black crepe with floral skirt and hood.

Mrs. Eric Pratten in sheath model of brown net over palest pink. Frilly headpiece to match.

Laurie Arnott looks simply divine in draped white crepe sari, silver beaded. Nip Arnott, Kath Noss, Nola Gough, Joan McGrath also in white.

Thea Vickery gets the bride's bouquet—dozens of gardenias.

Thrill of being a bridesmaid ends for Audrey Arnott next day, when she returns to Frensham.

Heard around town ...

MOYA BARNES' new swim suit, brought from Honolulu by Cynthia Butler, is printed with the title of an American song banned in Australia.

Second time as groomsman within a month for Joe Blundell. Next on December 21 when Colin Woodman marries Marne Green. Colin flies from Brisbane day before ceremony.

Jean Whetton marries Noel Anderson on December 12. Cocktails to follow at Forum Club.

And seen ...

MRS. J. W. C. BEVERIDGE, in town to meet her son Ian and his wife, returning after two years in America.

Betty McCoy, cool in white frock and wide-brimmed white chapeau ... lunching with young Tony Hornem.

Joan Spence "arresting" young men in Martin Place because she didn't like their ties. Then taking them to be tried at Comedy Court by Jim Gerald and George Wallace ... all in aid of the Lord Mayor's Carnival Day.



• IN WHITE TULLE and red roses, Shirley Arnott and Thea Vickery arrive at St. Philip's to attend Valmai Arnott when she marries Gilbert Pratten.



• STEPPING CAREFULLY ... Mrs. David Pratten holds up her balloon skirt entering church for Pratten-Arnott nuptials.



• TENNIS PLAYER Edna Ottoway goes exotic with gardenias and silver fox ... at a dinner dance with Frank Tuckwell in aid of Industrial Blind Institution.



• THRILL OF UNIFORMS at Quick-Male wedding, Mrs. Harold Spelling, matron of honor, and best man, Captain D. Coymack, leave St. Michael's, Vaucluse.



• BEFORE AND AFTER ... Topsy Luency takes Tuppy Jessen for a ride at a beach party in aid of Avalon Red Cross.



• EARLY VICTORIAN MISSES with a twinkle in their eye ... Anne Morell (left) and Nancy Baldick waiting offstage to take part in plays given by girls of Miss Janet Stephen's studio.



• HER WINDBLOWN HAIRSTYLE sculptured, Jammin Barton arrives at Kent's Playhouse with flowers for Miss Stephen's young players.

★ No change in Prices or Policy

ANGUS & COOTE'S Diamond Values are still THE BEST IN SYDNEY

Angus & Coote buy Diamonds direct from Amsterdam and set them in Rings which are made entirely in their Factory-on-the-Premises. Considerable stocks of Raw Materials were bought before the rise in prices. Therefore, Angus & Coote will continue to offer to the public the best Diamond Ring Values in Sydney.



£5-0-0

No. D1.—A marvellous little ring that's simply astounding value. The two centre Diamonds are full of fire and they are supported by two shoulder gems of great brilliance. Lovely under-rail design, too. These Engagement Rings are quoted in 18ct White or Yellow Gold, whichever you prefer.

SWEETHEARTS all over Australia praise the value of A. & C. Diamond Rings. You get large, heavy, 100% perfect Diamonds in every Ring, regardless of what price you pay. Be on the safe side, do what Dad did, and get your Ring from Angus & Coote.



£5-0-0

No. D6.—"Twin-Heart"—the value sensation of 1939. What marvellous shoulders, and what an appropriate setting the two hearts make. When you consider that there are four more shoulder Diamonds, this value is almost unbelievable. Angus & Coote Rings are hand-carved from Solid Gold. They will always retain their perfect form.



£8-10-0

No. D3.—Here's a Ring that she will be mighty proud to show to her friends. And how they will admire it. There are four shoulder Diamonds and a big sparkling centre Diamond in a new, cut-corner Platinum setting. Angus & Coote's Factory-to-Finger Policy saves you £2 on this Ring.



£12-10-0

No. D7.—This is a beautiful Ring. Get the young lady to come in and try it on (or if you live in the country, send for it on approval). She will be thrilled by the fiery brilliance of the centre Diamond. And how she will praise these exquisite shoulders. Each A. & C. Engagement Ring is made for you. It will fit gracefully, comfortably and securely.



£10-10-0

No. D2.—A Ring to please a Princess, yet offered at an amazingly low price. The rich centre Diamond is securely held in a mill-grained hexagonal setting. The artistic, hand-carved shoulders are set with four more scintillating Diamonds. All Angus & Coote Diamonds are set in Platinum for beauty and security.



£15-0-0

No. D5.—Here is the "Regent," a Ring which features an exquisite piece of hand-carving. Two big, brilliant centre Diamonds, four more in the shoulders.



40/- 18ct. White or Yellow Gold.

WRITE FOR THE A. & C. FULL-COLOUR RING BOOK. IT'S FREE.

30/- 18ct. Yellow Gold.

ANGUS & COOTE

500 GEORGE STREET SYDNEY PHONE M6061



FOR SUNBURNED SKIN

The heat and sting of sunburn are cooled and soothed when you apply Hinds Cream. This rich creamy liquid soaks into the dry, drawn skin, easing the tenderness, making the dry rough skin soft and supple again. Hinds Cream acts quicker and lasts longer because it is liquid and extra creamy. Be faithful to Hinds and Hinds will be faithful to your loveliness.

1/- and 2/- everywhere.

The 2/- size contains four times the quantity of the 1/- size.

HINDS Cream

HONEY & ALMOND

HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD. Agents

Betty's "racey" narratives

'Ware the "cheapjacks" of the Turf and their bogus tips!

By BETTY GEE

Thanks to a letter I received from a woman correspondent the Postmaster-General has put an end to professional tipsters sending "collect" telegrams containing tips.

You pay for the wire on receipt, and if it contains a winner the tipster follows up with circulars suggesting a regular service of his tips at a high weekly fee. Would you believe it? But there's worse to come.

HAVING paid the 1/4 to see the contents of the wire, the inducement for the uninitiated to bet on their tips was strong, because most of them used the names of well-known racing folk, such as trainers or owners or jockeys.

Victims were largely women. The majority were shrewd enough to refuse the telegrams, but those who succumbed to curiosity and then bet on their contents invariably lost their money, because there was another vile angle to this fraud.

The schemers worked in collaboration with the local S.P. bookies and sent horses which they were sure had no winning chance.

Wouldn't you like to wring their nasty necks?

Much of this sort of plotting was confined to the country, but some of it was practised in the suburbs, and when a friend of mine recently received an unexpected telegram to back horses we made immediate inquiries.

And this is what we found out. The professional tipster got the addresses of clients from a local S.P. operator. Together they selected the supposed victims, giving preference to women who bet substantially, and particularly those whose persistent losses indicated that they "knew nothing."

Advice was wired to these to "Bet big on So-and-so to-day." But the horse never won. It had been chosen in the almost certain knowledge that it had no possible chance of success.

If the victim made an investment the profits were split between the bookie and the tipster.

"Biter bit"

INQUIRIES revealed that tipsters sent sheaves of these crooked telegrams on the Melbourne Cup. They put all the "no-chancers" they could dig up in their wires, such for instance as Windleion, a maiden performer, who couldn't have won it if he'd started overnight.

Glenfino, another maiden, was tipped by another concern, and Netherlea, a 300 to 1 chance.

Did you ever hear of anything so treacherous, my dears? Just making people lose their money for their own profit.

But thank goodness there was one instance where this trickery business boomeranged against the schemers.

Success through the Melbourne Cup meeting encouraged further ventures on the Williamstown Cup, and seeking a supposed no-chancer upon which victims would lose their money operators in one concern sent out Fort Belvedere. He had been beaten in the poorest suburban company and his only chance seemed to be Buckler's.

Nevertheless, one supposed "victim" of the tipster's schemes was so impressed with this, her first racing wire, that she put 5/- each way and 5/- place Tote on Fort Belvedere.

To everybody's surprise Fort Belvedere ran third at 100 to 1, and that bookie became the "victim" and had to hand out £30/2/6, because he paid a divvy of £24/2/6 for 5/- on the place Tote.

Which shows, my dears, that, cunning as these schemers may be,

they are not so clever that they can always pick a loser.

And if they can't with certainty pick a loser, how on earth are they going to pick the winners about which they claim such unerring certainty?

So put not your faith, gentle maiden, in tips contained in unexpected telegrams, or in any other form of communication from these "cheapjacks" of the Turf.

The P.M.G. is going to stop the sending of "collect" telegrams. A deposit of twice the value of the telegram will be demanded of the sender. A charge of 2/8 will stop most of them.

But some might take the chance. In case they do, I hope this exposure of their fraud will warn you against them.

Randwick prospects

BUT let us escape from these infamies of the Turf to recall that there is racing at Randwick next week. Two days—Wednesday and Saturday.

Besides Beauregard for the first Maiden Juvenile on Wednesday, I have the tip for Kiwi in the second division straight from the landlady's daughter in a big Randwick boarding-house for stable grooms. They're 'he ones who know.

Dickie says to follow up Postman and High Rank whichever days they



"HEED NOT 'collect' telegrams from tipping agencies," says Betty Gee. "An empty purse is a certainty if you do."

run because he's "heard something."

And if Belvoir runs in the Hurdle, I intend to follow him up too, because Sir Sidney Snow, his owner, believes he's going to become a real champion jumper.

For the second day, next Saturday, I have Vestal for the December Handicap from the Bottle Man, and he says he has it straight from the stable. And he's a man who has to be mighty careful of his Turf hand-outs because bad tips affect his livelihood.

I have the whisper that Jarbas has been "bottled up" for the Camden Handicap, and that Korimbal is waiting to win the Warwick Welter.

Of course Dark Elegance is considered a "sitter" for the Kirrkirk Stakes, and if we can catch the greedy bookies for anything in the way of a price it should be more for nothing.

Soft and Lovely



Soft, lovely hair, has the allurements of youth. Its charms can last practically all your life, —if you give it the proper care. Keep your scalp and hair clean. Every morning massage the scalp gently with the tips of your fingers, taking care to keep it moist with Barry's Tri-coph-erous throughout the massage.

Barry's Tri-coph-erous contains ingredients that stimulate the circulation in the scalp, nourish the roots, promote growth and bring out softness and lustre.

Try it. The result will please you—and your friends!

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 3/- per bottle.

GRACE BROS

SPECIAL DISPLAY
OF

Grafton

ANTI-SHRINK
RAYON FROCKS



Guaranteed
not to Shrink



ME46. — Not forgetting the larger figure. Multi-coloured prints on "LAVENELLE." Bullet tucks on shoulders and at waistline; front gored skirt. Sizes: W, SOS, OS and XOS.

Grace Bros. 49'11
Special



39'11

GRAFTON ANTI-SHRINK—the most regular of rayon crepes that can be sold with complete confidence. An English fabric with a wonderful story of a rayon that will not shrink, needs no ironing, can be packed for that holiday with no further worry, wash out over-night, hang to dry—ready for wear next day.

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED!

See Special Display—

A special showing of these garments can be seen in our Fashion Showroom, where you will find in attendance a "Grafton" ANTI-SHRINK DEMONSTRATOR showing the difference between washing a treated and guaranteed rayon, and an untreated rayon that will shrink inches. A guide to fashion and fabric fully explained to you.

ME47. — MADE OF "LAVENELLE" in bright geometrical design. Entirely new features on bodice of rucking with laced ribbon; full swing skirt. In shades of Blue, Green, Clover. Sizes: SSW, SW and W.

Grace Bros. 39'11
Special



49'11

ME48. — DULL SURFACED "LAVENELLE." A rare feature illustrated is the fully pleated skirt, stitched on every pleat that can be washed. Wide Peter-sham belt to tone. Sizes SSW, SW, and W. In Black and Navy.

Grace Bros. 49'11
Special



29'11

ME49. — BULGARIAN PATTERN. Free SWING skirt, new shaped neckline, finely tucked waistline. Made of "VALCO," in gay colours of Amber, Blue, Cherry. Sizes: XSSW, SSW, SW and W.

Grace Bros. 29'11
Special

GRACE BROS PTY LTD Broadway Sydney PHONE M6506

SKIN DISEASES

Acne, Pimples, Varicose Ulcers



**Psoriasis,
Eczema,
Dermatitis,
SCALP TROUBLES,
etc.**

MR. ARTHUR PASCOE, M.N.A.M.F., The celebrated Skin Specialist, has opened in Sydney, where sufferers may now obtain his world famous treatment which takes the disease out of your blood.

For full particulars of his treatment, which is carried out in your own home, write or call and obtain FREE our Thirty-page Booklet, "NATURE'S WAY TO HEALTH," which deals with all Diseases. Pascoe's Skin Disease & Health Service, 90 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Christmas . . . Just the Same

Continued from Page 6

ONLY a little way along a lyrebird ran across the path and into the brush beside them. Miss Jessie gave a little squeal of delight, and Mr. Benson could not resist temptation. "Come quietly," he said, "and we may get a better view of it." And he stepped over a log in his slippers and helped Miss Jessie over.

They had two more glimpses of the lyrebird; they saw a brush turkey and some beautiful flock pigeons; then they thought to turn back and presently discovered they were lost.

It was as well that neither realised the very real and terrible danger of their predicament. The tangle of the brush supported by the topless trees touched them on every side, and above them an arched green

ceiling hid the sky. It was frighteningly beautiful and close and still. Miss Jessie remembered about it getting quite dark here in the middle of the afternoon. She shook, but she remembered that in Cumberland there were mountains where the mists came down.

"We must climb as high as we can," she instructed Mr. Benson, "and not on any account go down into a valley." And she put the suitcase with John's vestments in his hand again and picked up the hot-water bottle and the foot-muffs and began to climb.

It seemed to Mr. Benson that she went on ahead of him as lightly as the lyrebird had done. Behind her he climbed and crawled and stumbled in his slippers and

dropped the case and picked it up again, and dared not abandon it because she would not abandon even the hot-water bottle. "We may need it for water," she said casually enough, knowing that if they had to go looking for water it would take them into one of the dreaded valleys.

At long last they came on to the top of a ridge where the jungle thinned.

"Have you good long sight?" she asked.

"Not particularly."

"Then lift me up on to that log," she ordered indomitably.

He helped her and stood panting and anxious.

They seemed to have come out upon the highest point there. At first she thought it was an illusion that she should see a vast sheet of water shining in the distance under a slanting sun, but she remembered the dam. All they would need to do now would be to follow her first intention and keep along the ridges. It was just a matter of time, and of their lungs and hearts and feet.

Mr. Benson knew that his heart would never last out, but it was his feet that most obviously suffered, and when nearly at the end of their journey he lost one of his ruined slippers. "I—I can't go any farther now," he said.

"Oh, yes you can," Miss Jessie assured him.

At dusk two fishermen in a small boat picked them up on the south side of the dam, a tiny woman with a bright brave face and a yellow dress torn to rags, and a gaunt man whose clerical collar was not as amazing as the strange, shapeless fur contraptions on his feet. One clutched a hot-water bottle in a red wool cover and the other a small leather suitcase.

They were rowed across the dam to the engineer's house and given rest and food. Presently their host came in and said, "Your nephew is on the telephone, Miss Brunskill. He knows that you are safe. He will be here as soon as possible, but of course it will not be in time for him to hold the service. He was very apologetic about postponing it, but I told him that it did not matter at all."

"Tell him," said Miss Jessie, without hesitation, "that there will be no need to postpone the service. Mr. Benson will take it."

And Mr. Benson did take it, in John's cassock and surplice, and wearing the foot-muffs still be-

She shall have music

By Air Mail from Our London Office

RESOURCEFUL typists in Birmingham are presenting a modern version of the Banbury Cross lady of the nursery rhyme.

Instead of putting "bells on their toes" just to give themselves music, the girls have designed for use in blackout "safety-first" anklets on which are sewn bells of the type used on babies' rattles.

They also are designing neat white "bell" armlets.

When they wear these, the tinkling little bells will warn other pedestrians of their approach, and will eliminate the risks of blackout bumps.

Some enterprising manufacturer is certain to place on the market a blackout musical garter.

cause his feet were too sure to get on any borrowed shoes.

Miss Jessie was too tired to sing the Christmas hymns over again, but she looked about her with great interest. She was the only woman in the congregation. The few married men at the place had taken their wives away for the holidays.

After the service she talked to the young engineer till John and Myra arrived. It was one o'clock in the morning when they left. "Do you know," Myra said, "that it's Christmas Day already?"

"It's going to seem more like the day after to me," said Miss Jessie, with a funny little yawn. "I told them in Cumberland that if there wasn't one sort of Christmas here there'd be another sort, and I was right."

It was perhaps a memory of Cumberland that prompted her to say to Myra next morning, "That engineer in charge of the dam is a very nice young man and he was most interested in you. You must see as much of him as you can while we're here. I'm determined to have you married before you become the equivalent of 'Priest's Sister.'"

"I don't know when I'd find the time to get married as it is, with John and Mr. Benson both to look after," Myra laughed.

"John is young enough and strong enough to look after himself," said Miss Jessie, "and you can leave Mr. Benson to me."

(Copyright)

Housewives! SUNLIGHT FREE GIFT SCHEME WILL CARRY ON

Keep on saving your Sunlight wrapper-tops just as before. Just look at this fine range of gifts!



1. BATHTOWEL: Size 23' x 46'. Red-striped ends—White Admiralty extra thick and long wearing. 45 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
2. BATHTOWEL: Size 23' x 46'. Large coloured—gay modern designs. 45 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
3. GLASSCLOTH: Size 23' x 32'. Pure Irish Linen—red, blue, green or gold side stripes. 24 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
4. PILLOWSLIP: Size 21' x 31 1/2'. Nicely embroidered and hemstitched. 36 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
5. SUPPER SET: Large hemstitched Supper Cloth and 4 Serviettes to match. Colours—primrose, green or blue. 138 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
6. LADIES' HANKIES: Dainty and attractive with coloured borders. 4 dozen. 57 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
7. GENTS' HANKIES: Superior quality with coloured borders. 4 dozen. 60 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
8. LADY'S APRON: British Shantung Silk; charming colours and exclusive design. 60 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
9. GLASS MIXING BOWLS—SET OF 4: Handy size, fluted, delightful shades of green. 126 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops. Freight and packing 1/3 for set of 4.
10. *WATER SET—JUG AND GOBLET: Crown Crystal Glass, etched with attractive design. 45 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops. Freight and packing 1/9.
- *GLASS WATER JUG ONLY: 45 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops. Freight and packing 1/3.
- *GLASS GOBLET ONLY: Set of 3 to match Water Jug. 74 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops. Freight and packing 1/3 for 3 or 6 goblets.
11. CASSEROLE: 9" diam. "Strong-Lite" 99% pure aluminium. 99 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
12. *ENAMEL BILLY: 32 pt. size—good quality—white enameled. 84 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops. Freight and packing 3d.
13. TABLE KNIFE: Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. 33 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
- DESSERT KNIFE: Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. 33 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
- TABLE FORK: Heavy E.P.N.S. 30 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
- DESSERT FORK OR SPOON: Heavy E.P.N.S. 21 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
14. TEASPOONS: Heavy E.P.N.S. Set of 6. A-grade. 69 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
15. HAIRBROOM: Close-set bristles. 96 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
16. *KITCHEN JUGS—Set of 3: 1, 1 and 1 1/2 pints. Gay blue and white stripes. 138 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops. Freight and packing 1/- for set of 3.
17. *KETTLE: 3 pint size. "Strong-Lite" 99% pure aluminium. 144 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops. Freight and packing 5d.
18. TABLECLOTH: Size 54" x 70". Linen-finished Damask. 135 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
19. *SAUCEPAN: 2 1/2 pint size. "Strong-Lite" aluminium; coloured heat-proof knob. 54 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops. Freight and packing 4d.
20. BREAKFAST CLOTH: 44" square. Pure Irish Linen; gay coloured border design. 72 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
21. BREAD SAW: Heavy stainless Sheffield steel. 42 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
- *BREAD BOARD: Hand painted. Poker-worked edges. 27 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops. Freight and packing 7d.

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out the form below, fill in the particulars, enclose with wrapper-tops and stamps to cover freight and packing (on gifts marked *) and address to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LIMITED, BOX 410 YV, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



*NOTE: All the gifts in this advertisement are available at the LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. For those who cannot call, the majority of the gifts are post free, but to cover the cost of packing and freight of the heavier and more fragile gifts (marked *) remit the amount shown in stamps in addition to the required number of wrapper-tops.

IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

Do not enclose a letter, but fill in this form.

Name (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

Gift required

Enclosed Sunlight wrapper-tops

Freight and packing

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1.—All around us now, we are hearing that "Good King Wenceslaus looked out on the Feast of Stephen." And, of course, Wenceslaus was King of Prussia—Bavaria—Bohemia—Saxony.
- 2.—A stenographer, correctly speaking, is A shorthand writer—a typist—a shorthand typist—an interpreter.
- 3.—Last week—remember?—we counted up the stars on the Australian flag. These represent The Southern Cross and Pointers—the Southern Cross and one star to represent the States of the Commonwealth—the Southern Cross, one star for New South Wales and one star for Federation.
- 4.—The choreographer of a ballet Massages the dancers—designs the sets—arranges the ballet—composes the music.
- 5.—With the passing of the year, the Sheffield Shield is upon us again. Present holder of the Shield is Queensland—New South Wales—Victoria—South Australia.
- 6.—The telephone was invented by Edison—Watt—Bell—Pasteur.
- 7.—Sir John Simon is a very busy man these days, being the British Secretary for War—Chancellor of the Exchequer—Minister for Aviation—Secretary of State.
- 8.—The berries of certain plants are said to be "viscous." This means that they are White—sticky—growing in clusters—poisonous.
- 9.—In palmistry, the Mount of Venus is at the Base of your thumb—base of your third finger—middle joint of your thumb—centre of your palm.
- 10.—The Royal residence of Sandringham is in the county of Hampshire—Kent—Suffolk—Norfolk.

Answers on Page 46.

THE WORLD'S BEST-SHARPEST-STAINLESS-INSIST ON Mosley's "RUSNORSTAIN" KNIVES OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH CLASS STORES & JEWELLERS

The Movie World

December 9, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

SEASON'S GREETINGS

... from Hollywood

POPULAR STAR RONALD COLMAN SENDS PERSONAL MESSAGE TO AUSTRALIANS

THE season's festivities are beginning. Already the spirit of gaiety and goodwill that is Christmas is over Hollywood.

Through The Australian Women's Weekly, Ronald Colman sends greetings to his many Australian friends.

And who is there in Hollywood better fitted to convey this message of universal appeal than Ronald Colman?

No film star has a stauncher fan following than this reserved 48-year-old English actor.

Colman has been in pictures for over 25 years. He is as popular now as he was in 1927, although he makes at most only two films annually.

Ronald is respected, liked, admired by men, adored by women. His films pack theatres from Alaska to Peru. He is

the idol of schoolgirls, housewives, society matrons—and highbrows.

He has won his popularity through his integrity as an actor and as a man.

Perhaps he will never win the Motion Picture Academy Award (he wouldn't want so spectacular an honor), but he can always be relied upon to give a good performance, the best he can.

As a man? His private life is—private. It is also simple and unostentatious. He is never seen at night spots. He loathes movie premieres.

Hollywood itself knows Colman's value. Frank Capra waited a year to get him for "Lost Horizon." Paramount waited as long so that he would star in "The Light That Failed."

And so, thank you, and a Merry Christmas, Ronald. And may you enjoy many more happy days in Hollywood.



• Toast to Christmas.—Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, Paramount's new romantic team, who will be together again in "Honeymoon in Bali," send their joint good wishes to the public.



*My Australian friends, Merry Christmas
Ronald Colman*

Ronald Colman, who will be seen next in Paramount's "The Light That Failed"—from the Kipling story—writes greetings for coming Christmas to his Australian fans.

LOUISE CAMPBELL
Paramount Player

WHY STARS SHAMPOO THEIR OWN HAIR

Prejudice Against Burning Effect of "Soap Alkali"

NOT an economy fad—but because they wish to avoid anything on the hair which contains free alkali . . . For this chemical part of skin soaps and artificial shampoos can spoil and deaden delicate hair with its drying, "burning" action!

Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty wash" with this pure, natural, quick-rinsing, coconut foam Shampoo that everyone's talking about!

BLONDES—This new-style Colinated Shampoo preserves light gold glamour—prevents "alkali streaks."

BRUNETTES—Discover fascinating new highlights! For Colinated double-active lather instantly dissolves every trace of dust, oily-film, or dandruff . . . carries it off in one complete rinse . . . and gives any hair a magic, silky-clean, wavy lustre you've never noticed before!

Real Economy! A bottle lasts months. At any Chemist or Store.

Colinated Shampoo

Moviedom looking forward to an OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

STARS ARE TREKKING TO THE HILLS
FOR CHRISTMAS TREES, SHOPPING
ALONG ONE STREET FOR GIFTS

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

CHRISTMAS is coming, and the stars are planning to make it the happiest, homeliest Yuletide celebration they possibly can.

Most Hollywood people are products of old-fashioned family homes. Christmas means a good deal to them.

And a Christmas tree—like plum pudding, brandy sauce and turkey—is absolutely indispensable.

It will be Clark Gable's first Christmas at home with Carole Lombard as his wife, and Carole has asked for a celebration of the traditional kind.

So Clark is driving down to San Fernando Valley to find a fir tree that will just fit into their station wagon.

Old friend and veteran Christmas-tree hunter Spencer Tracy is going along with Clark to show him the ropes and to enjoy a day's outing.

Spencer himself isn't personally interested in the expedition. He grows all sorts of trees suitable for Christmas decoration right in the backyard of his ranch.

Myrna Loy planted her tree in the patio of her canyon home months ago. She and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, jun., are celebrating with their own families this Christmas.

Shirley Temple has been promised an enormous Christmas tree by an unknown admirer from Indianapolis.

Shirley, incidentally, will have a busy time this Christmas Eve, giving her very first broadcast.

Strange as it may seem, Shirley is the one major star who has not made a single radio appearance.

Both her studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, have turned down innumerable radio offers for the little star, but as the proceeds from the Christmas Eve broadcast go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund—for unemployed actors and movie workers—they gave permission.

Shirley will sing songs from her new picture, "The Bluebird," and also enact scenes from it.

Norma Shearer is motoring with her two children to Lake Arrowhead to choose a tree that will comfortably hold the lovely presents the star has already purchased.

Glamor girl Lucille Ball is preparing for Christmas with a large fir tree already stored away, and tons of streamers, balloons, and other Yuletide decorations on order.

As for Mickey Rooney, he's looking for the biggest and most splendid tree he can find to accommodate gifts for the whole "Hardy family," and each member's real-life relations as well.

As for the presents—Hollywood in general is shopping early.

But you won't find any film stars about. The only place they can shop in comfort, away from feverish autograph-hunters, is down a little-frequented street.

It's a block-long section of odd, intriguing little shops, known as the Cross Roads of the World.

Here are on sale Indian pottery from Mexico, linens from Ireland, perfumes from France, and Italian laces.

And that's where the stars are doing their Christmas shopping, with pencils, lists and all.



• Lucille Ball, glamorous RKO player, one of the film colony's younger set, who will be celebrating this Christmas at home in the time-honored way—with fir trees, Yuletide decorations, and simple festivities.

Hollywood deserted for just one day

FILM COLONY MAKES THE MOST OF ITS HOLIDAY!



• The screen's Hardy family prepare for a real Christmas together—with Mickey Rooney perched precariously, while Fay Holden, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker, and Sara Haden look on.

CHRISTMAS Day is the one day in all the year which film players and workers can call their own—a universal holiday.

And they make the most of it. From four o'clock onwards on Christmas Eve you'll see a constant stream of cars leaving the city for mountains, beach resorts, or distant ranches.

Luxurious limousines or smartly-turned-out station wagons hold stars and directors and their families. Small roadsters and tourers are packed with technicians, make-up men, all the humbler workers of Hollywood.

Sometimes you'll see a car with trailer behind simply laden with luggage.

Producers often deliberately plan their films to finish on Christmas Eve. That means that a large number of workers take a few weeks' vacation.

As the Christmas temperature hovers round eighty degrees—which is warm, to say the least of it—most of the movie workers head for the beach or anywhere near the water.

Hungarian Ilona Massey, for instance, is revelling in the prospect of her first summer Yuletide, which is to be spent swimming and in blazing sunshine.

Heart of desert

SHE wants the hottest, sunniest place she can find. So she's going to the popular movie resort, Palm Springs, in the heart of the great Coachella desert, where large swimming-pools and shady pines make an ideal summer playground.

And there'll be dozens of other movie people there to keep her company.

Hedy Lamarr is spending Christmas at the sea, too—right on top of it.

She's joining a yachting party to

cruise the calm, blue Pacific, and is taking her bathing costume along for a quick, cool dip before Christmas dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas with their two children have booked up for the day at an hotel on the sunny Catalina Island twenty miles from the mainland. You get there by boat or aeroplane.

But Greer Garson, the red-headed lass from Old England, can't reconcile Christmas with surf and sunshine.

So she's off to Lake Arrowhead, one hundred miles from Hollywood, and over a mile above sea level.

It's cold there, but that's what Greer's used to.

Others who prefer the hazards of winter and snow sports are Wallace Pidgeon, Lew Ayres, and Florence Rice—all off, with their families, to various lofty spots on the Sierra Nevada mountain range.

But everybody, from star to humblest extra, is making plans for freedom.



• Her recent marriage to thirty-seven-year-old actor Brian Aherne, with whom she smiles here, is partly responsible for the amazing transformation of Joan Fontaine.

... Little sister stepping out ...

THE NEW JOAN FONTAINE

I HAVE never seen anything so dramatic in Hollywood as the transformation of Joan Fontaine.

Six months ago no one ever noticed a timid, obscure, and uninteresting girl. To-day everyone is discussing her elegance, her delicate sparkle, and her charm.

Behind this vast change in Joan lie two great forces of life—love and success.

Joan stepped into her own kingdom four months ago, when, without any public warning, she married that delightful man of the world, Brian Aherne.

Brian won headlines for their marriage ceremony, which was compared to "an English county wedding."

It was to photograph Mr. Aherne that the Press journeyed up to the exclusive holiday resort of Dal Monte, and clustered round St. John's Chapel.

Bridesmaid Olivia de Havilland attracted more cameras than did the bride. Characteristic, this, for Olivia, dynamic elder sister, has overshadowed Joan during the whole of life in Hollywood.

Joan herself was sweet in her period gown, with its swaying hoops; and the reception which followed—attended by many people not even interested in films—illustrated the conservative graciousness of both her and Brian's taste in friends.

But all comment on the match carried the same note of pitying surprise. "Imagine a man like Aherne marrying that mousy, quiet little thing!"

The Ahernes had a quiet honeymoon, and settled down into the elaborate house he had built earlier in the year—a house which had incidentally been quoted in connection with his "interest" in Norma Shearer. Then began the blossoming of Joan—a blossoming

ONCE NEGLECTED GIRL BLOOMS THROUGH INFLUENCE OF LOVE

evident not only in her great happiness but in her confidence, her delight in meeting people.

Those years of solitary reading, of walks, music, bear fruit now in her distinctive personality. She can be as vivacious as sister Olivia, although she will never win the similar blaze of publicity. As you know, Olivia is at the moment dancing through a headlines romance with round-the-world flier and millionaire Howard Hughes.

Mrs. Brian Aherne is in fine demand. As I write she is enjoying a popularity which her previous life makes quite incredible. She and her husband are entertaining important visitors to Hollywood. They move in the very inner circle of film society—a circle which does not figure in the scandal columns.

To cap all, Joan has walked off with the plum role of the year.

Quited Artists chose her to play in "Rebecca," made from Daphne du Maurier's best-seller romance, with Laurence Olivier, Gladys Cooper, and George Sanders in the cast.

Vivien Leigh had been mentioned so often for this film that it was looked upon as hers. The real-life love-story between Vivien and Laurence Olivier gave color to the conviction.

But in the end "Rebecca" was given to little Joan Fontaine—a dazzling proof, if any were still needed, of her triumph over life.

Etiquette without tears...

THERE'S one man around the studios whose name is kept very, very quiet. Why? He teaches manners to the stars.

When any scene of high society is made, he paces quietly around the set.

He smartly rebukes the glamor girl who picks up the wrong fork at a dinner party. He hauls up the white-tie-and-tails sophisticate who remains seated while the ladies are standing.

He himself knows the etiquette of Europe, England and America off by heart—and he never gets his countries or his introductions mixed.

Studios employ the etiquette adviser to safeguard themselves—and the actors.

If even a slight social error is made in a film, a million movie audience critics notice it—and write to complain.

If an actor does not already know the usage of polite society, he is spared embarrassment by sharing in the general coaching of the adviser and learning how to behave next time.



• The new Joan Fontaine whom you will see as the romance heroine of "Rebecca."

From
Christine Webb
in Hollywood



● Recent study of William Powell—grown a little fatter in the face during 18 months' absence.

Bill is happy to be back!



● Bill Powell had his forty-seventh birthday while making "Another Thin Man." Here he is cutting the cake presented to him on the set, while Myrna Loy and Virginia Field look on.

GIFTS CREATED FOR THE STARS

by

MAX FACTOR ★

Hollywood & London



Myrna Loy, M.G.M. Star.

Myrna Loy, Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Ginger Rogers . . . the loveliest Hollywood Screen Stars thrill to receive a Max Factor Gift Set. And these glamorous gifts from Max Factor are just what every woman will adore! In Color Harmony shades for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. Sold at all leading stores and chemists, and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.



Max Factor Gift Set with medium sizes of Face Powder, Make-Up Blender, Make-Up Foundation, Skin Freshener, Melting Cleansing Cream, also Eyeshadow, Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil, Rouge, and Lipstick. Ask for Gift Set J, priced at £2/4/9



Max Factor Gold-Finish Double Compact, loose-powder style, with Rouge. Also Super-Indelible Lipstick. Ask for Gift Set A, price £1/5/6.



This elegant Max Factor Gift Set contains medium sizes of Melting Cleansing Cream, Skin Freshener, and Face Powder, also Make-Up Foundation, Dry Rouge, and Lipstick. Ask for Gift Set H, price £1/10/6.

Max Factor
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:
Fred. C. James and Geo. H. Anderson
Pty., Ltd., Box 3962V, G.P.O., Sydney.

EVERYBODY ELSE GLAD, TOO, ABOUT POWELL'S RETURN IN 'ANOTHER THIN MAN'

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

WHEN William Powell walked onto the set on the first day of shooting "Another Thin Man," cast and crew set up an impromptu cheer, and fellow-star and firm friend, Myrna Loy, rushed over and kissed him.

Bill was back at work, he was well again, and everyone, from director, assistant director, cameramen, make-up men, technicians to "prop" men and extras, was riotously happy, for both reasons.

Bill has been away from the screen—and Hollywood—for eighteen months, a desperately sick man. He underwent three major operations. On several occasions his life was despaired of. And few dared hope he would ever return to the screen.

But now he is back, and making a sequel to what was his most popular film. So "Another Thin Man" is a double comeback for him.

Taking no chances

HE is just the same witty, likeable, laughter-loving Bill—and has even grown just a little fatter.

But those who know him well detect a little tiredness round the eyes, not there before his illness.

And the studio chiefs are not taking any chances. He is back, and they want him to stay for a good many years to come.

They allow him to work only five hours a day—from ten to four.

To make up for lost time, as one

scene is being filmed the set for the next one is being prepared.

All Bill has to do is ride from one set to the other in the car that is always kept waiting for him.

Bill himself realises he must take care of himself. Hollywood social life does not know him now. Each night he returns to the hotel where he is now living, and is in bed by nine o'clock.

Fun on the set

THE only places he visits are his parents' home in Beverly Hills, and his son, at school just out of Hollywood.

But he is thoroughly enjoying being back at work again.

Just after production had begun on the film, Bill, with a grin, pinned up a large notice on the set: "Surprise Party for Myrna Loy at Four o'clock This Afternoon on This Stage."

It was just his way of gently kidding the usual Hollywood surprise party which is cloaked in deep, dark mystery to everyone except the recipient.

Myrna enjoyed the joke—and the party. And when Bill's birthday came round she gave him a grand party, on the set, which was a surprise.

The MGM crew gathered round a large cake inscribed for the occasion in chocolate icing. Everyone had a present to give.

And all felt it was real occasion for celebrating after Bill's long illness.



SPECIAL FOR Christmas Parties

These New Kraft Savouries.

1. Slice stuffed olives in half. Put small cubes of Kraft Old English between two halves and join together with tooth-pick.

★

2. Butter savoury biscuits and add rounds of Kraft Celery Cheese. Top with slices of gherkin or stuffed olives.

★

3. Round savoury biscuits buttered and sprinkled thickly with shredded Kraft Cheddar. Top off with anchovy curl, sliced tomato, or stuffed olive.

★

4. Roll strips of ham round fingers of Kraft Old English Cheese and place on oblong savoury biscuits.

★

5. The same again — only use anchovy curl instead of ham and decorate with flecks of pimento.

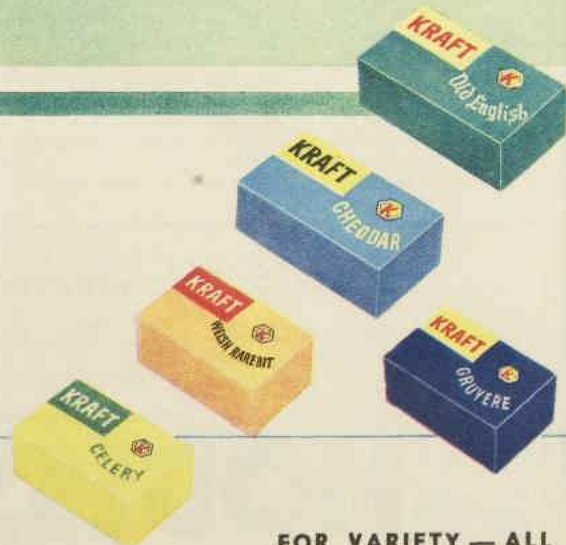
★

6. Spread oval savoury biscuits with following mixture: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded Kraft Old English, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped olives.

★

7. Make mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced ham, 1 teaspoon cream, 2 teaspoons shredded Kraft Old English, cayenne pepper and chutney. Spread on buttered savoury biscuits and heat in oven a few minutes before serving.

★



December is open season for hospitality. And it's easy, with Kraft, to make savouries that are the hit of the party! For variety, try all the Kraft flavours. They taste good just by themselves on buttered biscuits, or they blend deliciously with your other savoury ingredients. They stay fresh in their foil wrapping. Slice smoothly. Shred

easily. For convenience, always keep a supply of Kraft Cheeses in the pantry. Every time you serve Kraft it provides food elements essential to a healthy diet. Tissue building milk proteins. Energy units. Vitamin A. Calcium and phosphorus, the milk minerals which build strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft.

FOR VARIETY — ALL THESE *Kraft* FLAVOURS!

OLD ENGLISH: The cheese that's tasty, well matured. KRAFT CHEDDAR: Mellow flavoured, creamy smooth. KRAFT CELERY: With a tingling, fresh celery flavour. KRAFT GRUYERE: Nut sweet and delicate and delicious. WELSH RAREBIT: Just slice and melt on toast.

CLIP OUT FOR KRAFT RECIPE BOOK

Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A 46), Riverside Avenue, Melbourne; 381 Cleveland Street, Chippendale, N.S.W.; 74 Eagle Street, Brisbane. Write to address in your State or to Melbourne, and enclose 3d. in stamps.

Please send me copy of Kraft Recipe Book "Cheese and Ways to Serve It".

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Grow Lashes & Brows in 30 Days!

Perfect eyebrows and long, silken eyelashes make all the difference to the allure of the most beautiful eyes. No other feature is so important as the eyes—none is so expressive. Study YOUR eyes now. Your mirror will show them as they are to-day, yet in thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfectly pencilled eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eye-lash Grower.

Proved by thousands of women No matter how scanty your eye-lashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, this Le Charme discovery will positively increase their length and thickness.

Results evident in One Week Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe, and if, in 30 days, you are not satisfied, the cost of Le Charme Eye-lash Grower will be refunded in full.

If unobtainable locally, 2/6 post free, from Le Charme, Box 22364, G.P.O., Sydney.

Le Charme
EYELASH GROWER

Permanent HAIR REMOVER

Hair on chin, cheeks, legs, etc., positively REMOVED, and the ROOTS DESTROYED FOR GOOD. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed! If unobtainable locally, 8/- post free, from Le Charme, Box 22364, G.P.O., Sydney.

1 WEALTHY, but lonely, Walter Connolly celebrates birthday with unemployed working girl Ginger.



2 THE ESCAPEE awakens his family's interest in Walter for the first time in years, angers neglectful wife, Veree Teasdale, and irresponsible son, Tim Holt, who plot to get rid of Ginger.



3 WALTER, delighted at interest, pays Ginger to stay as house guest.

4 HELPFUL GINGER advises daughter Kathryn Adams on love affair.



5 THEN, encouraging Tim to take an interest in his father's business, she fails in love with him.

New comedy for Ginger

• **RKO-RADIO'S "Fifth Avenue Girl"** is another romantic comedy for bewitching Ginger Rogers to play, but not dance, in—a successor to the delightful "Bachelor Mother."

In the film Ginger plays an unemployed working girl with an optimistic outlook. She is hired by millionaire Walter Connolly to straighten out the problems of his pampered family.

The family does its best to get rid of her.

Ginger's leading man is curly-headed, attractive Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, who plays Connolly's son in the film. This is Tim's first important role in a major production.

Eighteen-year-old blonde Kathryn Adams makes her debut in the film, as the spoilt daughter.

IT'S A CHRISTMAS TRADITION TO GIVE CHRISTY'S

Yes, every Christmas more and more eyes light up with delight when that intriguing little package is opened, and presto! there's a gift of Christy's. Give your friends the things they love, haunting delicate Christy's perfumes—Lavender, Boronia, packed in attractive caskets that catch the Yuletide spirit perfectly. Specify number when mail ordering from your store.

And for HIM

You must choose something that he'll like. Christy's hairdressings, shaving cream, and soaps make a gift that he'll appreciate, something he can use, something he'll be grateful for.



322—Christy's Greenish Brillantine, and 324—Christy's Old English Lavender Brillantine. There's Boronia, and others. All from 1/- a bottle.

412—An attractive gift of Christy's Lavender Shaving Cream, Brillantine and Soap. Packed in a handsome walnut box. 2/12.



100/100—A delightful variety gift of Christy's White Soap, Perfume, Cream, and Shave. Packed in a box. 1/6 each.

100/100—A delightful variety gift of Christy's White Soap, Perfume, Cream, and Shave. Packed in a box. 1/6 each.

100/100—A delightful variety gift of Christy's White Soap, Perfume, Cream, and Shave. Packed in a box. 1/6 each.

100/100—A delightful variety gift of Christy's White Soap, Perfume, Cream, and Shave. Packed in a box. 1/6 each.

100/100—A delightful variety gift of Christy's White Soap, Perfume, Cream, and Shave. Packed in a box. 1/6 each.

100/100—A delightful variety gift of Christy's White Soap, Perfume, Cream, and Shave. Packed in a box. 1/6 each.

CHRISTY'S Gift Sets
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Peace of Mind

With Modess Sanitary Napkins you have complete peace of mind. Modess is safer—a moisture-proof backing means certain protection. Modess is softer too, and more economical.

MODESS
SANITARY NAPKINS
Product of Johnson & Johnson

1' BOX OF 12

DO YOU KNOW?

ROYAL PRINCESS'S
AGONYFor BEAUTY'S SAKE
1,000 YEARS
AGO!

1,000 YEARS AGO, A PRINCESS OF THE PRE-INCA COURT, UNDERWENT THE AGONISING OPERATION OF HAVING HER TEETH INLAID WITH GOLD! NO ANAESTHESIA! CRUDE INSTRUMENTS—ALL TO MAKE HERSELF MORE BEAUTIFUL. TO-DAY, THE SECRET OF LOVELY TEETH IS TO KEEP THEM RADIANTLY BRILLIANT WITH KOLYNOS!

90% of SCHOOL CHILDREN HAVE DECAYED TEETH!

SHOCKING BUT TRUE! FROM 90 TO 95% OF OUR SCHOOL CHILDREN HAVE ONE OR MORE DECAYED TEETH IN THEIR MOUTH. YOU CAN CHECK DECAY BY REGULAR DENTAL VISITS & KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS. KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY—RIGHT DOWN TO THE ENAMEL!

MAGIC BUBBLES that PURIFY and POLISH IN ONE ACTION! THAT HALF INCH OF KOLYNOS ON YOUR TOOTH BRUSH MAGICALLY CHANGES TO MILLIONS OF TINY BUBBLES INSIDE YOUR MOUTH—THESE JURGE FORWARD INTO EVERY CREVICE, WASH OUT FOOD DEPOSITS & LEAVE YOUR TEETH GLEAMING WITH NEW LUSTRE!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
1/3 AND 2/-

STOP WEARING GLASSES



Before Eye Culture



After Eye Culture

There is a way—A Natural Way—to have a good clear sight again. You can do it, with the aid of EYE CULTURE—and can dispense with glasses. At last, by EYE CULTURE, it has been discovered that most people wearing glasses to-day NEED NOT. It has also been proved definitely by EYE CULTURE that those who fear that they will need glasses are FEARING NEEDLESSLY.

It has been found that Glasses do not cure any eye weakness or defect—they merely relieve a condition, which, instead of getting better, gradually becomes worse. This is evidenced by the fact that, as time goes on, THOSE WEARING GLASSES MUST CHANGE THEM AND GET STRONGER LENSES EACH TIME.

EYE CULTURE is Nature's own method of raising those who are affected of eye troubles, enabling glasses to be dispensed with. It is based upon a most exacting scientific knowledge of the whole human system, as it is related to the eyes. By EYE CULTURE connection and strain are eliminated, the eye muscles strengthened, and the eyes gradually restored to their normal condition.

Are your eyes causing you anxiety from Short Sight, Long Sight, Glare, Strain, Turned Eyes, Lazy Eyes, Astigmatism, Failing or Old Age Sight, Blurred Vision, Tired or Dull Eyes, Double Vision, Headaches, etc.?

condition. EYE CULTURE is a positively safe and harmless system for young and old alike. A short time daily with EYE CULTURE can render glasses absolutely unnecessary, relief being experienced within an amazingly short time, followed by a definite improvement in the condition.

This report tells how quickly and effectively eye sufferers get relief from EYE CULTURE. "It is just 12 months since I commenced Eye Culture, and when I look back it seems amazing. For 15 years I had worn glasses and could not see without them. One eye always had a black disc in front of it, covering everything I looked at, making it impossible to see."

"For five months now my left eye has been normal, and I have been able to read without glasses, but the wonderful thing is, with the one-time almost blind eye I can now read letters 1/2 inch high from 2 feet away, and the black disc is reduced to a tiny spot."

This indicates how readily even extreme cases respond to Eye Culture.

Eye Culture

MEANS PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES.

Send 2d, stamped addressed envelope for Booklet giving particulars of your trouble to: Eye Culture, No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY. Advice is FREE.

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 14

"We must contrive!" Lassels said, beginning to pace about the room. "You cannot dine with the servants, sir. It is not to be thought of!"

"Content you, I shall fare excellent well. I shall divulge to the butler what an ill master to serve you are, and for very pity I daresay he will cut me some slices of the mutton you are going to have for your dinner."

A soft scratching upon the door made him turn his head. Lassels went to the door and opened it. Jane Lane stood upon the threshold, and said in an anxious whisper: "The King?"

Lassels stepped back to let her pass into the room. "He is here, Jane. All's well!"

She came in. She had shed her cloak, and tidied her ringlets, threading a ribbon through them.

The King moved towards her, and as she rose from her curtsy took her face between his long, brown hands, and held it tilted a little upwards. "Now at last let me look at this face I have yet seen so fleetingly," he said.

She stood perfectly still, looking gravely up at him, not afraid to meet his gaze, but with a suggestion of humility in her quiet.

Something glowed behind the smile in his eyes. "Such a pretty face!" he said under his breath. His hands seemed to her to harden; he bent his head and kissed her.

Color leapt up under his fingers; still holding her, he had an odd fancy that she had sprung suddenly into life. He looked up and saw Lassels watching him, a little trouble in his face. He laughed, and let his hands fall on to Jane's shoulders.

For a moment they rested there; then he slid them down her arms to her wrists, and, lifting her hands, carried them one after the other to his lips. "My life!" he said, caressing her with the careless magic of his voice and smile. "I shall hereafter call you so, since you hold it between these little hands."

"It is a proud title, sir," she said. "Indeed, I am proud to bear it." She slightly bowed her head as she spoke, and drew her hands out of his hold.

"Touching this question of where your Majesty is to sleep," began Lassels. "I have been considering that I should request Mr. Tomes to set up a truckle-bed in this room."

"Well, you have made yourself so troublesome to the household already that I daresay no one will be much surprised," remarked the King, moving away to lean his elbow upon the mantelpiece. "I think I must not go to bed with the servants, for, as I remember, Richard Penderel told me that I called out in my sleep."

"Of course your Majesty cannot go to bed with the servants!" said Lassels. "Upon all counts it would be unthinkable! I will tell John Tomes that I am used to have my man sleep in the room with me."

"It were better you should tell him what my sister already knows, that his Majesty is suffering from a tertian ague," said Jane. "He will not think it odd then that you should desire better accommodation for one whom he believes to be but a poor man."

"And if he should object that I seem not to have any fever, you will say that it is in the intermission to-day," interpolated the King. "Is your sister come yet, Jane? I hope Mr. Petre fell not into another ambush upon the way to Stratford!"

She shook her head. "They did not meet any soldiers. I think Mr. Petre is a little ashamed that he did not go along with us. We shall part from their company to-morrow."

"I am right glad of it," said the King. "For you will thus be able to talk to poor Will Jackson. I thought myself sadly neglected upon our ride to-day, I can tell you."

Her gravity was dispelled by a sudden smile that gleamed in response to the teasing light in his eye. "Comfort you, sir! If I did not talk to you, for very fear, at least you were not once out of my thoughts—nor out of Harry's either, I dare swear."

"I care nothing for being in Harry's thoughts," said the King. "But I am certainly much comforted to know I live in yours. Tell me, what sort of a fellow am I there?"

"My liege," she said in a low voice. "Alas! As well say a crowned puppet! Mr. Lassels, I am well aware that I do not fill your notion

of what a king should be, but for all that I am one, and I will not brook being frowned upon."

Lassels reddened to the ears, exclaiming: "But, sir, indeed, indeed you do, and I was not frowning upon you! I was—I was wondering how to contrive that you should not be called upon to eat your dinner in the buttery."

"Is that all? Frown no more, then, for I am going to eat in the buttery."

He spoke with decision, so that there was nothing for Lassels to do but to acquiesce, though with many inward qualms.

Jane did not see the King again that evening. Mr. Tomes readily caused a truckle-bed to be set up in Lassels's chamber; so readily, in fact, that Lassels suspected him of guessing that Will Jackson was not what he seemed to be, and privately informed Jane of it. She was sure, however, that although her kinsman might suppose the King to be a Cavalier, he had no inkling of his true identity.

Lassels went early to bed, and was soon joined by the King, who came up from the buttery, declaring that they fared much better there than in the dining-parlor.

Lassels bolted the door, and knelt down before Charles to pull off his boots. "Was it very rude and uncomfortable, sire?" he asked anxiously.

The King smiled sleepily down at him. "You know, you are as proud as a cock in his own barnyard, Lassels. I wonder you will jaunt about the country with a low fellow like myself. I was right well entertained in the buttery, and have been exchanging stories with the butler this hour and more. He is an honest man, and wishes I may escape from mine enemies."

He climbed into bed and lay down. "I hope you will not find that pallet very hard," he said, closing his eyes.

"Be sure I shan't, sir."

"I am reasonably sure that you will," said the King. "The butler told me I should."

"Sir," said Lassels, "I do not anticipate any sudden danger in this house, but in case the need should arise, will you have one of my pistols beneath your pillow?"

"Good heavens!" murmured the King. "Are you at that again? You are too dangerous a man for me. Put up your pistols, and go to bed!"

Lassels said, "Yes, sire," in an obedient voice, but having assured himself that the King's eyes were still shut, slipped both pistols under his own pillow.

Nothing occurred during the night to cause him to draw them out from this hiding-place, but although all was quiet in the house he several times awoke, and fancied that he heard sounds. The King slept peacefully, a circumstance that filled the young attendant with a kind of wondering admiration. He did not call out in his sleep, though once he muttered some indistinguishable words.

When morning came, Lassels was obliged to rouse him. He woke then with a start, and for a moment seemed bewildered, blinking up at Lassels, and saying in a voice thickened with sleep: "One charge! I beg of you—I beg of you, gentlemen!" He broke off, as the dream receded, and sat up, pressing his hands to his eyes.

"Sir, you are safe at Long Marston," Lassels said, a little timidly. The King's hands felt "I do remember. I thought—no matter: it was nothing to the purpose." He flung back the bedclothes, and got up, saying cheerfully: "Help me to dress, Lassels. I think your servant would fetch hot water for you to shave with, would he not?"

The King ate his breakfast in the buttery and went out immediately after to the stables. As soon as Jane had taken her leave of the Petres, who set off at an early hour, Lassels sent to command his horses. The King brought both up to the house; the saddle-bags were strapped on, and Jane Lane put up into her pillow. Mr. Tomes came out to speed his guests on their way, but beyond casting one searching glance at as much of the King's face as he could see for the shading brim of his hat, paid no heed to him.

It had been agreed that the second night should be spent at Cirencester, which lay some twenty-four miles from Long Marston, and they rode there by easy stages, encountering nothing on the way to occasion them the least alarm.

Please turn to Page 45



Modern Cinderella

You see them everywhere from shops, offices and factories who blossom out in the evening into breath-taking visions of loveliness. Perhaps you are one, too—one of those countless girls and women who know how quickly and easily Kathleen Court's world-famous Facial Youth Cream can work miracles and transform dull, salver, skin and give it the soft, transparent charm of youth almost before you know it.

No ordinary vanishing cream, cold cream, baby pack or foundation can work such wonders with such speed as does "Facial Youth," because it is the only face cream made with costly, pure, rejuvenating element that is exclusive to Kathleen Court. And because it contains no oil or grease it cannot clog the pores of ordinary creams do. "Facial Youth" is also recognized as being the finest and most dainty powder base you can use. From chemists and stores: 1/3, 1/6 and (over) 2/6. Or if you have any difficulty, write Mrs. Kathleen Court, Shell House, Carrington St., Sydney.

Kathleen Court

Supreme aids to LOVELINESS

Kathleen Court's Golden-Youth "Facial Youth" Face Powder, new shades and containing peach tones, to give your skin the final lovely petal smooth touch.

"SO YOU TOO FEEL FIT!"

"Of course . . . and after all those years of suffering and agony it took only three weeks' treatment with Warner's Safe Cure . . . Well, that's the kind of result which this remedy has enjoyed for over 60 years. Warner's Safe Cure must be good—it would not otherwise have stood the test of time. Rheumatism, backache, lumbago and indigestion each can be relieved by Warner's Safe Cure. By stimulating the kidneys and liver to activity Warner's Safe Cure helps these organs to properly perform their natural functions and free the blood from waste poisons which really cause so many of the regular diseases."

Mr. Kempton, Selby, Vic., writes: "In 1899 I wrote you that eight years previously I was seriously ill with kidney colic and with the aid of two bottles of Safe Cure and a pint of Safe Pills I was restored to perfect health. I now wish to tell you that I have had no return of that distressing malady since. Very occasionally I use the Safe Cure as a tonic for the liver, which keeps me fit, and I always recommend it to anyone complaining of kidney trouble. My age is 70 years, which speaks volumes."

This and thousands of other letters from grateful patients prove that this remedy does do a job for humanity; it does make sick people well, and you, too, have this opportunity of being classed as a healthy man."

Warner's Safe Cure is sold by leading chemists and stockkeepers. Large bottles 5/- and 2/6 in Concentrated Form. These small bottles are really economical, the required dose being so much less. Take Warner's Safe Pills for Constipation—1/- per bottle. Write for a free booklet to H. B. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne."

michel

The King of Lipsticks

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 44

THE King seemed to be in excellent spirits, declaring that the only blot upon his enjoyment was the necessity of twisting his head over his shoulder every time he was desirous of looking at Jane.

The indulging of this desire upon a very rough part of the road nearly resulted in their both being tumbled into the mud, for the King had let the horse hang loosely, and the horse stumbled badly, setting a foot into a deep pit full of water. Jane clutched the King about the middle with a gasp of dismay, but the horse recovered his footing, and the danger was past. Releasing the King, Jane said severely: "Indeed and indeed my mother was in the right of it! What goodly horseman have I to ride before me?"

The King, whose first governor had been the finest horseman of his age, said meekly: "But I was taught horse-manship by my Lord of Newcastle."

"Then I must say that he taught you very ill, sir, or you were a bit pop!"

"He was used to say I could ride horses better than he could himself," pleaded the King. "But being but a lad I was not set up before a lady whose face I most sweetly desired to see."

"Being but a lad, sir, you would not heartily have despised it," returned Jane.

"Oh no!" said the King. "I do assure you I had always an eye for a pretty face."

"Fe upon you, sir! You must then have been a bad, odious little boy."

"I doubt I was," agreed Charles, his ill-favored urchin, to boot, and he that halted in his speech. My mother James is generally held to be greatly my superior, being fair to look upon, very graceful in his bearing, and with plenty to say for himself."

She smiled. "And you, sir?"

"Oh, I sit munched, and devour good mutton when I should be parsing of French kickshaws. I can tell you, they would give you no good

account of me at my cousin Louis' Court. In particular, la Grande Mademoiselle looks upon me with disgust, thinking me a great boor."

Jane's face became troubled. She asked: "What will you do when you come safe to France, sir?"

"Listen to a homily from my good Chancellor," replied the King flippantly. "Lassels, at the next inn we come to we will alight and take some refreshment."

No one betrayed the least interest in him at the inn which he presently chose to honor with his patronage. His conversations with the butler at Long Marston had informed him that a gentleman's groom, travelling with his master, was generally a pert, swaggering fellow, and this role he enacted with such zest that his anxious companions' hearts seemed several times to miss a beat. When they expostulated, he was quite impenitent, and, indeed, conducted himself with so much assurance at the Crown at Cirencester, where they arrived at dusk, that they began to think that their fears for him were wasted.

As at Long Marston, a truckle-bed was set up in Lassels' bedroom. Both he and the King passed an undisturbed night, and, setting out again upon the last stage of the journey at an early hour, they reached the outskirts of Bristol in the late afternoon.

Neither Jane nor Lassels was familiar with Bristol, and the King, who had blithely engaged to lead them safely through it, found it so much enlarged since his sojourn there some years previously that he soon confessed himself to be at a loss to find the way. The circumstance of the town's being extremely disaffected, the castle being held by a strong Parliamentary garrison, made both Jane and Lassels nervous of lingering in it. The streets were full of people, and a great many redcoats were to be seen.

"Alas!" said the King, "I did like this town very well, as I remember. How all is changed! It is become

very fine and large. I think I may certainly find a vessel here to carry me to France."

"Ay, or a strong guard to carry you to London, sir!" retorted Lassels.

"What you mean is a tumbrel," said the King.

"No, I do not, sir," replied Lassels, missing the laugh in the King's voice.

Jane laid her hand on his arm. "Dear sir, I am afraid," she said. "They will haply kill me if they find you out."

This gentle reminder made the King say remorsefully: "Why, what a careless knave I am! Lassels, have done with this junketing about the town, and inquire the way to Abbotleigh!"

This being done, they were soon out of the town, descending the precipitous hill to the river again, which ran through a magnificent limestone gorge. The road wound sharply up to Leigh Down upon the south side of the Avon, and by the time the travellers arrived at Abbotleigh it was nearly dusk.

The house, which was a large, rambling building erected in a previous age, and much added to, commanded wide views, and had before it a bowling-green, upon which some men were finishing a game. A number of spectators were gathered round, greatly to Jane's discomfiture, but since there was no other way of approaching the house she was obliged to acquiesce in the King's decision to go boldly on.

ACCORDINGLY,

they rode forward at a gentle pace. The men by the green were too much interested in the game to bestow more than a few casual glances upon them, and Jane's heart had just resumed its normal beat when the King gave a sudden exclamation under his breath, and pulled his hat low over his brow.

"What is it, sir?" Jane whispered. "Do you see that fat fellow sitting upon the rails? He is Dr. Gorges, who was one of my chaplains."

Her hands gripped the skirts of his coat. "Sir, what shall we do? Is it safe to disclose yourself to him? Is he honest?"

"He may be honest, but there was never a fool that blabbed more," said the King. "Ride on the other side of me, Lassels, that he may not catch any glimpse of this accursed face of mine."

They had arrived by this time, skirting the bowling-green, at the house. Lassels at once dismounted, and lifted Jane down from the pillion; and the King, without losing any time, led the horses away to the stables.

Scarcely had he departed, when Mrs. Norton, a pretty young woman, came out with her husband to welcome her guests. She clasped Jane in her arms, kissing her repeatedly, and besieging her with affectionate questions, while her husband took Lassels in charge.

It was some time before any opportunity offered of mentioning Will Jackson and his tertian ague, for Mrs. Norton, besides being very chatty, was so hospitable that she set the whole household in a bustle, fetching refreshments for the travellers, removing their cloaks, and running to be sure that their rooms were in readiness for them.

"You dear, dear thing!" she cried, clasping both Jane's hands in hers, and beaming upon her. "The comfort it is to have you with me! How kind it was of Madam Lane to spare you! Oh, and to send me that cordial. I have been so low, you would scarcely credit it! And then that tiresome Dr. Gorges—not that I mean to complain, for indeed he is perfectly amiable, but for ever talking till my head is like to split."

"Dr. Gorges?" Jane repeated, feeling a little chill in the pit of her stomach. "Is he staying in the house, Nell?"

"Oh, yes! And a worthy good man, that was a cleric, only now, you understand, he dare not own to it, but has taken up the study of phyls. But he leaves us tomorrow, for which I am so thankful!"

George Norton, a sensible-looking man, as quiet as his wife was vivacious, overheard these words, and broke off in the middle of asking Lassels what route he had come by, to say with a reproving smile,

Please turn to Page 46

HORDERN BROTHERS



You can look as lovely as she does

It's true. Every woman has undreamed-of beauty. Let us develop YOUR best points! Clever hands will dress your hair to suit your face—cutting, tinting, achieving soft and natural-looking waves by a new method of machineless permanent waving. Miss Oldfield, Innova specialist, gives rejuvenating facials, advice on skin care and make-up. Manicures and skilled Chiropody for tired feet. Pay a visit soon to the Beauty Salon on Third Floor!



M6701 for appointment.
Beauty Salon,
3rd Floor.

BON MARCHE

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR ANY FAMILY TO GIVE MOTHER

Just 10/- deposit and 2/6 weekly

and TRADE-IN that OLD machine as part payment for a brand new

"Barkly" Sewing Machine



The "Barkly" carries our written guarantee

We pay freight to your nearest Port or Railway Station in N.S.W.

The "Barkly" is a silent running, perfect working, easy to treadle Sewing Machine, fitted in handsomely designed oak veneered cabinet and featuring all the latest and advanced fittings and devices a machine can have—sews backwards and forwards, has larger disc wheel which means less treading, automatic bobbin winder, simplified tension, and drop-feed lever on race for darning and embroidery. Complete with set of useful attachments.

CASH PRICE £18'18'-

Purchase the Easy Way

10/- DEPOSIT 2/6 WEEKLY

BON MARCHE LTD., No. 1 BROADWAY, SYDNEY

Buy this Bundle of
TOWELS
DIRECT from the MILLS
at Wholesale Prices
and as a Cash Discount
we offer a
**BEAUTIFUL BEDSPREAD
FREE**



**20 SUPER QUALITY
TOWELS FOR 28/-,
POST FREE**

This Bundle Contains:
4 Super Quality 50 x 22 Coloured Jacquard Towels, 2 Blue and 2 Red in each Bundle.
4 Cottage Weave Hard Wearing White Cotton Towels, will last for years.
2 Semi Jacquard Fancy Terry Bright-coloured Towels, 48 x 24.
1 Extra large Multi-coloured Beach Towel. Real smart colourings.
2 Medium white soft and absorbent Face or Hand Towels.
4 Bright-coloured Jacquard Pattern Thick Face Towels, latest colourings.
2 Thick and absorbent Genuine White red-bordered Admiralty Towels, 48 x 24.
And the BEAUTIFUL silk Brocaded Bedspread in Shades of Blue, Green, Pink, Rose or Ivory to match your Room.

**20 SUPER QUALITY
TOWELS FOR 28/-,
POST FREE**

Sydney Wholesale Linen Co.
78 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

EXTRA SPECIALS

IDEAL XMAS GIFTS

Pure Linen SUPPER SETS, 36 x 50 Cloth, with six Serviettes to match. White Draw thread and beautifully embroidered in Green and Blue. Every Set Guaranteed Perfect. WORTH 21/- SET. NOW SPECIALLY PRICED AT 10/6 SET.

Chinese hand-worked Supper Sets. Beautiful Hand Made Linen Work on pure Linen. Cloth size 48 x 46, with 6 Serviettes to match. WORTH 12/6 SET. NOW SPECIALLY PRICED AT 6/11 SET.

The very latest in Silk Table Covers. Neat colourings and most fashionable floral designs. Size 56 x 96. WORTH 3/11 each. NOW SPECIALLY PRICED AT 2/6 each.

Sydney Wholesale Linen Co.
78 YORK STREET, SYDNEY

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

"ELEANOR, for shame! You must know, Jane, that the good doctor is a distant relative of hers, and very welcome in this house."

"Well, and said I not he was a worthy, good man?" protested Mrs. Norton. "But while I have my dearest Jane I want no other company. I should have warned you, dear heart, that George so loves to entertain our acquaintance that the house is for ever full of visitors. Oh, yes, indeed! I never have the least notion how many will sit down to dinner with us: it is quite abominable."

Mr. Norton, who had reddened a trifle, was spared further embarrassment by the butler's coming in with the refreshments he had been bidden to bring to the parlor. Mrs. Norton at once became busy pressing canary upon Jane, and urging Lassels to tell her without hesitation if he would prefer a glass of sack.

"Pope will get it for you on the instant!" she assured him. "If there is aught you wish for at any time you have but to tell Pope."

"Indeed you are very good, madam, but there is nothing really nothing!" said Lassels, quite oppressed by her hospitality.

Jane set down her glass of canary, and said in as natural a voice as she could: "Oh, Nell, there is only one trifling matter which I had well-nigh forgot! The serving-man who came with me is suffering from a tertian ague, and I am very wishful to see him housed as comfortably as may be. He is a tenant of ours, an honest man whom my brother thinks very well of, and he is not quite used to sleeping in the common dormitory, besides being sickly."

"Poor man!" exclaimed Mrs. Norton. "Pope shall see to it that he is put into a bedchamber, and I will send my waiting woman—you remember Margaret Rider, I'll be bound, Jane!—and she will have a very good care to him, I promise you."

"Oh, no need for that, madam!" said Lassels hastily. "The fellow can sleep upon a pallet in my room. Do not put yourself out, I beg of you!"

She began to protest that he should not be put into the same room with a sick man, but Jane at once intervened, saying with a smile: "Dear Nell, you are quite out; my kinsman will not own it, but ill or well he must always have his servant within call. He will not thank you for putting William in a room apart."

"Well!" said Mrs. Norton. "It is very odd of him, but it shall be just as he pleases. Pope will see to it, and this William of yours shall have a good bed in his chamber."

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 45

"Yes, mistress," said the butler. "And will your honor take a glass of sack, or the canary?"

"Yes—I mean, no! I'll take canary!" Lassels replied, wondering what his Royal master was doing, and what hope there was of his escaping detection in a house that seemed, by all accounts, to be teeming with casual visitors.

Jane's cool voice recalled his wandering wits. She had drawn off his host's attention by asking him some question about his estate. Lassels forced himself to drink his wine, and to attend to Mrs. Norton's rippling and inconsequent chatter; but when, after what seemed hours, it was suggested that the travellers might like to be taken to their bed-chambers, the alacrity with which

lax eyes at him in surprise. "What disaster has befallen us?"

"Oh, none, sir, none!" Lassels assured him. "But that woman said you were forepart, and it put me in mind of the hardships your Majesty has undergone, and the way I have never given them a thought, but let you spend all day in the saddle, as though you were not indeed ill, as she says you are!"

The King, who had listened to this tumbled speech with his brows lifted, broke in on it, saying in a tone of considerable amusement: "What the devil ails you, man? I promise you, I was never better in my life! Even my feet are in a fair way to healing, so what is all this pother about?"

Despite his reassurances, Lassels could not be at ease, and although he was obliged to leave the King presently to go down to supper, his mind persisted in flitting back to him, and so many horrid possibilities presented themselves to his imagination that he had several times to pull out his handkerchief and wipe the starting beads of sweat from his brow. His hostess, observing this, feared that the log-fire discommoded him, and begged him to change his place at the table.

Jane, who was seated beside George Norton, and had Dr. Gorges opposite to her, was herself a little troubled to know how to convey a good supper to the King. She guessed that in such a large, haphazard household the meats that would ordinarily be carried up to a sick serving-man would by no means suit the King's appetite, and when a bowl of broth was brought to the table she desired the butler, in a low voice, to bring her a little dish that she might fill it for William.

He did so, and she ladled some broth into it, and gave it back to him, saying: "Please to have it carried up to William, and tell him he shall have some meat presently."

She had thought Dr. Gorges' attention to have been fixed upon his host, but no sooner had Pope taken the dish from her than the worthy cleric turned his inquisitive gaze upon her, and demanded: "Is that for your servant, the same whom I am told is suffering from the tertian ague?"

"Yes, sir," Jane replied tranquilly. "Well, it is a fortunate thing you have chanced upon me, Mistress Lane!" said the doctor, with a consequent little laugh. "You must know that I have a considerable knowledge of physic, and I shall be very happy to do what I can for your servant."

"I thank you, sir, but we believe William's sickness to be mending."

"The more reason to have a care to him. These fevers are not generally understood, and much harm may result from them. Now, tell me: how long has the ague been gone?"

"A full two weeks," sir," replied Jane.

"Two weeks? Ay, very good, very good."

LASSELS, who had been listening in an agony to this interchange, tried at this point to engage Dr. Gorges' attention, but without success. The doctor continued throughout the meal to ply Jane with questions and to describe the various methods used in treating such disorders. She answered him to the best of her ability, but was very thankful when supper was at last over and Eleanor Norton bore her off for a cosy chat with her in the winter-parlor.

Several gentlemen from the neighborhood had sat down to supper at Abbotsleigh, and when the two ladies went away together the conversation soon came round to sport. Mr. Norton desired the opinion of one of his friends on a fowling-piece which he had just purchased, and most of the men, including Lassels, went off with him to inspect it. Happily for what little peace of mind was left to Lassels, he did not observe Dr. Gorges presently withdraw from the group.

The doctor, who was no sportsman, was still considering the case of William Jackson, and had decided to see the sick man with his own eyes, and, if necessary, to prescribe for him. A waiting-man readily directed him to Lassels' bed-chamber, and up went the doctor, puffing a little as he mounted the stairs.

To be continued

The answer is—

- 1.—Bohemia.
- 2.—A shorthand writer.
- 3.—The Southern Cross (taking in the five stars of its group) and one star to represent the States of the Commonwealth.
- 4.—Arranges the ballet.
- 5.—South Australia.
- 6.—Bell.
- 7.—Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- 8.—Sticky.
- 9.—Base of your thumb.
- 10.—Norfolk.

Questions on Page 36.

he jumped up from his chair was marked enough to make Jane frown upon him.

Mrs. Norton herself led the way up a flight of graceful stairs. The sight of an elderly woman in a plain stuff gown and a mob-cap, crossing the landing at the head of the stairs, made her remember her friend's serving-man, and she called out: "Margaret, Margaret, here is Mistress Jane Lane! And how is that poor man? You must have a care to him, for Mistress Jane is not to want for a groom, you know."

Margaret Rider, dropping curtsies, replied that 'deed she would make the poor fellow a carduus-posset, for he was feeling mighty awful, and looking for all the world like a ghostie, so pale he was, which anyone could see, for all his tan.

This suggestion quite alarmed Lassels, and he entered the bed-chamber with such an anxious expression on his face that Charles, who was stretched on a cupboard-bed against the wall, with his hands linked behind his head, opened his

"FUSS-POT" PHIL

PHIL'S MOTHER WAS WORRIED OVER HIM. HE WAS A REGULAR FUSS-POT, HIGHLY STRUNG AND NERVOUS.



When children just pick at their food, look pale and get nervous, then it's time they had their Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings back the appetite and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children adore the flavour of Horlicks, specially when it's made with a Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Big economy size, 2/9. Special pack containing mixer, measuring spoon and half pound tin, only 2/-.

HORLICKS

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

Save money!

MIX YOUR OWN
VERM-X

Buy a bottle of Verm-X Concentrated Insect Exterminator and mix with Kerosene. The result is Verm-X Spray—the same efficient product supplied to you as Verm-X ready mixed, but you get more for your money. Non-poisonous, and guaranteed not to stain.

Size to make
1 pint—1/6.

VERM-X CONCENTRATED INSECT EXTERMINATOR

Kills insects cheaper

Happy Baby—
happy mother!



Teething time has no anxieties for the mother who keeps Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS always at hand. These powders are cooling, comforting and promote regular easy motions. And they are absolutely SAFE.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for Free Sample to
PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD.
P.O. Box 34, North Sydney, N.S.W.

RELIEVE IRRITATING BITES

Soothe away the tormenting itch of bites and reduce the ugly swelling with soothing Rexona Ointment. If the bite has been scratched, Rexona's special medications will prevent infection and quickly heal the broken skin.

Keep your skin always healthy and free from blemishes by washing it only with Rexona Soap, which contains the same healing medications as Rexona Ointment.



Mandrake the Magician

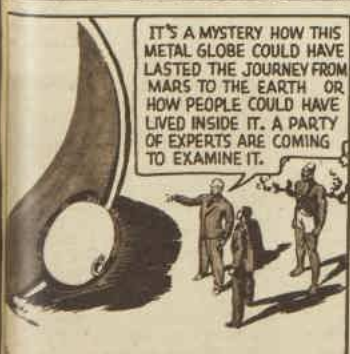


MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has returned to America, where they meet

MR. ROCKS: A millionaire who takes them to his home. While they are talking there is a loud noise and a flare of lights, and a huge metal globe comes to rest on the lawn. They cannot open it, and after

THE STORY SO FAR:

PROFESSOR HUBERT has declared it to be hollow. Lothar forces the door, and out steps a **TALL STRANGER** wearing a barbaric dress. He is followed by a **BEAUTIFUL WOMAN** in a glittering costume. From a sketch made by Mandrake it becomes obvious that the mysterious couple are from the planet Mars. **NOW READ ON.**



Real Life Stories

Forced landing in rough sea

Leaking plane almost missed by nearby ship

MANY Australians will remember the Cutty Sark, which was a popular plane for passenger flights, but I recollect one flight I had in her which was far from pleasurable.

In June about six years ago, my husband was employed as pilot of the Cutty Sark in Melbourne, and was sent on an aerial search for a missing tanker.

I went with him as observer.

At the town of Sale we picked up two passengers, and from there we flew to Gabo Island and then back to Mallacoota Inlet for fuel.

It was pouring with rain, and the sea was extremely rough.

As we flew out to sea again, I noted a ship similar to the missing tanker. I signalled to my husband and we flew above the vessel, but found it was not the one we sought.

Just then, one of the engines of the plane stopped owing to the petrol lead breaking. When the second engine failed we were forced to land on the water.

The ship was steaming away and did not notice our plight.

Waves were hitting the wing of the Cutty Sark and breaking over our heads, and the plane was leak-



"IT WAS almost an hour before our signals were seen. A boat was lowered and sent across to take us off the plane which was leaking badly. . . ."

ing badly, so we were in grave danger.

We tried and tried to attract the attention of the ship's crew, and we waved and called for almost an hour.

It seemed as if we were going to be left to drown, but one more frantic effort by my husband was suc-

cessful, and the ship turned back towards us.

A boat was lowered and took us off, two at a time.

I broke my thumb getting into the boat from the plane, and after a rough row for ten minutes had to climb a Jacob's ladder onto the ship. One minute the waves would lift the boat above the ladder, and the next minute it would be out of arm's reach.

Eventually we were hauled safely on board, and plane and all were taken home to Melbourne.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. G. Jenkins, Flat 2, 70 Barkly St., St. Kilda S2, Vic.

Short and Snappy

TRIAL BALANCE!

A FRIEND of mine thought he would interest his wife in keeping a check on the family budget.

He gave her £10 and a small notebook, telling her to enter what she received on one side and what she spent on the other.

A fortnight later he found the entry, "Received from Bill, £10," and facing it the announcement, "Spent it all!"

10/6 to David McGinty, Spring St., North Curl Curl, N.S.W.

MOUSE TRAPPED!

I HAD soaked the washing in the laundry overnight. Next morning, after taking the plug out, I wondered why the water was not running away.

I put in my hand and squeezed what I thought was a small handkerchief caught in the plug hole.

Imagine my horror and amazement when I found that I had been squeezing a mouse!

2/6 to Mrs. J. Cosgrave, Tarlington Grove, East Coburg, Vic.

THE LAST LAUGH

THERE had been a heavy storm at night, and when Dad looked out in the morning he saw, as he thought, that the next-door roof had been blown off.

While sympathising with the owner the latter started to laugh. He had good cause, too.

It was our roof that had been blown off. It was lying across the roof next door.

2/6 to Shirley Tucker, Beach St., Coogee, N.S.W.

CURIOUS CRABS

AFTER a crabbing expedition, I arrived home about 10 p.m., with ten large crabs, which I put in a tub in the kitchen.

Later that night I was awakened by my mother crying out that there was a burglar in her room.

Seizing a cricket bat as the nearest weapon I dashed in to her help, to find that the "burglar" was actually five of my crabs which had escaped from the tub and were scuttling around under her bed.

The other five were found in various rooms of the house.

2/6 to H. Kruck, Mt. Isa, Qld.

"GONE NATIVE"

HOW is this for outback ingenuity?

A station manager in Western Victoria was out on the run some ten miles from the homestead when a heavy thunderstorm broke.

Not wishing to undergo the ordeal of a most unpleasant ride home saturated, he took off all his clothes, stuffed them in a hollow log, and stood in the deluge until it was over.

Drying on a pocket handkerchief, he calmly donned a complete set of dry clothes and went home.

2/6 to L. G. Marsh, Milton Hill, Moree, via Coleraine, Vic.

ON THE PIG'S BACK

WHILE loading pigs, an old sow broke away and Dad set off after her. But as he bent down to pick up a stick the animal turned and ran him down.

Spinning sideways, he landed flat on the pig's back, and was carried along for about ten yards before he tumbled off.

"Well," said Dad, when he recovered, "I'm home on the pig's back at last."

2/6 to Lionel Cary, Cullivel, via Urana, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

GRACIE FIELDS

famous star of screen and stage says:

"Potter & Moore's Mitcham Lavender is my favourite perfume. Its refreshing fragrance is beyond compare and lingers long after other perfumes have lost their first appeal. Just buy a bottle—you'll find it one of Life's Little Luxuries."

Lingering Loveliness

IN GIFTS OF ORIGINAL MITCHAM LAVENDER

The most fragrant lavender in the world comes from the little old English village of Mitcham in Surrey . . . and only Potter and Moore give you this original Mitcham variety! For two hundred years women have delighted in its delicate sweetness, its lingering loveliness. This Christmas, give her the gift she'll appreciate for months to come—Potter and Moore's Original Mitcham Lavender, or a Mitcham Lavender perfumed Gift Set. You can get them at stores and chemists everywhere.



L 44A: Original Mitcham Lavender in a smart, gold screw top bottle. In gift box, priced at 3/6. Others 1/3, 2/3, 4/6, 9/6, 12/6.

L 503: Original Mitcham Lavender Liquid Bath Salts, an exclusive Potter and Moore creation in an attractive presentation carton. Price 5/-, Other sizes 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 17/6.



No. 138: This delightful Gift Set contains Complexion Soap, de-luxe Talcum Powder and original Mitcham Lavender. Price, 8/-. .



No. 13: This welcome Gift Set contains Original Mitcham Lavender and Complexion Soap. Price 2/6. Other Gift Sets priced at 4/-, 6/6, 10/6, to 25/6.

L 101A: Complexion Soap perfumed fragrantly with Mitcham Lavender. Price 2/6 and 3/6-box of 3 tablets.

POTTER & MOORE

LONDON

THIS YEAR GIVE BRITISH!

NEW! this wonderful Copha CREAM-MAKER

to bring to *YOUR* home

LUXURY MEALS AT TRIFLING COST

HOUSEWIVES are wildly enthusiastic over this marvellous new machine! Imagine—right in your own home you can make the most tempting, rich Copha cream from Copha and milk... And so economically—a whole pint of rich, luscious Copha cream for a very few pence! Every home should have a Copha Cream-Maker. It's the cleverest and most essential household invention since the mincing machine!



How to
use the
Copha Cream-Maker

Give one for **CHRISTMAS**
... for **BIRTHDAYS**
... for **KITCHEN TEAS**
A really useful gift!

COPHA CREAM-MAKER

Folder of instructions and
COPHA CREAM RECIPES and
Magnificent Recipe Book—FREE!

5/-
THE LOT!

This wonderful invention couldn't possibly be sold in Australia in the ordinary way for this bargain price. But through this generous Copha offer you can get it for 5/-—together with a Folder containing instructions for use and many delicious Copha Cream recipes, and the exciting new Copha Recipe Book.

How to get your Copha Cream-Maker

Go along to the LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY, OR LINTAS GIFT DEPOT, CARRINGTON CHAMBERS, WATT STREET, NEWCASTLE, and for 5/- you will receive your Copha Cream-Maker, together with a wonderful new recipe book and instructional folder. If you cannot call or send someone for your Copha Cream-Maker, fill in the coupon below, enclose postal note for 5/6 (the extra 6d. for postage and packing) to: EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD., BOX 2635 EE, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Please forward me a Copha Cream-Maker, together with the true recipe book and folder. I enclose a postal note for 5/6 (5/- for the machine and 6d. to cover cost of packing and freight).

Name (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address



A brand-new Copha Recipe Book—better than ever—given away with every Copha Cream-Maker! Chockful of the most delicious, mouth-watering recipes—the most original recipes you've ever met!

IMPORTANT ONLY COPHA MAKES THIS
WONDERFUL SAVING POSSIBLE

To make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of rich, tempting Copha Cream you need only $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Copha and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk. Warm them together in a saucepan till the Copha is melted. Cool the mixture and beat with a fork to mix the Copha and milk well together. Now pour it into your machine and pump it through steadily with quick, firm strokes, raising the handle as high as possible. Copha Cream comes through beautifully thick and rich. It is so simple a child can make it!

The Copha Cream-Maker is made of strong, long-wearing aluminium with bright metal fittings. All working parts are stainless. It is easy to work and clean. Get your Copha Cream-Maker right away!

GIVE YOUR KIDDIES PLENTY OF COPHA CREAM.

What a treat for kiddies to have rich, nourishing Copha cream for meals every day. You'd never have any trouble getting them to eat their meals, then! Copha Cream is rich in nourishing oils and vitamins needful to growing children.

Make Thick or Thin COPHA CREAM with this wonder- ful New Machine

THICK To serve with baked apples, for cakes, to fill chocolate eclairs. (Make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of thick Copha cream with 2 ozs. Copha and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk).

THIN To serve with strawberries, porridge and stewed fruit. (Make thin Copha cream with 2 ozs. of Copha and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk).

A teaspoonful of thin Copha cream makes a plate of soup more nourishing and more delicious.

Rich, tasty Mayonnaise made from COPHA THICK CREAM

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Copha, 1 teaspoonful Mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Vinegar (3 ozs.), 2 tablespoonful Condensed Milk, 2 Egg Yolks, 1 teaspoonful Salt. Mix mustard to thin paste with a little vinegar, add yolks, condensed milk, sugar, salt and remainder of vinegar, and mix well. Now add Copha (melted) and beat with a fork or whisk. Allow to cool to blood heat, then pump the mixture through the machine exactly as for Copha cream-making. Serve with cold salmon, lobster or potato salad.

NOTE! If unweetened condensed milk is used, add a dessertspoonful of sugar.



SYDNEY CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

Forbes Street, Darlinghurst,
GREENWICH
AND
MOSS VALE.

Day and Boarding Schools for Girls of all ages, from Sub-Primary to Leaving Certificate honours. The schools are ideally situated, excellent cuisine, qualified mistresses, good examination results.

The school at Greenwich is situated in about 19 acres of bushland gardens on the North Shore Lane, with beautiful harbour views, within 10 minutes of Sydney.

The school at Moss Vale is in 385 acres, with special facilities for hockey, tennis, and riding. The climate is ideal.

Apply to
HEADMISTRESSES AT SCHOOLS.



MRS. SABIN, president of the Manly branch of the Happiness Club, investigating a case at Manly, where the branch is supplying timber to rebuild this shack.



THE NEW

Peter Pan

REGD.

SWIM SUITS

All eyes will be on you when you appear in one of these wonderful, new swim suits. Fashioned in a revolutionary new elastic material, the "Everyone" moulds your figure, makes you look your best. The "Everyone" Swim Suit is different from ordinary bathing suits because water does not make it stretch or gape under the arms and across the top, and the legs don't ride up when it's dry. In a wide range of exceptionally attractive colours. Insist on a figure-fitting "Peter Pan."

"Everyone A"	14/11
"Everyone B"	21/-
"Everyone" — Oversize	29/11

Made by: R. & W. H. SYMINGTON & CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Roslyn Street, West Melbourne

P.P. 2-36-39

THIS CLUB BRINGS REAL HAPPINESS... wherever it goes

Organised for the average suburban woman, the 2GB Happiness Club now has 17,000 members, and has distributed more than £30,000 to charity.

The growth and influence of the Club is one of the romances of radio.

SOME years ago Mrs. W. J. Stelzer, who was in charge of a women's radio session at 2GB, decided to form a small club of women listeners.

Members entertain old-age pensioners and visit people who are lonely and ill in hospitals and homes, taking with them small gifts that are always a welcome reminder that the patients are not forgotten.

For the coming Christmas, each of the fifty branches of the club is collecting groceries and toys, to be made into bundles for distribution in various districts.

Each branch also will have a children's Christmas tree and party.

Immediately Mrs. Stelzer heard of the fire which destroyed Private Walteshule's home at Terry Hills last week and left the soldier's family homeless and penniless, she requested the Chatswood branch to investigate the case.

Within an hour, a member visited the family. She made a report to the branch which organised a dance.



MRS. STELZER

the building of a maternity division at the Manly District Hospital.

Other hospitals have been provided with clocks and equipment. Nurses' quarters have been furnished and waiting rooms redecorated.

Gifted with imagination, rare organising ability and unending energy, Mrs. Stelzer commands the unquestioning loyalty of the enormous club membership.

She recently won the Table Setting Contest for the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, when in three hundred votes she received £156 for the funds.

For the Lord Mayor's Patriotic Appeal Day, Happiness Club members arranged six stalls in Martin Place, and provided hundreds of collectors in the city and suburbs.

Mrs. Stelzer's ambition is to make the club a nation-wide movement, so that the average women of every city and town in Australia may have the opportunity to meet together in the work of helping others.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day
from
4.30 to 5
p.m.

WEDNESDAY, December 6.
—Special Session—"Roaming the Wide-Range."

THURSDAY, December 7.—
June Marsden—Astrology for Children. Special Advice about Suitable Careers.

FRIDAY, December 8.—
June Marsden—General Astrology.

SATURDAY, December 9.—
Music in the News.

SUNDAY, December 10.—
June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars. Astrology for Business Folk — "Commercialise your special brand of personality." (Sixth Talk.)

MONDAY, December 11.—
The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, December 12.—
June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

the proceeds of which were to help the homeless family.

ONE unusual activity among club members is the effort to obtain an invalid chair and crutches for every branch. These are lent to people who cannot afford to buy them, when they are convalescing from an illness or accident.

Many people who have lost a limb have been helped by the Happiness Club, which has provided them with artificial limbs.

The aim of the club is to prove the old saying: "It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing because you can do only a little."

In the last financial year, the balance sheet showed that £5711 had been sent to charities during the year.

In the St. George District Hospital, seven beds are maintained by the local branch.

£400 has been contributed towards

ROBOLEINE
will
Banish
Nerves
and that
Depressed Feeling

If you are run down, nervy and depressed it is a sure sign that worry and overwork are taking toll of your vitality and strength. Start now to revitalize the weakened nerves and tissues—for which purpose there is nothing so good as Roboleine. Get a jar of this wonderful restorative—it will prove the best health investment you have ever made. Even after a few doses the appetite improves, the nerves are braced, worry and depression vanish, and soon speedily return to normal health and vigour is assured. Recommended by doctors for over 10 years in anaemia, debility, rickets and malnutrition. In convalescence after influenza, measles, whooping cough, etc., it is the best preparation made for young and old.

Made in England
In 6oz., 12oz. and 36oz. glass jars.

ROBOLEINE

THE BODY BUILDER AND
"REVITALISING TONIC"

SAMPLE COUPON

Multi & Neil Pty. Ltd., 475 Kent Street,
Sydney, or Southern Cross Disp.,
only St. Aust. N.Z. 1 coupon to
in stamps for sample of Roboleine

Name _____
Address _____

WV14

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

EG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, and troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the weary becomes steady, rheumatism simply melts away and the whole system is relaxed and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? The question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see the box below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, 151 Hill Street, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Elasto booklet. Or better still, get a copy of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Does He approve?



Tangee gives natural, alluring beauty to lips

It's easy to make your lips reflect their natural loveliness. Tangee touches and holds a beauty that men admire. For Tangee can't give a painted look; it isn't paint. Orange at the stick, it changes on your lips to bluish rose, the shade most becoming to you. Its special cream keeps soothed and protects.

Try Tangee today. Then watch the glances of approval.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
Agents, Turners, Melbourne & Sydney.



She Cut Her Teeth

"Thanks to Steedman's," writes a mother. "During teething keep baby's stomach cool and habits regular by Steedman's Powders—mother's friend for over 100 years. The safe food for children up to 14 years."

STEEDMAN'S POWDERS
FOR CONSTIPATION
Steedman & Co., Waverley Rd., London, Eng.

Women Also Serve

Organises women's section for naval service



MRS. J. L. SELWOOD demonstrating lamp for morse code signalling.

Ambulance superintendent conducts many classes

SINCE the September, 1938, crisis, many girls have joined the St. John Ambulance Association, and in the last twelve months Mrs. Ivy Trevaskis, the Lady Divisional Superintendent for the Ashfield Division, Sydney, has conducted twenty-five training classes.

She has completed twenty-nine years' service herself with the association, and recently saw a novel addition to the instruction work. Cookery classes were held at Ashfield, and after eight lectures competitors sat for an examination, and twenty girls received certificates.

At the same time forty girls received their home-nursing and first-aid certificates, after they had been inspected by Dr. McKay, the District Officer.

Mrs. Trevaskis is proud of the war work being done by the girls in her branch, as they have given up their social fund which formerly was used for dances and parties, and have begun a comforts fund for the soldiers.

International Club members' wartime programme

BELIEVING wholeheartedly in international brotherhood, members of the International Club of Victoria have formed themselves into an active branch of the Red Cross Emergency Service.

Women of 29 different nationalities meet in the clubrooms to help fill great Red Cross baskets with socks, pillowcases, rolled bandages, and other necessities. Here Swedes, Russians, Poles, Americans, French, Japanese, Chinese, Italians, Norwegians, Australians and others work side by side for a common object.

They have planned a series of whist, mahjong and bridge parties to raise funds. The club's regular day at home has been converted into a working party, and there is a periodic market stall presided over by Mrs. A. T. Schreuder, mother of the Consul for Norway, and Mrs. Andrew Lyall, an Australian.

Mrs. M. R. McMillan, superintendent of the club, who was the first honorary secretary when Mrs. Herbert Brookes founded it six years ago, and has been the moving spirit of this "little League of Nations" ever since, has the job of combining the new wartime programme with the ordinary activities of the club.

Fortunately, she has much experience gained in the last war to help her. During the years 1914-18 she helped Mrs. Alfred Deakin to run the Anzac Buffet in St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, and she worked so hard for the Limbless Soldiers' Association in the following years that the soldiers presented her with a gold replica of their badge—a great honor for a woman.

Makes home-made food for soldiers

THE pleasant homey smell of hot scones cooking often greets the visitor to the kitchen of the Adelaide Cheer-Up Society, where soldiers are entertained free of cost.

Mrs. Edwin Peake, one of the helpers, makes cakes and scones by the dozen each day.

She stated that the society is staffed by voluntary helpers who wear attractive white linen frocks and pale blue muslin handkerchief caps.

Although the society's rooms in Seaborne Chambers, Pirie Street, were opened only a few weeks ago, many hundreds of soldiers already have been entertained there.

Besides being provided with light refreshments, the men have billiards, table tennis, books, magazines and musical instruments.

In addition to her work with the society, Mrs. Peake is an active member of the Mitcham Red Cross executive.

Emergency work circle formed by Y.W.C.A.

REASONS why the Melbourne Y.W.C.A. has called its war work circle the Emergency Circle are explained by Mrs. Essington Lewis, the organiser.

"We wish to give our work where the need is greatest," she said.

"If there is a request for mosquito nets for soldiers, we can make



MRS. ESSINGTON LEWIS
—Brooklyn.

them, and if the Girl Guides' Association asks for clothes for evacuated children in England, we can produce those, too."

The circle has a room fitted with a sewing machine, and two women are in charge of cutting-out materials, so that people can come to the rooms to sew instead of taking work home.

Completed socks or pyjamas are sent to the Comforts Fund at the Town Hall or the War Service Fund organised by the Returned Soldiers and Returned Army Nurses.

The younger members of the Y.W.C.A. who cannot attend the afternoon sewing circles have formed a branch of their own to work one night each week.

Another night is devoted to first aid lessons, and the girls have their own Red Cross Company with a membership of 144.

If You Are...



...A CAREER GIRL gaily designing to-morrow's styles to-day...



...A HOME BODY happy at the thought of hubby's new success...

Remember—it's GLAZO NAIL POLISH for LONGER WEAR!

If you want one of those marvellous manicures you've been seeing lately, use Glazo Nail Polish, as thousands of women do. It costs only 2/-, yet Glazo gives you perfection.

Glazo flows on your nails evenly, and hardens with gem-like lustre. Glazo is guaranteed to wear longer.

See Glazo's new shades—RIMBA (fuchsia rose), EMERAL (sultan rose), TARA (orchid rose)—and other becoming colours to-day!

Also ask at your chemist or store about NAIL-COTE, used under polish as a foundation, and over polish as a protector. Contains wax. Helps guard nails against breaking.



GLAZO
Polish Wears Longer

SENSATIONAL NEW PERFUME!

ALMOST EVERLASTING... SECRET OF AN EASTERN GARDEN

HERE is a perfume, new to Australia, well-known in England with a compelling, intimate fragrance which is almost everlasting. The source of Rosh-in-Ara's permanence and daring individuality is an Eastern secret known only to the world-famous London perfumiers, Florogen Ltd. Rosh-in-Ara will give you charm, deeper feminine appeal! Women who seek the rare, the beautiful, consider Rosh-in-Ara incomparable.

At all chemists and stores—1/8, 2/9, 3/9 & 5/-. Try a small bottle to-day.

Agents for Australia: Metropolitan Drug Co., Sydney, N.S.W.



ROSH-IN-ARA
BY FLOROGEN LONDON

THE DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Fortune will smile on many Aries on December 10 and 11 (especially the latter). Have constructive plans for advancement ready and be prepared to start things for yourself. Changes, new ventures, or promotion started then can lead to fortune.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): December 12, 13, and 14 (a.m.) just fair.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): December 10 and 11 can be adverse to you. Keep your clever fingers out of mischief, and don't let your right hand know what your left is doing.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Not spectacular, but get important matters well on the way unless they can wait some weeks. December 9 poor.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): This is the time for Lions to roar for what they want. Make the most noise on December 11 (best) or 10. Fortune will smile broadly on many on December 10.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Be like the three wise monkeys—see nothing, hear nothing, and say nothing. This is especially necessary on December 10 and 11.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Quite fair on December 14 (after 3 p.m.), 15, and 16.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): December 9 just fair. Routine week advised.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Sagacious Sagittarians should be up and doing now. Their stars favor them considerably on December 10 and even more so on December 11.

Start new enterprises, as favors, be confident.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 20): Just days; December 12, 13, and 14 (early) fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): December 9 poor, but December 14 (evening), 15, and 16 fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Those attractive feet of yours can lead you into trouble at this time unless you summon wisdom and caution to your aid. Watch for danger signals on December 10 and 11 especially. Avoid all changes then.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

WRITER'S STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Sagittarians should now go after the things they want. The chances are about 70 per cent. in favor of success.

THIS is the time of the year when Sagittarians (people born between November 23 and December 22) should be active, op-

timistic and hard-working. Their stars are strongly placed, and can be turned to good account by those alive to their opportunities.

Already many Sagittarians will have found that their affairs have improved considerably and that matters which seemed impossible of achievement have shed many of their apparent difficulties.

They should always remember that their inborn optimism and gambler's instinct inclines them sometimes to ask almost too much of life and to take too many risks to achieve these desires.

As a result many touch the high spots of life in a big way. Sometimes, however, they overplay their hands and learn what it means to



Yardley GIFTS

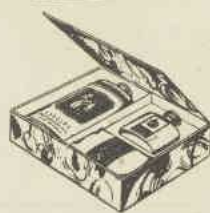
EXCITING TO GIVE AS TO RECEIVE

Many kinds of gifts, arranged to provide the widest choice at prices to suit everyone . . . yet all alike in their distinctive character and the celebrated name of the House that creates them — Yardley of London. Crystal flasks of the inimitable Yardley Lavender Perfume, presentation cases variously combining Soap, Face Powder, Talc . . . Flattering Vanity Cases . . . as well as selections for men-folk. Awaiting your choice at all fine Stores.



YARDLEY LAVENDER—the "lovable fragrance" preferred by the English gentlewoman for all day-time and evening occasions.

3/- to 21/-



GIFT SET that is in perfect taste. Lavender Perfume, Soap and Talc in attractive presentation box. 6/-



GIFT SET—containing Yardley Lavender, Soap, Talcum Powder and Bath Salts. All of the inimitable Yardley quality. 13/6



BOND STREET PERFUME. A regal perfume, expressive of the famous London Street of Fashion that gives it its name.

13/6 to 35/-



GIFT SET FOR A MAN. Yardley Shaving Soap in the unique wooden bowl; Yardley solid Brilliantine, and Talcum Powder. 8/6



GIFT SET. Contains Yardley Lavender Perfume, Face Powder, Lavender Soap—"the luxury soap of the world"; and a distinctive Vanity Case. 17/6



YARDLEY VANITIES. Unusually smart versions of a type of gift that every woman appreciates.

5/6 to 21/-



GIFT SET. Contains Yardley Lavender Perfume; and Soap, Face Powder and Talc in this delightful fragrance. 11/6

YARDLEY OF LONDON

YARDLEY & COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, SYDNEY. And at 33 Old Bond Street, LONDON. NEW YORK—PARIS—TORONTO



Animal Antics

HOT DOGS



"COMPETITION?" I'll say! Everywhere you go these days it's dog eat dog!"

get down to the depths in the matter of disappointment, poverty and depression.

For this reason, they should be careful when "in the money," so that foolish wastage will not occur. Better still, they should put the cash on fixed deposit or invest it in such a way that withdrawal is impossible.

When it comes to marriage, many Sagittarians are inclined to be too impetuous. Normally they are some of the best thinkers and reasoners in the world, but when the emotions are involved they are apt to risk their chances of happiness in preference to waiting and making sure.

As a result, it is often found, after marriage, that they have made a mistake, and the "beloved" finds himself (or herself) relegated to the unsatisfactory position of "friend-husband" or "friend-wife."

Wise Sagittarians will therefore think first, and, when possible, choose mates from their more harmonious signs of the zodiac. These are Aries (March 21 to April 21); Leo (July 23 to August 24); and, to a lesser degree, Libra (September 23 to October 24); Aquarius (January 20 to February 19), and their own birth sign.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blasts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmonious gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 15c

THE HOMEMAKER

December 9, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



DIRECTIONS on the beauty preparations you buy and use almost invariably mean something serious to you.

This is why I wish you would all read and follow directions carefully.

They may look tiresome on the label; the manufacturer would usually adore to leave them off, for various reasons of aesthetics or economy. But on the label they must go, to protect you from disappointment or nuisance or harm.

I wish you'd read and revere them. A cream or lotion label says "pat" or "stroke" in applying to the face, means patting or stroking is safe and effective.

To rub may anger your skin just enough to make the preparation sting or redden it. And then you'll be wary instead of beautiful.

There are good reasons for directions usually. In the length of time a product is to remain on the skin, for example.

In the case of a shampoo rinse, such directions are fearfully pertinent.

If you don't leave the preparation on long enough, the coloring simply won't "take." If you leave it on too long, the coloring may develop too deeply.

In using a depilatory, the time specified is the interval considered necessary for the chemical to dissolve the unwanted hair. In longer time, it may begin to attack the skin, which is of somewhat the same nature as hair. Then you'll get a stinging rash on your skin and an unjustifiably cross at the preparation.

Then directions advise you to wash away or rinse off a preparation,

JUST a little wistful, as if wishing for something very lovely, is June Gale, Fox player. Soft, glistening hair, carefully arranged to flatter the young face, well-groomed eyebrows and lashes and mouth attractively made-up all contribute to the whole appearance of beauty.

I do wish you would. A bleaching preparation, for example, whether on the hair or face, should surely be removed as directed, to stop the bleaching action before it has gone too far.

Some products have the property of taking up moisture from the air (the way table salt does) if left on the skin.

So when directions say "wipe off," you should surely wipe off, or blot, as the case may be, or "use very little and blot with tissues before powdering," as with some powder bases, or else expect a recurrence of moisture some hours later. Moisture that is your own fault, not the product's.

I wish you'd measure quantities in using toilet preparations as thoughtfully as you do in foods.

Follow directions

IN preparing a mouth wash, or any use of an antiseptic, for example, if the directions say "20 drops" or "one tablespoonful," it usually means that some trained and conscientious chemist, after weeks or even years of experimenting, has satisfied himself that this specified quantity of the antiseptic makes a solution that kills germ cells but doesn't harm the living cells of the skin or mucous membranes (as in your mouth and throat).

And then you go and spoil all his patient work by tossing the directions aside and using the preparation by guess. I wish you wouldn't.

By using just the quantity suggested, you can almost always use beauty aids with greater economy to yourself. When labels suggest

you smooth on "a thin layer of face cream," or "a few drops of hand balm," these are usually quantities representing the amount of the cream or balm the skin will take up at one time.

Being twice as generous isn't going to do your skin twice as much good. It's just wasteful.

I wish you'd make a place to keep all your beauty preparations together somewhere. Whether on a bathroom shelf or in a bureau drawer depends on your own rooms and family and living habits.

But all in one place, wherever it is.

Creams and lotions and mascara, tissues and cotton and comb, nail polish, talc powder and all the rest.

I've just done it, in moving to a new abode, and I know how much it contributes to good looks and good temper. It means time, time for a whole face clean-up and make-up. In moments you used to spend just dabbing on powder.

It means poise and composure in getting ready to go out, whereas the confusion of rushing around, spilling things and losing jar caps in rushing from bathroom to cupboard to dressing-table, used to send you out in such a dither you wished you could stay home with a good book.

These wishes may seem to sound more schoolteachery than Christmas. Indeed, I don't mean them to! If I sound stern, it is only because I know that my wishes for your good looks won't come true unless you work at them, so I want to make the work easy and effective.

To wish you . . .

LOVELINESS!

YOUR beauty editor's Christmas greeting . . . And some practical suggestions that will help to bring you nearer to the one thing most women so earnestly desire . . . beauty.

Christmas is open season for wishes. Kindly thoughts and happy wishes fly everywhere on the wings of that general feeling of goodwill towards others that the Christmas season brings.

There are affectionate wishes and formal wishes. Silly wishes and solemn wishes. Passionate wishes and practical wishes . . .

So with all these my wish for you this Christmas—that you may have all the loveliness that you could wish for yourself—may get lost in the shuffle.

So, as a mere wish anyway is not of much practical help, I'm giving some general beauty advice below along lines somewhat different to the usual beauty notes. But you'll really find them helpful.

By JANETTE



"DAMP-SET" This Hair Style

"It must look Soft . . . Natural!"—says Hollywood

"DAMP-SETTING" is the discovery of a famous consultant to New York, London and Paris salons. First Hollywood was quick to discover that "damp-set" coiffures stood up best to the camera's critical eye . . .

FIRST: Run wet comb through hair to damp it.

NEXT: Moisten your brush with a few drops of Velmol and brush evenly through hair.

NOW: Put in waves or curls with fingers and comb. That's all!

Now, Velmol makes it so easy—so simple—that you can "damp-set" your own hair, at home . . . yourself!

. . . A Velmol "damp-set" works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just four minutes—with a few drops of Velmol—you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls—just as you like them best.

Velmol is not sticky—non-greasy—non-powdery. It leaves your hair with a thrilling new beauty of soft, silky, natural sparkle! (Holds a finger-wave for days.)

Yes, definitely, "Damp-setting" with Velmol has come to stay . . . It saves time . . . temper . . . and money, too.

A 2/- bottle lasts for months. Ask for VELMOL at your Chemist or any toilet counter.



MATRON E. WENDELL DE MERRILL, R.N.C.,
Director of the Women's Health Club, 1937

"Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and honey or cream and fresh fruit makes the tastiest breakfast of all. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are delicious — everyone loves them. And although they're light and crisp, they're a nourishing breakfast in themselves."

Made from specially grown white corn, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are far tastier than others. They're bigger, crisper and crunchier. All ready to serve, just pour them straight from packet to plates. Get some Kellogg's Corn Flakes from your grocer right away.



KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES



THE TASTIEST BREAKFAST OF ALL!

Designed for your TROUSSEAU . . .

**NEEDLEWORK
Options . . .**

- The loveliest of lingerie—a three-piece set, including nightgown, slip, and pantees—and easy to make, too.

YOU can obtain the paper patterns for making this beautiful three-piece lingerie set from our Needlework Department. The patterns are cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust, and full instructions for cutting out the garments and making up are given with each pattern.

Prices are:—
Complete set, including nightgown, slip and pantees, 2/6.
Bought separately, patterns are 1/1 each.
Transfer for embroidery 1/- each extra.

The trousseau set is suitable for making in various lingerie silks, chiffon, georgette or voile. Notice the pretty puff sleeves on the nightgown and the attractive cross-over trimming of lace.

Lace edges the garments top and bottom and the little floral motifs at intervals round hems and on worked bodice make the daintiest finish.

When ordering give your bust size and number of paper pattern, WW 2904.



Send to this Address!

Adelaide: Box 2284, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 489F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 1220TY, G.P.O. If calling, 161 Castlereagh Street, or Dallan House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 165, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

FEMININE and lovely, a three-piece lingerie set designed for the trousseau. Paper patterns for making and transfer for embroidery are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

WORK THESE FOR YOUR YULETIDE GIFTS

THIS set of tea-towels, one for each day in the week, would make an ideal gift for a bride-to-be or any housewife.

The towels are obtainable from our Needlework Department, and are traced ready for working on pure linen.

The background color is natural with stripes in green, yellow or blue. Each towel measures 24 by 26 inches, and all have hemstitched hems.

The embroidery should be done

in stem-stitch, which is very simple to do, to match the stripes.

Prices are:

Set of seven towels, 14/3, postage free.

Bought separately, 2/3 each.



HERE'S a complete set of tea-towels, one for each day in the week. They are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on natural linen with colored border stripes, all ready for working with design and name of the day.



THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT ALWAYS "CLICK"

No. 1—

Truly exciting is this folding-style KODAK BULLET for clear, bright pictures, 2 1/2 x 1 1/2 ins. Price 12/6

No. 2—

Smart and seasonable are the SIX-20 BROWNIES, with their modernistic front plates in etched metal. Prices, 14/6, 17/6 19/6

No. 3—

JEFFY KODAK truly carries the seasonable spirit. It's ready for action in a jiffy! Price 28/6

FREE BOOKLET "SUCCESS WITH YOUR PICTURES"

NAME
ADDRESS

Of all Kodak Dealers and

KODAK
(Australia) PTY. LTD.

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH, HOBART, LAUNCESTON, TOOWOOMBA, TOWNSVILLE, ROCKHAMPTON, BALLARAT, NEWCASTLE, CAIRNS.

This Butterfly Duchesse Set is so charming

- And would make such a dainty gift for a girl-friend, especially if worked in colors to match her room.

YOU can obtain this butterfly duchesse set from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green quality Irish linen.

The centre mat measures 12 by 18 inches, and the two smaller mats 9 by 9 inches.

Edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish.

The design is very simple to work. Just do the butterfly in satin-stitch and the lines on the wings in stem-stitch. Edges of the wings are also worked in satin-stitch.

Price of complete set of three pieces is 2/9, postage free.

Stranded cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1 1/2d. a skein.



THIS three-piece butterfly duchesse set can be obtained traced ready for working on white or colored linen.

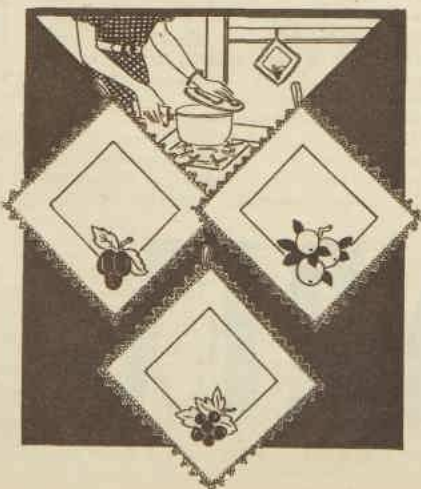
Dainty Pot-Holders

- Traced ready for working and ideal for giving away as Christmas presents to your friends.

YOU will find this pretty set of three pot-holders and bag ever so simple and quick to work, and they would make the nicest of gifts.

The pot-holders are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on cream, blue, or green Cesarine, or on good-quality crash. Edges are spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish. Design should be worked in bright shades.

Price of set of three pot-holders, including bag, 2/3, postage free.





SOMETHING

Pyrextra Special

FOR DINNER TO-NIGHT !



It's simply delicious Cooked in Glass!

FILLET OF VEAL:

1 lb. fillet of veal 2 carrots 4 potatoes
2 tomatoes (halved) 2 turnips capers
parsley

Place veal in casserole dish with dripping. Allow to braise for 15 minutes. Add a little water or stock and roast for one hour. Then add vegetables (sliced); cook for 30 minutes. When ready to serve, garnish with parsley and capers. Sufficient for 4 persons.

The perfect "companion dessert" for Fillet of Veal is the Mulberry Custard illustrated. Fill in coupon below and secure your copy of the Pyrex Recipe book, it contains many delicious recipes . . . dishes which will add new glamour to your table.



BRING YOUR KITCHEN UP-TO-DATE

Have you seen the new Agee Pyrex Oven-to-Table sets? This one (one of several) contains a Round Casserole, Pie Plate, Oblong Pie Dish, Utility Dish, Oval Pie Dish and six Ramekins . . . all in one attractive container. See these new Kitchen Sets (in clear or coloured Pyrex) at your favourite Department or Hardware store: priced for every purse: designed for every home.

Meals Men Like . . . Quickly Prepared . . . Cooked and Served in Flavour-preserving AGEE PYREX

"The way to a man's heart is STILL through well-cooked meals . . . skilfully planned, invitingly served. That is why Agee Pyrex is such a boon to 'the woman who cares.' Pyrex cooking means better flavour, pleasing colour . . . the complete retention of all food values.

What is more, you can serve straight from the hot oven to the table, because Agee Pyrex is table ware as well as oven ware. It is useful, attractive, modern. No pre-

liminary "dishing up" . . . and only one dish to wash instead of two or three.

Remember, too, Agee Pyrex never grows old . . . never loses its original palate-tempting attractiveness. But never forget that successful glass cooking depends as much on the glass as on the recipe. Insist on Agee Pyrex . . . made in Australia . . . and available in alluring pastel shades as well as crystal clear, non-cracking, non-crazing Pyrex Glass.

AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

CLIP THIS COUPON FOR THE AGEE PYREX BOOKLET

Crown Crystal Glass Pty. Ltd.,
Waterloo, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me a copy of the illustrated Pyrex Booklet containing attractive recipes and details of the Agee Pyrex Range.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

W.W. 12, 39



Fine fare for festive entertaining

CHRISTMAS season catering, when visitors drop in for a brief call or guests come to stay awhile and quaff a cup of good cheer, need not be difficult. Cope with the refreshment problem with a buffet spread.

A **BUFFET** spread is the most convenient means of entertaining a number of people without calling in professional caterers. The food should be chosen to ensure plenty of variety.

Choice of dishes will depend on whether you are providing trivial morsels to be taken with cocktails or sherry at a brief 5 to 7 do, or whether your party is a festive Christmas or a New Year one that is likely to last well into the night, no matter when it begins.

Then you need some substantial dishes such as those shown in color photograph above.

For your smaller items and hors-d'oeuvre platters use smoked salmon, anchovies, prawns or oysters on biscuits or thinly-sliced bread. Fill tiny pastry or cream puff shells with savory mixtures either in salad form or in hot sauce.

Stone and stuff prunes with seasoned cream cheese, fill celery grooves with cheese, caviare, or savory spread; roll gherkins in thin slices of ham or liver sausage.

SALMON BITES

Small tin salmon, 1 gill thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt and cayenne to taste, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Strain liquor off salmon and break up with a fork. Mix in cheese,

By MARY FORBES

• Cooking Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

chopped egg, lemon juice, salt and cayenne, and add to white sauce. Stir over heat for 3 minutes and turn on to plate to cool. Take 1 heaped teaspoon of mixture and make into balls, glaze with egg, roll in breadcrumbs, and deep fry till golden brown. Drain well on paper. Place a wooden toothpick in each, serve piled on a dish, and garnish with parsley and lemon.

LOBSTER ROYAL

One lobster, 1 pint mayonnaise sauce, lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, stoned olives, slices hard-boiled eggs, curled celery, a few capers, lemon and parsley.

Cut lobster in halves crosswise, remove meat from lobster's body and stand the top half of the body on the salad dish. Place 2 slices of hard-boiled egg down the front of lobster, and arrange small crisp lettuce leaves over the dish. Mask with thick mayonnaise sauce some large pieces of lobster and fill the leaves. Sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley and garnish with capers, sliced tomatoes and cucumber, stoned olives, rings of hard-boiled eggs, sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon. Serve very cold.

DEVILLED ALMOND CROUTES

Two ounces almonds, 2 gherkins, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1 teaspoon olive oil, 1 chilli, salt and cayenne, small fried croutets of bread.

Blanch and shred almonds and fry light in oil. Cut some of the gherkin and a little of the chilli into small strips. Chop the remainder and add to almonds with the other ingredients. Mix well, heat and heap on the fried croutets of bread. Decorate with gherkins and chilli, and serve on a paper d'oyley.

PLATTER PIQUANTE

Half pound ham, 1 lb. sliced sausage, 1 lettuce, 1 doz. olives, 4 gherkins, 3 radishes, 2 stuffed eggs, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup salad dressing, curled celery, parsley to garnish.

Mix together the diced celery and salad dressing and place in the middle of a large flat plate. Cut ham into small slices and sausage into thin rounds, arrange alternately round edge of plate with stuffed eggs at intervals. Garnish with salad vegetables, placing curled celery in the middle of the dish and olives and gherkins heaped on lettuce leaves.

CRUMBED COCKTAIL SAUSAGES WITH SAUTE MINT POTATOES

One pound cocktail sausages, 1 lb. tiny new potatoes, 1 dessertspoon very finely-chopped mint, egg-glazing, fine soft breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Place cocktail sausages in boiling water and boil 5 minutes, remove the skin, cover with egg-glazing and toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry till golden brown. Drain on paper.

Saute Mint Potatoes: Wash potatoes, boil in their skins till soft in boiling water to which salt and a sprig of mint have been added. Peel, toss in melted butter and mint.



This is
Pickle
Time

ANY-TIME IS
ROSELLA-TIME

In thousands of homes Rosella Pickles are now relished with cold meats and refreshing Summer Salads. They are quality Pickles . . . crisp and appetising . . . prepared from choice garden vegetables and perfectly matured in Rosella Pale Barley Malt Vinegar. Housewives who insist on Rosella are certain of perfection in Pickles.

. . . and here's variety

Rosella Sweet Mustard Pickle . . .
Sweet Gherkin . . . Chow Chow
. . . Clear Mixed . . . Piccalilli . . .
Stuffed Onions . . . Cauliflower

OVER
100
VARIETIES

Rosella



Miss Frances Thompson, noted cooking demonstrator, says—
**NOTHING IS HEALTHIER OR
MORE HYGIENIC THAN
STRONG-LITE KITCHENWARE**
USED IN LEADING AUSTRALIAN HOSPITALS

THIS WEEK'S BEST RECIPES

SELECTED by our cookery expert as the most interesting from the many entries sent in by our readers from every State. Now let us have your pet recipe. It may be worth cash to you.



RAISIN and lemon crisps are delicious afternoon tea or supper biscuits. Here you see Anne Shirley, RKO star, with a plateful which she has just made. Recipe is given on this page.



HAWAIIAN fruit pie, which wins first prize this week of £1. This pie has an unusual filling topped with meringue, and can be served hot or cold. Recipe on this page.

Deliciously Satisfying!



FIRST FAVORITE WITH THE WHOLE FAMILY



Everybody loves Swallow and Ariell Plum Pudding. No wonder! They're mixed to a treasured "Olde English" recipe—cooked to perfection, and expertly packed in hermetically sealed tins to retain all their purity and goodness. Serve Swallow's Plum Pudding often—its economy will amaze you! In handy sizes, 3/4 lb. for 3 serves to 3 lb. for 18 serves.

Swallow & Ariell
THE UNEEDA BAKERS

YOU'LL find all these recipes worth trying. The best for the week, Hawaiian fruit pie, which is awarded the £1 first prize, is especially delicious.

You, too, can enter this weekly best recipe competition. All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe and send it to us with your name and address clearly attached.

Remember that first prize of £1 is awarded every week for the week's best recipe and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

HAWAIIAN FRUIT PIE

Sift 1 cup flour, 1 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt, add slowly 2 cups hot milk and place in double boiler, cook till thickened, stirring constantly.

Slightly beat 2 egg-yolks in a basin and pour small quantity of hot mixture over, return all to double boiler and cook for a few minutes.

Add 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 1/2 cups grated pineapple and 1 cup coconut.

When cool pour into baked crust and top with meringue made by adding 4 tablespoons sugar to the well-beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Bake in moderate oven from 12 to 15 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Beak, Broadmeadow, via Rockhampton, Qld.

COCONUT TARTLETS

Three tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar (add pinch salt), add egg, beat well, add milk, stir in self-raising flour, mix well, then add plain flour till mixture can be used for rolling. Roll to 1 inch thickness, cut out rounds and line cake containers.

Put 1 teaspoon raspberry jam in each and fill with the following: Mix together till fairly stiff condensed milk and coconut. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. S. Cope, 22 Fourth St., Gawler, S.A.

MUTTON PILAU

Twelve ounces cold mutton, 6oz. rice, 3oz. butter, 2 rashers bacon, 2 onions, 2 pints water, parsley.

Melt 2oz. butter in a saucepan, add rice and stir over heat till pale brown. Moisten with water, stir again until rice is tender and water nearly all absorbed. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Melt 4oz. butter in a frying-pan, slice in mutton, and fry lightly, then remove layer of rice. Place the meat in its place and cover with rice that was removed. Cover and cook gently for 20 to 25 minutes. When ready to

serve, pile rice in a hot dish, arrange the slices of meat overlapping round it, garnish alternately with slices of bacon and onion which were fried in a little butter just prior to dishing up rice, etc. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once. Enough for four persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Alice Roberts, c/o L. R. Roberts, Middle Creek, Vic.

GRAPEFRUIT DRESSING

Put juice of a large grapefruit into a saucepan, adding sufficient cold water to make a pint. When warm, add an egg-yolk and stir until blended. Do not allow it to boil or it will curdle. Add 1 teaspoon castor sugar, salt, and pepper to taste. Stir until sugar dissolves, then add 1 teaspoon vinegar and allow to cool.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Dorothy Buchanan, Railway St., Stanthorpe, Qld.

PINEAPPLE CREAMED DUMPLINGS

Six large cubes (about 1 1/2-inches square) pineapple, 1 1/2 cups sugar, milk, shortpaste.

Stew pineapple till soft in its own juice and one cup of sugar; strain, and when cool place each cube of pineapple in enough shortpaste to wrap around it, together with a small teaspoon of butter. Wrap each cube of pineapple separately in shortpaste and place in a pliedish. Sprinkle with half a cup of sugar and pour over milk until just about covering the dumplings. Cook in a fairly slow oven until golden brown. Serve hot, with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Lyons, 39 Glen St., Lavender Bay, N.S.W.

RAISIN AND LEMON CRISPS

Five ounces butter, 4oz. seeded raisins, 5oz. sugar, 12oz. wholemeal flour, ground nuts, pinch of salt, 1 egg, 1 lemon, a little milk, 1 egg-white.

Rub butter into flour, add salt, grated rind of lemon, sugar, and raisins. Beat egg and fold in dry ingredients. Mix to a soft dough with the lemon juice and milk. Roll on a floured board to 1/2 in. thickness. Cut into fancy shapes and bake in a moderate oven until golden brown. When half-cooked, brush over with lightly-beaten egg-white and sprinkle with castor sugar or ground nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Copeland, Marmong Point, Lake Macquarie, N.S.W.

SALMON SCONES

Half pound boiled potatoes, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, a little milk, 1 small tin salmon, 2oz. breadcrumbs, 2oz. margarine, a little chopped parsley, sage, and thyme.

Mash potatoes and form into a dough with flour and a pinch of salt, adding a little milk if necessary. Roll out to an inch in thickness, cut into triangles and bake for 15 minutes until the scones are golden brown on both sides. While they are cooking make this filling:

Remove bones from fish and add the breadcrumbs, parsley, sage and thyme, with salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, add the melted margarine and form into a smooth paste. Split open scones, spread on filling and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to W. Millingen, Sackville St., Balmoral, Brisbane.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW SNOW CAKE

Nine ounces self-raising flour, 7oz. arrowroot, 5 or 6 egg whites, 7oz. butter, 7oz. castor sugar, vanilla essence.

FILLING AND ICING: 1 heaped teaspoon gelatine, 1 1/2 cups icing sugar, 2 egg whites, 1 cup hot water, 1 tablespoon liquid chocolate, white water icing, grated chocolate for decoration.

Beat butter and sugar together until light and creamy. Then add whites of eggs whisked to a cream. Beat together for about fifteen minutes. Add vanilla flavoring and sifted dry ingredients, beating steadily until thoroughly mixed. Put into two 9-in. oblong tins lined with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes. Be sure not to let the cake brown. When pale golden, cover with a sheet of greaseproof paper until the cake is cooled. When cold, cut each cake in two and spread with marshmallow filling made as follows:—

Dissolve gelatine in hot water and leave to cool. Whip two egg whites stiffly and add gradually, beating all the time, to the gelatine. Next beat in liquid chocolate and icing sugar. When thick, spread generously between the layers of cake (previously trimmed level), and cover all with white water icing. Sprinkle with grated chocolate.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. C. Stickland, E. S. and A. Bank, Trayning, W.A.

Fantasy in the Toolshed

HERE'S an amusing Christmas-time story for all garden-lovers — and its moral is well worth heeding

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

IT was midnight in the toolshed of the home of Mr. John Citizen, and a very dirty, neglected lot of tools and gardening implements stirred uneasily in the dim moonlight that the cobwebbed grimy windows admitted.

Dried mud and dust, shavings, sawdust, bent and rusty nails, empty weed-killer packets and long disused paper bags and old newspapers lay everywhere.

Sinister red-backed spiders spun new webs under the carpenter's bench and in dark corners, while mice ran in and out of the old fertiliser bags that had been carelessly thrown into a corner.

It was Christmas Eve, and some hours before Mr. Citizen had locked the door and turned his back on the tools with a sigh of relief—for he was going on holidays for a fortnight.

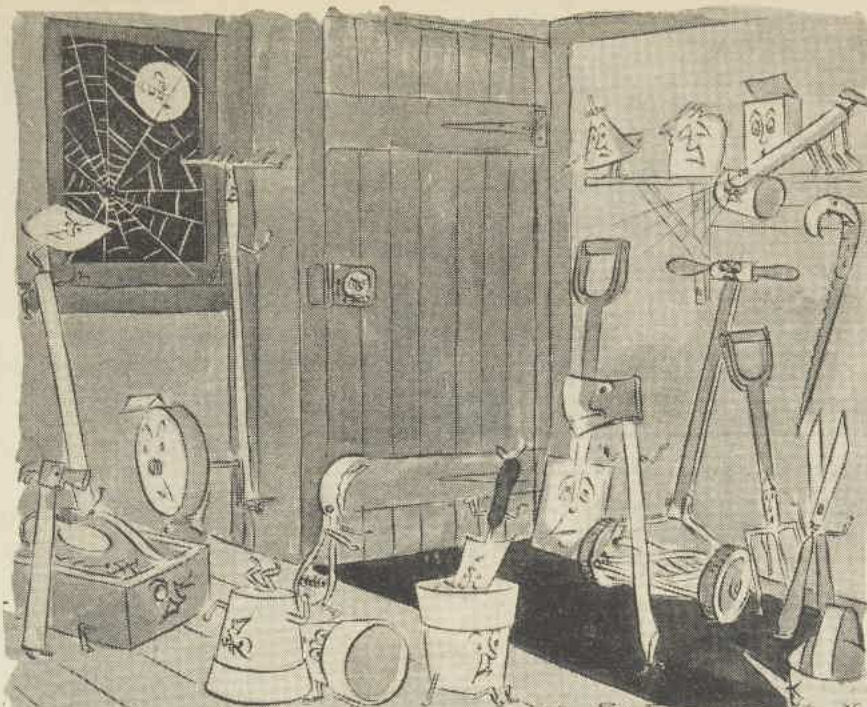
Most of the gardening tools were rusty, blunt and sadly in need of a little attention, for Mr. Citizen was one of those men who did things in fits and starts.

Years before, when he was an enthusiastic gardener, he had bought the tools from hardware stores at considerable expense, but many of them on this particular night had reached a condition that could only be described as useless.

A creaky, wheezy voice broke the stillness of the midnight air from the corner where the rusty, dusty, blunt lawn-mower leaned wearily against the wall.

"What a day I've had," the voice creaked. "Four solid hours of being pushed and pulled over a lawn that had got out of hand weeks ago."

"Not a drop of oil, not a nut tightened up, and my handle is so



MIDNIGHT in the toolshed and the long-neglected garden tools are proposing a sit-down strike. And all they want is a little attention to make them work efficiently once more.

loose it is a wonder that I didn't fall to bits.

"But I had the satisfaction of making him work harder than he ever worked before, for my blades are so blunt that it took him four hours to do what he could have done easily in two, if he would only give me a little care and attention."

"You didn't have it all your own way," chipped in a lawn-edging knife, that leaned drunkenly in a corner.

Hour of chipping

"He cursed and swore when I went on strike after an hour of chipping at those lawn edges, but I really could not go on any longer without a rub on the whetstone."

"And didn't he perspire when he got to the side nearest the house, where the buffalo grass was a foot high. Twice he flung me aside, but his wife made him go and finish the job."

"Yes, with me," squeaked the hedge shears from the carpenter's bench.

"It was only when his hands and arms got tired that he brought out an empty oil can and tried to make my creaking blades move a little easier."

"Then he went inside and got his wife's sewing machine oilcan and squeezed a few drops of thin, poor stuff into my joints and went on. If he'd only put some decent stuff with body in it near the bolt in my middle, he'd have found the job easy, despite the fact that I haven't had a sharpen up for two or three years."

"We're all alike in that respect," interjected the lawn-mower pointedly.

"And then he tried to clip the miserable privet hedges with me," continued the shears, "but he had left them so long that he had to fall back on that foreigner over there, and a nice job she made of it."

"Meaning me, I suppose," said the French secateurs, from the nail box, where they had been hastily thrown by John Citizen.

"I did refer to you, Useless," sneered the shears.

"He bought me ten years ago when he first got married. Since when I have rarely had a drop of oil, never a new spring or a sharpen up, and my edges are jagged and blunt, just like you," retorted the secateurs.

"He's ruined more good rose bushes this season with me, and gouged out pieces from his fruit trees that are now full of fungi, thanks to neglecting me, but I took it out of his hands and fingers," said the secateurs spitefully.

Sit-down strike

"SPEAKING as the oldest inhabitant, the most senile and certainly the most neglected of all, I propose a sit-down strike when he returns from his holiday," said a rusty, mud-covered spade with a sprung handle, very blunt edges and rounded corners.

"Every year at this time he locks the toolshed door and leaves us to ourselves for a fortnight to gather more dirt and dust, and I second the motion," said the hand-fork, which lay at full length on the floor.

"Speaking of apples reminds me that he has not used me to spray the tree to control codlin moth and fungus diseases this year," wheezed a very dusty spray pump on the shelf.

"And I was expecting to be used up for the control of scale insects," chimed in a tin of miscible oil next to the pump.

"Vot a pizness. Vot a lotta miserable beoples dere is in dis world, to be sure," said a guttural voice from the direction of the Dutch hoe.

"Just another immigrant," said the mattock head without a handle, from a heap of rubbish in a corner.

"I'll haff you know dot I'm a

naturalised British subject," protested the Dutch hoe, "but I wants to add mine voice to der general objection against dis man vot neglects his dools yet eggpects dem to do good work in der garden, yah."

"Good boy, Dutchy!" piped up the muddy, rusty trowel, from his place in a flowerpot.

"I'll put the motion to the meeting. That we stage a sit-down strike when Citizen returns from his holiday," said the spade.

"Aye," they all shouted together, and a very rusty pruning saw fell off his nail in his excitement.

And in the bedroom nearby Mr. John Citizen tossed and turned uneasily in his sleep, after his strenuous day in the garden, for he was having a strange dream about garden tools that talked.

The next morning he made a mental resolution that he would spend a few hours on that job of sharpening up the tools and putting them all into shape. And let me say to his credit that he never let them get into bad shape any more.

WHY I USE NEW VEET



- 1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
- 2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.
- 3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
- 4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists & Stores.

Baby's windy spasms due to a DELICATE STOMACH

Every child, however well cared for, gets occasional painful windy spasms. Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia has been for over 100 years, and still is, the safest, yet most effective remedy. It soothes, dispels wind and, by its bland corrective action, keeps the bowels regular. A teaspoonful or so of Dinneford's makes Baby happy. Get Dinneford's today. Insist on Dinneford's pure fluid Magnesia.

DINNEFORD'S
pure fluid MAGNESIA
Bland : Safe : Effective

Complexion by MORNY



Many years ago the women of Australia set the seal of their approval on Morny Face Powder. But import duty and rate of exchange raised prices. Morny have therefore introduced a more practical box with the CONTENTS AND QUALITY UNCHANGED.

June Roses Complexion Powder is Made in England by
MORNY, REGENT STREET, LONDON

THE MAKINGS
OF A SALAD

The rare flavour of
Champion's Pure
Malt Vinegar gives
new and appetising
relish to salads. Be
certain that you ask
for Champion's.

QUARTS
&
PINTS

CHAMPION'S
Pure Malt
VINEGAR

ALLURING SLIMNESS

Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only health giving and tonic properties, cannot damage the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects, and on getting down to normal weight desired, our does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len O. Signs, Pharmaceutical Chemist of Collie, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Taba at 4/6 plus 1d. post for 3 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about this, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 per post 4d. The Seaweed slimming Bath Salts are used as well (for drastic reduction), 2/- each, 10/6 for 6 phis, post 1/4. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth. Write him.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

How to treat TINEA or 'SURFER'S FOOT'

DOCTOR, can you tell me what is wrong with my foot? It keeps breaking out between my toes and around the nails and is very slow in healing. Do you think it could be tinea?

These symptoms do describe tinea, an infection which is often picked

up by those who are very fond of swimming.

Tinea has been described as "surfer's itch" or "surfer's foot" and was introduced to Australia from the East and also from America, where it is a national problem.

It is very easy to pick up while swimming or sunbathing. The infection is really a fungus growth, and it flourishes in wet places like

CHILDREN NEED THESE 3 VITAL VITAMINS

B₁ **B₂** and **PP** (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

**Vegemite—the
YEAST EXTRACT—
gives you a special
concentrated supply
of these three vitamins**

Even though you give your children three big meals a day, the vital parts of their body may be partly starved by lack of these three health-building Vitamins B₁, B₂ and P.P. (the anti-Pellagic factor). Don't let an under-supply of these needed vitamins pull down their health. Vegemite added to your daily diet assures a regular, daily supply.

Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, flavoured with pure vegetable juices—and yeast is the richest known food source of the combined Vitamins B₁, B₂ and P.P., the anti-Pellagic factor. Because Vegemite is concentrated at a specially low temperature it contains intact all the food elements of the yeast plant in their highest



degree of concentration.

So give your system these three vital vitamins—add Vegemite to your daily diet. See that your children get plenty of it! Vegemite is so highly concentrated that even a little every day does an amazing amount of good. You'll love the exciting appetising flavour of Vegemite, too. So use Vegemite on bread, biscuits, with cheese, with eggs, for sandwich fillings and with salads, in soups and stews.

WHEN CHILDREN DON'T GET ENOUGH OF THESE 3 VITAMINS

Not enough Vitamin B₂
—Poor growth . . .

Pretiful, weak, undernourished children are often poorly supplied with Vitamin B₂—the growth vitamin. Vegemite gives a generous supply of Vitamin B₂—builds up body tissues and good health. Give your children Vegemite every day.



PP

Not enough Vitamin P.P.
(anti-Pellagic factor)
—Pimples!

Skin eruptions mean that the system is not getting enough of Vitamin P.P. Keep the skin clear and healthy—eat Vegemite daily. Vegemite is rich in Vitamin P.P.—the anti-Pellagic factor.



Not enough Vitamin B₁
—poor digestion

Fallen stomach, weakened intestines (see picture above on left), and many obscure nerve disorders can result from an under supply of Vitamin B₁—the important NERVE VITAMIN.

To assure a healthy intestinal tract (above at right) and active bowels and steady nerves, the body needs a rich supply of Vitamin B₁. Vegemite gives you a full supply, so give Vegemite to your family daily.



VEGEMITE
the concentrated extract
of YEAST

Send for Vegemite Recipe Book
Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. V-222
Riverside Avenue, Melbourne.

Please send me free copy of Vegemite Recipe Book containing delicious, appetising ways to serve Vegemite. I enclose 12 stamps for postage.

Name _____
Address _____



FOOT CARE is part of the daily routine of film players. Here you see Olivia de Havilland, Warner Bros. star, relaxing for half an hour before going out for the evening.

the wet wooden floors and matting in public baths and bathing sheds. The infection may be lurking even on the beach.

The best way to avoid getting tinea is by taking care not to walk barefooted in such places.

If you must go into a bathing pavilion keep your rubber beach shoes or sandals on all the time—even when you are under the shower.

And if you are staying at a seaside hotel, you should be careful not to put your bare feet on the floor—not even in your own bedroom or the bathroom.

These precautions may sound rather a nuisance, but they are well

worth while if they ward off an infection which is as difficult to cure as tinea often is.

It is difficult to cure, because it is so very hard to get rid of all the "spores"—or seeds—of the fungus. You may think it is completely cured and then, without any apparent cause, it will break out all over again.

Simple treatment

THERE are several treatments, but the simplest is to apply a weak solution of iodine to the affected parts twice a day.

Let the alcohol evaporate from the lotion before you put on your stockings. The most important thing about treatment is that you must persevere. Your skin may appear to be perfectly healthy and all symptoms may seem to have vanished, but don't delude yourself into the belief that you are cured.

Probably it will only need a hot day to make your feet moist, and, hey presto! the trouble will start all over again.

It is necessary to keep on applying the iodine at least once a week for at least three months.

If you do that and you are lucky, the condition may clear up.

Special antiseptic

IF it doesn't, you will need a doctor's prescription for a special antiseptic lotion of one per cent, brilliant green which you must apply after soaking your feet in hot water for about twenty minutes and scrubbing the infected skin with a rough towel to remove as much of the horny layer as possible.

This treatment, too, would depend for its success upon perseverance.

Another thing, the feet should be kept as dry as possible.

Dry them thoroughly after bathing and then powder between the toes. If they become hot and moist it greatly encourages the infection. Men are afflicted with surfer's itch much more than women and children and there seems little doubt that it is because men's shoes allow of much less ventilation, and the spaces between the toes tend to become moist. Keeping the feet cool and dry is a deciding factor in both the prevention and cure of tinea.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM
WISE MOTHERHOOD

Ideal management of pregnancy

EDUCATION in "parentcraft"—the care that parents should give to their child and which should begin long before it is actually born—has long been neglected.

Every expectant mother should seek pre-natal care, and she must have the co-operation of her husband, who should see that she consults her doctor in the early weeks of pregnancy, and obtains all the pre-natal care and advice that are now available to every mother-to-be.

It is through the education of future parents that the health of the race will be safeguarded and maintained.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau.

Any reader interested may obtain a copy of this leaflet free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

FOLDS AND PACKS FROCKS FOR YOU

In a lightweight, neat-looking Globite Robe Case you can pack 12 frocks in about 2 minutes. There's no folding to do. They don't crumple or crush. They need no pressing when taken out . . . they're fresh and ready to wear. Available at all good stores.



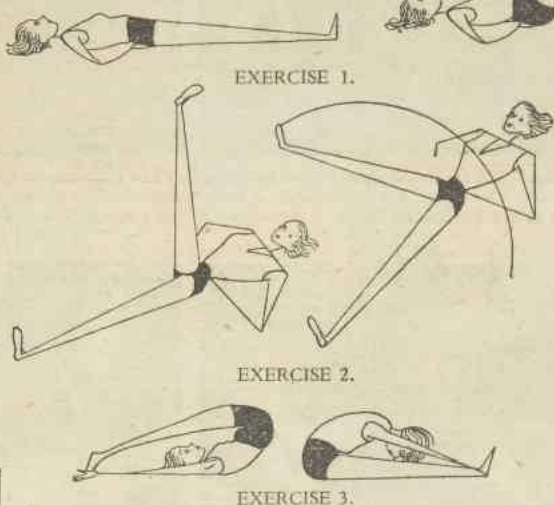
**GLOBITE
ROBE CASE**
FORD SHERINGTON LTD., MANUFACTURERS
(Wholesale only)

A SUPPLE SPINE gives LOVELY POSTURE . . .

CONTINUING the exercise series by Prunella Stack (Lady Douglas Hamilton), world leader of the famous organisation, The Women's League of Health and Beauty. These exercises are the same as those practised by members at the League headquarters in London.

TO-DAY'S sequence of exercises is for spine mobility, which is so essential for beautiful posture, and for toning up nerves and muscles and imparting a general feeling of well-being. The first two exercises aim to develop the abdominal control necessary for the third exercise given to-day and for those which follow next week, and this control should be remembered throughout. Music helps.

1. Lying, hands under pelvis, arms towards floor, raise both legs slowly for four beats to vertical position, and drop for four. Keep heels stretched. 2. Lying, hands on hips, lift right leg to vertical position, out to side, up to vertical, across to left side, up, out to side, up and drop down. Repeat with left leg, keeping it at a high level throughout. 3. Sitting, swing legs and arms overhead, touch toes on floor, behind head, and swing up again, grasping toes, head on knees. 4 times. Do all exercises to music if you can—either a radio or gramophone. If you have neither instrument, hum under your breath. The idea of music is to bring rhythm and co-ordination to the whole body. All the exercises practised by League members are done with rhythmic movements.



Little Miss Precious Minutes

● She is on the job again with words of wisdom for every housewife who wants to save time and trouble. To-day she says:

NEVER iron stockings. This will destroy the delicate silk threads and give the stockings an unpleasant gloss. Stockings should be dull.

COMMON salt dissolved with lemon juice will take out damp spots from engravings. Lay the picture flat upon a table, cover the spots with the salt and lemon juice, and leave for a little time. Wash off the mixture with boiling water and leave the engraving on the table to dry slowly.

THE lids of tins should not be thrown away. Save the lids and keep them in a neat pile just inside your grocery cupboard. They will then be handy when you want to cover a jar or basin, and will save endless time in looking for a suitable cover.

DON'T throw away your sour milk. If you are tired of using it for scones, try it in pancakes and have a delicious new sweet.

BEFORE storing hot-water bottles for the summer, blow a little air into them and quickly replace the stoppers. The air will keep the sides from sticking together and retard perishing. Some people even leave a little water in the bottles to keep the rubber separated.

TO keep moths away from clothes, get some bitter-apple (colocynth) from your chemist, crush it and sprinkle in the clothes. Not only does this keep moths away, but it leaves no unpleasant odor like moth-balls and the garments can always be used at a moment's notice.

IF fruit juice is spilt on a tablecloth cover quickly with a piece of bread soaked in water. This will soon remove all traces.

UNCOOKED and cooked meat is rather a worry to the economical housewife during the summer season. It is so easy for a whole joint to have to be thrown away because it has been left uncovered for just a few minutes. So try this: Take a piece of clean white butter muslin and wring it out of a solution of vinegar and water. Place it over either cooked or uncooked meat and it will keep the flies away most successfully.

TAPS should never be screwed down hard, for if this is done their washers wear out quickly and the taps begin to leak.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 128-129 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

65 BUT HE LOOKS 45



—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

Regular use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap keeps a man looking fit and fresh, no matter what his age. Wright's acts like a tonic on the skin. Its luxurious antiseptic lather goes deep into the pores—flushes out impurities—destroys infection. Your skin always looks young and clear—free from spots and blemishes. Wright's is the only soap to contain "Liquor Carbonis Detegens," the soothing skin medicine used and recommended by leading dermatologists. Protect your health and complexion through the years with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Firm Flesh Turns to Fat WHEN FOOD TRACT IS CONSTIPATED

A cause of unhealthy fat is often due to a congested food tract. Absorbing the fermenting wastes into your system will create the fat of ill-health. These digestive poisons account for the sick headaches, bilious attacks, flatulences, skin blemishes and bad breath, to which overweight women and men are subject.

For constipation you should take Pinkettes. These little laxative pills are absolutely harmless. They effectively disperse the waste matter, keep the food tract clear and brisk, and painlessly exercise and strengthen the lazy bowels. Keep free from constipation and liverishness by taking Pinkettes, and you will keep free from the unpleasant, distressing symptoms and ungainly fat. Get Pinkettes to-day. 1/3 bottle at chemists and stores.

CAN'T EAT



No desire for food, even the daintiest meal fails to arouse appetite. Pain and indigestion whenever she eats; badly in need of nourishment, digestion in need of rest. What can she do? There is one Food she can at once enjoy and assimilate. It is Benger's, as quickly made as a cup of tea. From the first cup Benger's her digestion will be rested and she will be instantly nourished. This is why—Benger's is the only Food that contains the enzymes of natural digestion. When you begin to prepare Benger's Food, adding the hot milk, these enzymes become active and digest both the Food and the milk before you drink it. Because of this self-digestion, your system is able to assimilate the nutritional nourishment in Benger's Food while your tired digestion rests. Have your first cup of Benger's Food to-day.

BENGER'S the self-digestive Food

MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE.

Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

For invalids and infant feeding, follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.



FREE Write for the Benger's Booklet to Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England) 35, George Street, Sydney.



Because she gets a quick shine

IN BLACK, DARK TAN STAIN, BLUE, ETC.

DO EU-thymol twice daily?

No greater prescription for dental hygiene can be given than this:

"Euthymol twice daily—
dentist twice yearly."

Seems a lot of bother, doesn't it? And yet it is vitally necessary, for it is in the mouth that the fearsome dental decay germ does its deadly work. Lurking stealthy and unsuspected, these dreadful bacteria eat into the beautiful enamel of the teeth, infect the gums and poison the blood stream.

Euthymol provides scientific tooth cleanliness, and actually kills the deadly dental decay germ in 30 seconds contact. Start each day and each night with a clean, wholesome mouth. For double insurance, check up every six months with your dentist. Don't gamble with health—Euthymolise your mouth twice daily.

Obtainable at chemists
and stores everywhere.
1/3 per tube.

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

A PARKE DAVIS PRODUCT

New 3-Second Relief

CORN

PAIN GOES
Corn lifts out

* Actually . . . in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frozol-Ice . . . you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then works so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. Frozol-Ice is the safe, instant-drying, anti-septic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. Only 1/6 at all chemists and stores.

Here's the right way to iron



WOOLEN MATERIALS should never be ironed directly on to the fabric, but always under a damp cloth as shown here, otherwise the iron will put a shine on the fabric.



VELVET, PLUSH and velveteens should always be ironed on the wrong side and held in the air, otherwise you will iron down the pile and make ugly marks in the material.



CREPES and all materials with a rough surface will keep their original shape if ironed over a brush that is not too hard, as shown above.



RIBBONS (hat bands) that are required in a round shape should be dampened before ironing, and when being ironed pulled so they become round.



PLEATS in a frock should be carefully pinned down before ironing and then ironed flat under a damp cloth. It is as well to iron pleats on both wrong and right sides.



SMALL surfaces on which you cannot get the whole of the iron can be ironed by using a sleeve board and placing the surface to be smoothed over one end.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CONSTIPATION AND HARSH LAXATIVES!



The reason so many people find common constipation hard to get rid of, even though they take the strongest laxatives, is that they are too often unaware of what is making them constipated!

Common constipation is the result of living on foods which are deficient in "bulk." Most of our modern staples—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes, milk—lack "bulk." These get so completely absorbed by

the system that the residue they form is not enough to make the bowels move. You must get enough "bulk" into your diet to make your bowel muscles act of their own accord. You can easily do this by eating Kellogg's All-Bran. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of." Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination.

Start eating All-Bran and soon you'll forget what it is to be constipated. You won't need harsh laxatives. So get a package of Kellogg's All-Bran today.



STRAIGHT pieces of felt may be rounded if well dampened and then pulled by hand into a round shape and ironed under a dry cloth. The felt will then keep its round shape.



HAT BRIMS are ironed over a damp cloth and held in the hand. In the other hand you hold a piece of thick material or felt folded several times against the brim.

New! KILL PERSPIRATION ODOUR Quickly!

Stops perspiration instantly. Dries quickly—vanishes completely. You can slip your dress right on. Use before or after shaving. Keeps underarm dry 1-3 days. Ends perspiration odour. Won't irritate skin or rot dresses. Non-greasy • stainless • soothing.

GET ODO-RO-NO CREAM TODAY
from all good Chemists and Stores.
1/- and 2/-.



Why I use the new Poudre Tokalon



- ★ It is made in so many up-to-date flattering shades.
- ★ It is finer and lighter than any other powder I know.
- ★ I love its exquisite real flower perfume.
- ★ I find it stays on all day long. No other powder has this "Mousse of Cream" secret.
- ★ It keeps my complexion fresh and lovely even in wind and rain.
- ★ I am sure I could not buy a better powder at any price.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

The Australian Women's Weekly
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

If you are celebrating

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

CHRISTMAS AT HOME

● Then here are ways you can spread that festive spirit of Yuletide around the house . . . Have a Christmas tree in old-fashioned style . . . Dress up the fireplace with greenery . . . candles . . . colored streamers.



PERHAPS you hadn't thought of it before . . . but don't you think this the happiest idea for decorating the front entrance to a home for Christmas? It is especially attractive if you are having a Christmas party. Imagine the feeling of welcome it would give the guests as they arrived. The decorations are quite simple, too . . . Greenery is arranged all around the doorway, while a traditional holly wreath is hung in the centre. On either side of the steps is a little Christmas tree in a tub, illuminated very cleverly by carefully arranged fairy electric lights. It would be quite easy to carry out a similar idea for decorating the front entrance of your home. You might even vary the arrangements of the lights. If you haven't tubs at the foot of the steps, the lights could outline the doorway, for instance.




ABOVE: It looks as if Santa Claus has already visited this household in the dead of night and left his toys and gifts. Imagine the happy and surprised look on the children's faces when, on Christmas morning, they see this exciting array. You get the idea, we hope—this suggestion for arranging a Christmas tree with toys around it, for hanging up the stockings and putting all your greeting cards along the mantelshelf.

+ + +

LEFT: A traditional holly wreath made of imitation leaves and holly and tied with Christmas ribbon. This type of wreath is useful for hanging up in the home on doors inside or outside.





THERE'S a quiet spirit of Christmas peace and goodwill about the simple festive decorations in this living-room. Tall candles with Christmas wreaths are placed on the mantelshelf on either side of a vase of flowers, while sprays of green from a fir tree are arranged on each side of the fireplace and along the mantelshelf as well. Another wreath hangs from the centre of the mantelshelf as a finishing touch. Decorations like these are easy enough for anybody to carry out. Greenery of almost any sort is suitable. If you live in the country you should be able to make a delightful choice from the rich supply of ferns and decorative shrubbery to even the old favorite, gum tree foliage.



DYNAMEL

THAT CHAIR!

YOU'LL GET A MIRROR-SMOOTH GLOSS FIRST TIME

Dynamel is better than enamel because:—

(1) Dynamel dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. (2) No brushmarks. (3) You can scrub that mirror-smooth finish. (4) Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

Dynamel some odd piece of furniture for a start. It's easy. It's fascinating. Choose from thirty-four lovelier colours on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at paint shops everywhere.

FREE

Anne Stewart,
75 Mary Street,
St. Peters, Sydney.
Please send me your NEW BOOK ON
KITCHENS—packed with color schemes
for everything from kitchen walls and
doors to counters and chairs. I will
close 2d. in stamps to cover cost of
postage and handling.

Name

Address

AIT



Jantzen glamour!

Slip into Jantzen's glamour at smart
stores everywhere . . . Jantzen (Aust.) Ltd. Lidcombe, N.S.W.

RAPTUROUS, WRINKLE-FREE FABRICS CUT WITH TELLING SIMPLICITY



Jantzen's Velva-Sheen.

"Lortex" yarn with a chenille finish. Rich as velvet. Sleet as satin. Light as nothing at all. That's Velva-Sheen. Only Jantzen has it . . . and Jantzen gives it supreme glamour by cutting it on classically simple lines. Jantzen suits in Velva-Sheen, 32/6 and 35/-. The suit illustrated. Price 35/-.

Jantzen's Knit-in fabrics.

See those Coolie Hats? They're of acetate rayon, sparkling against an exquisite fabric of "Lortex" yarn combined with Australian wool. Jantzen also does "Knit-Ins" with Lazy Daisies or Gum Leaves. Exotically lovely. Marvellous for uplift. From 25/- to 29/6. The Coolie Hat suit illustrated (Style 41) costs 27/6.

Jantzen's Floral-pattern fabric.

See the magic of Jantzen's famous knitted-in figure control in rapturous new fabrics to suit you with glamour. Brilliant new gipsy and "exotic" colours that laugh at the sun. At 21/-, 22/6, 25/- and 27/6. The Sunburst suit shown (Style 35), 25/-.

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
December 9, 1939

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
6 DEC 1939
OF NEW SOUTH WALES



SUPPLEMENT — MUST
NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.



BUT ONCE A YEAR

By Helen Partridge

BUT ONCE A YEAR

By HELEN PARTRIDGE



DUSTIN PAINE said "Yes" and "No" and "Possibly" to a young man who was trying to make a good impression and incidentally hoping to sell him some advertising space. Dusty would have left this party an hour ago, once he had seen that everything was going well, only Dot had not yet appeared.

The tempo was speeding up. Several columnists had arrived and the crush was enough to make a pretty good-sized breakage bill, including damage to the hotel carpet from smouldering cigarette-stubs. Dusty surveyed the group by the fountain and observed how careless people could be, caught in the spirit of gregarious hilarity.

The party, he hoped, would be talked about for weeks. He also hoped it would sell a few boatloads of Wilkinson's coffee and call the attention of people to the fact that Paine and Hodgson knew how to give a party and launch an effective selling campaign.

Just then he caught sight of Dot. He thought how finished and smart she looked, so much a part of the New York scene. Dorothy Graves wore a hand-tailored tweed suit with a sleeveless fur jacket. Beneath a fur hat her pale hair shone sleekly. She was small and at a distance one would have taken her for a debutante rather than one of the really successful New York executives. Only when you looked closely did you see that there were heavy smudges beneath her eyes, and that she was actually not so young as she appeared.

She smiled from across the room, and Dusty smiled in return. He thought, "How lovely she is! But she was just as lovely when I first saw her ten years ago. Why didn't we get married then?" He laughed as he thought of the real reason: that Dot needed a warm winter coat and they couldn't afford that and an apartment, too.

He said, as he took Dot's hand, "Shall I get you a coffee cocktail, you dilatory wench?"

Dot hesitated. "I haven't had any lunch. Oh, wait, Dusty, there's someone I've been trying to see for weeks."

Dusty scowled.

When Dot came back, he took her firmly by the arm. "No lunch! You're coming out with me right now for dinner."

"But I can't, Dusty. I'm dining with Stephen. We're in a sort of jam!"

"Make it tea, then." Dusty was enraged about Stephen, disappointed about the dinner and said so. He didn't see why Dot had to spend all her working day as well as evenings in the company of Stephen Emery, even if he were her "boss." He didn't see why they couldn't finish up the day's work

in Stephen's chromium-plated office and be done with it.

"Don't be ridiculous," Dot said, "business is business."

Over the tea, later, Dusty said, "But you aren't eating anything."

Dot shook her head. "Too tired."

"Look here," Dusty said, "this isn't right. It isn't right at all."

He was thinking that Dot had changed a great deal in the ten years. She wasn't that eager, quiet, careless girl who wanted to work with color more than anything else in the world. She was instead a well-groomed, efficient business woman, always with something on her mind. There was a tenseness about her which he was not altogether sure he liked.

"We never have time to be ourselves," he said. "We go round and round in circles and never get anywhere."

She sighed then and sipped her tea.

"What would you suggest?"

"The first thing to do," Dusty said, "is to make a clean break. Do you remember the farm we talked about—how after a little we'd leave New York and go back to the soil and live quietly?"

She smiled wistfully. "A quaint idea. We were awfully young, weren't we?"

"Well, what's so damned quaint and youthful about living on a farm, I'd like to know?"

"Just how would you manage to get away? It's only a trifling matter, but I was referring to your business. Once it was fairly pressing." Once, she thought, it was so important to both of us that I packed away a navy-blue dress with a pink lace jacket and an old-rose turban, because I couldn't bear to look at it. Because I was going to be married in it. Instead, I went to the boat and waved good-bye to Dusty and cheered him up and said, "Never mind, darling. We'll take the great step in the autumn after you've sold the Russians some elegant little tractors." Only in the autumn I went to the factory in Framingham for six months.

"I'd get a bright young understudy," Dusty was saying, "and Hodgson is a good man—and we might use my brother Joel."

"Yes. And just how long do you think Paine and Hodgson would last?"

"Which means you are right, as always, Dot—only—" He wanted to add, "Somewhere along the line we have lost each other, we who were terribly, beautifully important to each other. Can't we ever be again?"

"Only," Dot broke in, "life marches on, doesn't it? How is Joel? What's he up to these days?"

"He's all right," Dusty said. "He'll be coming down soon. He really likes it back there in White Creek, although he does get fed up sometimes. He's an impractical young beggar, Joel is. He wants to run

the mills again full time with some new-fangled product. And he has a quixotic idea of getting all the workers on to self-subsisting farms. He thinks the trouble with the world to-day is that people won't work with their hands, or that they don't produce enough for themselves and feel their own independence."

Dot's eyes rested tenderly on Dusty. "Sometimes I think you are more alike, you two brothers, than you realise."

Joel, next to Dot, was the most important person in Dusty's life. Orphans at an early age, Dusty, the elder, had managed to bring up Joel. It was a sore point between them that when Joel finished college a few years before he had chosen to return to the small Vermont mill town where his father and grandfather had built up a textile factory, rather than to enter the advertising agency as his brother had planned.

"All of which means you think I am talking through my hat, Dot," Dusty went on. "No, my dear, I mean it. I lie awake at night thinking about how to get back to a simple life."

Dot sighed. "It would be heaven, Dusty. Or aren't we, perhaps, living a satisfactory kind of existence?" Then, "Oh, I almost forgot. Do something for me, dear? I have a young cousin, Sue Garland, who is docking to-morrow on the Queen Mary—and has to be met. I can't possibly—the buyer from Chicago."

"Now, where," Dusty was hunting in his mind, "have I heard of Sue Garland?"

"Gran brought her up in White Creek after my uncle died. I was quite grown-up when I spent my summers there with Gran, and Sue was only a middle-sized youngster. A rather decent one, too. I was quite fond of her. She had lived in White Creek most of her life, at least until she was grown-up enough to go away to school."

"She must have come after I went away. Maybe Joel knows her."

Dot frowned. "Perhaps. She has a voice. She was with a group in England doing American folk songs. Indian and Negro."

"American folk songs in England! What an amusing ideal! But how in the world will I know her?"

Dot said, "I'll leave that to you. Certainly, with your fertile brain, you can work it out."

"Dot," Dusty said, "I'm terribly serious about what I said before. Let's—"

At that moment Dot glanced up at the clock on the balcony and discovered to her horror that she was already half an hour late and that she must run to keep her appointment.

And while Dusty helped her into her coat, steered her across the crowded pavement, commandeered a taxi, and stuck a dollar bill into the driver's hand, he said, "Don't worry, I'll look after the young cousin, but it's a heck of a way to treat me."

Dot's lips moved, but he couldn't hear as the taxi drove away.

WHEN Dot appeared to keep her appointment for dinner, Stephen Emery surveyed her with undisguised admiration. "Very nice!" he said. "Well worth waiting for."

He was a rather large man in his middle thirties, always well-groomed, always beautifully at ease.

Dot spread the red brocade skirt of her dress about her, conscious of the bright contrast it made with the turquoise rug. Stephen Emery was nearer to her than anyone else in her present world. Eight hours and sometimes longer, practically every day, had been spent in the closest association with him for the past seven or eight years. Together they had built up the dusty old crepe paper house of C. C. Mitchelltree into a smart firm, sound and financially successful.

Stephen had fallen heir to the business in a curious way. He had been in a motor accident with young Caleb Mitchelltree, his room-mate at Harvard. Stephen had been thrown clear, but Caleb was fatally injured. In his effort to comfort Caleb's father, suddenly old and broken, Stephen became indispensable to him and eventually found himself head of the sixty-year-old crepe paper company.

Before Dot had taken the job at Mitchelltree's she had planned to paint portraits to hang in the Metropolitan Museum. For a long time she and Dusty had talked about getting married. But they didn't do anything about it—and now Stephen Emery wanted to marry her.

Dot's grey eyes were tender and wide as she looked at Stephen.

Stephen said: "You must have known that I am in love with you."

Dot's hands were limp in her lap. "In a way, I suppose I have known for a long time."

"Well, what about it, then?"

Stephen took out his cigarette case, opened it flat and tapped the cigarette on the back. "It isn't as if we were taking a hasty step—as if we weren't rather well acquainted. We are pretty sure of each other's tastes, reactions and all that. Besides, Dot, I admire you tremendously. Honestly, I can't think of anyone who possesses your admirable qualities. Really, dear, you attack a problem like a man."

Dot's scarlet mouth curved into a one-sided smile. "Stephen dear, are you giving me a rise or are you asking me to be your partner for life?"

Stephen blew out a mouthful of smoke. "Darling, you and I have been in Mitchelltree's too long. We have learned to talk things over too well and too clearly. Dot—stop thinking for once, and listen! I love you."

Stephen rose and ended abruptly. "Which is an awfully inadequate way of telling you so. You see, I haven't loved many women."

"Stephen, dear, I respect you—"

"Oh, darn!" said Stephen. "When a woman begins by respecting a man she doesn't love him."

"If you'd please let me finish," Dot said quietly. "I was going to add that I honestly don't know whether I love you or not. We're together so much, as you say, that I haven't any perspective."

"All right, let's call a conference. We have a proposal here to consider. To begin with, an offer from Mr. Emery which I strongly urge Miss Graves to accept."

"This offer includes—"

"A full partnership, profits shared fifty-fifty."

"And what about the losses?"

"This kind of partnership is for better for worse, for richer for poorer . . . until death us do part."

"What is the firm name and style to be?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Emery."

"That sounds all right."

"I believe we are agreed. All we need to go ahead is the acceptance of Miss Graves."

"It's an awfully good proposition," Dot said, smiling, "one that deserves the fullest consideration."

"Would you like to have Mr. Emery put this in writing?"

"A confirmation by letter would be an excellent idea."

"Perhaps you'll send me a memo to that effect. Listen—it's no use stalling, Dot. It will always come down to the same thing. I love you and I want you as my wife."

"Stephen, darling, there isn't anyone more important to me than you—actually I am so fond of you. As for loving you, I wish I knew."

Stephen said then, "But are you sure, angel, there isn't anyone else?"

"Well," she said, "there's Dusty."

At that Stephen exploded. "It stands to reason if you haven't done anything about Dusty Paine in ten years, you aren't going to."

"That's true," Dot said, "on the surface, but the circumstances of our relationship have been unusual. We have both been so busy."

"Busy!" Stephen said, outraged. "Too busy to get married! If you don't mind my saying so, Dusty Paine's a blithering idiot. Come on, let's dance!"

DUSTY PAINE was waiting at the dock for Sue Garland. The wind blew under his coat, cold and penetrating. It was a nasty time of year for a crossing. Irritated, he shifted his feet and wondered what he was doing there, and why he was always involved in Dot's affairs; in some extracurricular activity such as this.

It was not so simple after all, this meeting a completely unknown person on the dock. It had involved a little thought and organisation on Dusty's part. Now, as the returned voyagers trailed down the gangway, he wandered over to the G's where the blue flags swung on a line over miscellaneous luggage. He had tentatively identified two other girls before he saw Sue. But once he had seen her there couldn't be any mistake. At first it was just the feeling that he had seen her before, but as he approached her he saw that there was a vague family resemblance to Dot.

She was sitting on a trunk, swinging her heels. A heathery tweed coat hung open loosely, topped by a green hat with a tall feather. Her eyes were clear blue, and brown hair curled under the absurd hat.

He had intended to glance casually at the labels on the luggage, but her eyes met his and rested on the gardenia in his lapel. As Dusty looked quickly down at it she asked in a voice that was light but full of inflection, "Could you, by any chance, be Dustin Paine?"

Dusty smiled as he took out a sheaf of identification papers along with her letter to Dot.

"Don't bother," she said, and there was a gleam of amusement in her eyes. "Please. Your radiogram description was faultless!

Camel's hair coat, gardenia, Scotch plaid scarf—it was sweet of you to come, but where's Dot? Isn't she with you?" There was worry in her tone. "Because—you see —"

Dusty said quickly, "You mean you need some money to see you through the Customs. Nobody ever has enough ready cash."

"Oh!" she said in a relieved voice, "how did you guess?"

Dusty said, "Everybody landing from Europe ought to be met by somebody with a bank roll, for nobody ever comes back with enough money. The first time I returned from abroad after college, I arrived in White Creek with exactly three cents."

Her eyes opened wide. "White Creek? Why, that's where I came from—originally. I mean Gran lives there. Are you one of the knitting mill Paines?"

Dustin's jaw was grim when he said, "My family ran the mills there, but not much is running now. You must be the little girl in the white dress I used to see skipping about on that sea of green lawn at the Graves house on Main Street."

The Customs men in their blue caps came along then, and while they were pawing through the trunks and bags, Sue Garland was thinking that with her heedless buying she had put both herself and her cousin in a particularly embarrassing position. Dot was the only person she could turn to until she could straighten out her financial affairs with Gran. And Gran's last letter had not been encouraging—something about the income from the estate dwindling, and more taxes. In fact, Gran had been distinctly discouraging about any extra money this quarter. But Sue would have to borrow a little from her until she could find some vocal work for the autumn and winter season. It was a jolly thing, in a way, to have a voice. You didn't have to carry any equipment around with you.

She racked her brain to recall scraps about Dusty Paine. The Paine mills were very much a part of White Creek, and in her early childhood the sound of the machinery in the old stone buildings, the noon and five o'clock whistles, were all fascinating and romantic. But there had been that terrible accident when Mr. Paine was killed and then the mills had closed.

She remembered that there had been two Paine boys, and how Gran had shaken her head as the machinery slowed to a stop and the whistle blew for the last time. She said that if the boys were only older it wouldn't have had to happen. Then the boys were sent off to school, and she had been away and, except for brief vacations with Gran, she had practically forgotten about White Creek.

Sue had always thought of Dusty as more or less engaged to Dot—and now she admired Dot's taste. She liked Dusty's level eyes, the color of tree bark, and his wide, well-cut mouth above a broad chin. She liked his easy way of handing her into a taxi and the drawing way he said, "Now when we've dumped the luggage at Dot's, I think we ought to go somewhere and celebrate your homecoming."

Dusty hadn't, when he started out in the morning, intended to say anything of the kind. He had a fairly important conference at three-thirty, and now he was planning to phone his secretary that he wouldn't be back this afternoon. It seemed a shame to leave this bright youngster, obviously at loose ends, to her own devices the whole afternoon. Dot, he knew, would be late as usual. She might even forget that there was a Sue Garland, or telephone absent-

mindfully and say that she'd been called to a conference, or had to meet a man.

So Dusty cancelled his engagement, and they had lunch while they talked about Paris and the London theatre, White Creek and Dot, and about Dusty's brother Joel.

Presently Dusty asked rather abruptly, "Have you ever done anything in radio?" Sue's hand trembled a little. "No, I haven't done much, but some, and I'd like to do more."

Excitement caught hold of Dusty, and with a murmured apology he left her and went to a telephone. When he came back his face was glowing. He had arranged for an audition at eight, he said. There was a place for a voice—a sustaining thirteen-week programme, on one of the big networks.

Sue's blue eyes were wide and eager, and for some unaccountable reason they reminded him of Dot when she had been young and eager and ambitious, too. Of a time when she lost things and forgot things, before she became so tiresomely efficient. Sue murmured, "I haven't anything ready, but my music is in my trunk at Dot's. Do—do—you think—?" And then her hands fell to her lap. "But how could you—just like that—you haven't even heard me sing!"

Dusty pulled her to her feet, mock horror in his tone. "Good heavens! You can, can't you?"

Sue smiled up at him. "Why, of course, I'm simply marvellous!"

Dot found them in her apartment when she arrived home. As she stepped out of the elevator she was startled at the sound of a piano and a lovely lilting song. "Goodness," she thought, "how distracting! Has someone moved in with a piano?"

And there was Dusty at her own mini-piano, picking out the melody, adding a bass chord every now and then, while one of the most striking girls she had ever seen stood close to him, pouring out clear, liquid notes.

It was a moment Dot was to remember all her life. Dusty turned around, his face alive with interest. "Dot," he said, and she saw that he looked younger and more intensely interested than he had been for months. "Dot, your Sue Garland is a find. She's magnificent! We are putting her on the air."

Slightly dazed, Dot threw off her coat and hat and reached for a cigarette. At the same instant she realised that this tall, brown-haired girl with the clear blue eyes might much better have been met by herself.

DUSTIN PAINE had never been so busy in his life. At least since the days when he was a one-man advertising and publicity agency. Never had he had half so much fun. It was just, he told himself, that he wanted Sue Garland to start off on the right foot. If she were handled properly she might end up as one of the biggest stars in radio. And radio was the field for a youngster to get into. Besides, he wasn't totally disinterested himself. It wasn't the easiest thing in the world, in these days of fierce competition, to "find" a radio star.

He spent hours with his publicity man. "Play up Sue Garland," he'd say, "every chance you get. Work the Press agents of some of the smarter hotels. Get her photographed dining at such and such a place. You know—"

That was how Dusty happened to be with Dot in her apartment this particular evening. Sue was dressing to be photographed at the Metropolitan Casino and

Dusty was waiting to take her there. There was to be a candid camera man and some of the columnists who were always out for a bit of gossip.

"I haven't seen you for days," he said.

Dot's eyes rested on his white shirt-front. "Well, after all—"

"I've been wanting to ask your advice about something. There's a particular man I'd like to meet. In fact, I've got to meet him, and I wondered—"

"Of course," Dot said. "Give me his name and I'll pursue him. Somebody knows everybody in this town and it's just a question of finding the right somebody."

Dusty explained what it was all about and a few minutes later looked at his watch. "Can't you hurry her, Dot? Are all women so slow?" And then, "Bother it, Dot, I never see you. Why don't you come along tonight?"

"Can't. Work to do."

"Well, why don't we plan an evening, soon?"

"Love to," answered Dot carelessly, thinking at the same time that this was an odd state of affairs. That she and Dusty should now, at this late date, behave like agreeable chance acquaintances.

At that moment Sue came out of the bedroom, slim in a long blue frock that made her seem taller than ever. Dusty stopped speaking and looked her over with what Dot felt was more than professional interest. Not that she thought he was in love with Sue—not yet, anyway—but she was definitely aware of a renewed spirit, a new light in his eyes, a fresh focus.

Unobserved now, she watched them both with narrowed eyes. It came to her with a shock that if she wanted Dusty she would have to fight for him. After all the years that Dusty had been where she could lay a finger on him, he now seemed strangely detached. And for some curious reason Stephen seemed strangely close. Dot drew a long breath as she realised that her usually precise mind was in a state of chaotic indecision.

Sue said, "I wish you would come with us, Dot."

Dot saw that she meant it. To Sue it seemed as if Dot were missing great fun. It was a long time since Dot had looked at a publicity "stunt" with that unfaded viewpoint. However, it was perfectly true that she did have work to do. Heaps of it. And quite apart from that, she had the feeling that what she would appreciate most was a hot tub and the smooth white sheets of her own bed.

On the way uptown, with Sue fragrantly close, Dusty said, "You know, although we were both born in the same town, I know practically nothing about you."

"There isn't much to know," Sue said. "Gran was my only parent, in a way. My mother died soon after I was born, and I cannot remember my father at all. My early life was spent in the old house at White Creek. For a little while I went to public school, but after a session with scarlet fever I was taught at home. Then came boarding-school, where there was never much leisure because I always had to take extra hours of music. The Boston Conservatory and Versailles came next and, finally, a few concert engagements."

"I suppose," Dusty said, "what I am trying to get at is your love life, if any."

He couldn't tell anything from her voice. "Of course I've had one," Sue laughed, "in a mild way. But tell me, how can one ever

know when it is the real thing? I've always wondered."

"Certain symptoms, signs, diseases, a weakening of the system. Only cure is the isolation ward. But seriously, I'm glad to have you ask me a question like that."

"Why?"

"Because you can't ever have been in love. And the idea is that I'd hate to get you all nicely started on a career only to have you step out and get married. You'll get much further in this business if you can give your whole mind to your job."

That was what Dusty thought he meant.

Two weeks passed before Dusty saw Dot again, and then he ran into her at a cocktail party. She looked up at him brightly and said, "Fancy finding you here."

"This is simply great," Dusty said. "I've been wanting to see you. I'm in quite a nasty muddle with the paper box account and I'd like to find out something about some of the mill people. Shall we go to a place where we can have dinner and talk?"

She had undoubtedly been wrong, Dot decided, when the meal was half over. Perhaps she had been too aware and too sensitive about his attention to Sue Garland. And it was not unlikely that her imagination had been working overtime. Probably there was nothing to it after all, nothing more than Dusty's vital enthusiasm for anything new on which he could exercise his creative genius.

Dusty said, "Life in New York is so artificial. I'd love to get away from it."

"That," Dot said, lighting a cigarette, "begins to have the familiarity of a theme song, Dusty."

He probably did want to get away, Dot mused. As a matter of fact, who didn't, after a few years? In their early days together they had planned to go back to Gran's farm, an old house where she was born, on the outskirts of White Creek, near the Guldepost.

A quick stab shot through Dot. She hadn't thought of that for years.

"We could, you know," she said after a little, "all of us go home for Thanksgiving. Gran has been dying for a real family party for years."

"Can't possibly get away," Dusty said promptly, plying a tough portion of steak. "We have just wangled an excellent place for Sue Garland on one of those big variety programmes, Thanksgiving night. It'll have to be another time, darling."

"I've a good mind," said Dot, "to cook a turkey. I could import Ellen from Harlem—"

"Now that," said Dusty with sudden warmth, "is a really bright idea. Do!"

"And there won't be a papier-mache turkey or a crepe paper pumpkin or a sheaf of corn or a gilded nut within five blocks of us. Stephen—"

"Would you have to have Stephen?"

"I would. His people are wintering in Trinidad. Would you mind too much?"

Dusty grinned. "I'm just congenitally allergic to him. But I'll be nice if you want me to."

Dusty left her at her apartment and when he said good-bye he put his arm around her and said, "I've missed you terribly these last few weeks." The frightful part of it was, Dot realised with a sharp thrust of pain, that he really meant it.

The apartment was somehow lonely and no longer her own. Sue's smartly packaged cosmetics were on the dressing table and her long dresses trailed in the closet. Dot sighed, sat down on the fur-covered stool, and put her head in her hands. She sat

there a long time, then she went into the bathroom, turned on the cold-water tap, and held a wash cloth to her eyes.

"You're doing splendidly with your life, my pet," she told herself. "You watch a young snipet carry off what you've always considered your property, and you don't raise a finger to stop it. And you dangle Stephen Emery like a fish on a hook."

She went to the phone and dialled Stephen.

"Stephen," she said, "If you aren't too awfully busy or tired to-night, I have some sketches in my brief case. And, Stephen, pick up a pound of ancient cheese and I'll make you a rarebit."

SUE GARLAND could not get used to the moment when she knew that she was on the air. It was always a little frightening to feel that her voice was being sent where it could be picked up by millions of people merely by the turning of a knob. The night of her first appearance, she had stood in the small studio, her eyes following the hands on the enormous clock face as the seconds were left behind, one by one.

The stillness in the studio, she thought before she began, was almost absolute—so deep that it had the quality of sound. Dusty, who was invariably present during the programme, and the director, who had come in, were tense. The latter had just finished the feature of the show, a radio sketch with two prominent Hollywood actors, and he was extremely nervous.

Trifling things had gone wrong in this particular number—there had been some ad-libbing, the announcer had made a serious slip and one of the actors had dropped his script. Sue's hands had trembled as she thought wildly of all the frightful things which might happen in the next five minutes. Unexpectedly, her voice might fail, or the timing might be wrong. Then she began to sing, and from then onwards her fears left her.

By the end of six short weeks Sue had made no small sensation, and the offers which had come in were as strange as they were dazzling. She had received, although Dusty had not yet allowed her to see her fan mail, some thousands of letters, twenty of which contained offers of marriage. She had sung at two benefits, and had made several other personal appearances. The publicity had trickled ceaselessly in a way most satisfying to Paine and Hodgson, and the man in charge of publicity had filled his clipping books in high glee.

It struck Dusty one evening as he watched her singing that it would not be good for Sue to have more success than she was having at the moment. What if some Hollywood man should propose a screen test with a part in a new picture? He realised that Sue would have far less need of him than she had at the moment.

Now, as he finished her song, her brown eyes sought his for approval. Dusty nodded reassuringly as he clapped his hands. Then he held for her a long black velvet coat which buttoned high at the throat, and thought how lucky they were to have the nine o'clock hour.

"Come on," he whispered, "let's get out of here." And he realised that his motive for taking her dancing was that it was the quickest way to get Sue into his arms.

ON Thanksgiving morning Dot were a gingham apron, and the small modern apartment was filled with the unaccustomed and homely odors of roasting turkey

with sage dressing, of boiling silver-skinned onions, the sharp, mouth-watering tang of a cranberry sauce as Gran made it up in White Creek.

She hummed quite happily as she spread the white damask dinner-cloth on her living-room table and arranged the crystal goblets and the shining silver. The domestic life, she observed, had its own rewards. Stephen would make the drinks; and if he returned in time from the football game with Sue, Dusty could crack the nuts.

Dinner was set for five o'clock, that being a pleasant compromise between White Creek and New York, and fifteen minutes before the hour Stephen arrived, his arms full of tawny chrysanthemums.

He put them into her arms, saying, "Unless, my love, you'd prefer paper ones."

Dot buried her nose in the soft, furry petals. "Stephen, really, I wonder this year how I am ever going to get through Christmas. Sometimes I wake up from a nightmare. It's usually that I stop stock still in the middle of Fifth Avenue screaming at the sight of a red-and-green holly wreath until policemen drag me away. I never find out where they're taking me—I always wake up."

Stephen nodded. "The holiday business does take the zip out of the special days, doesn't it? Sounds as if a vacation is in order. Had you considered a honeymoon cruise?"

"Oh, my dear, I couldn't bear it." Dot pulled her chaise longue velvet house-coat around her and sat down on the lounge helpless with laughter. "Can you imagine what would happen if we should get married? The firm would think up some perfectly indescribable wedding-bells and cake decorations and favors, gift wrappings and bon voyage items, and we'd leave in a perfect welter of crepe paper. Nothing could be more awful."

"We could," said Stephen quietly, "forget about the office entirely and just disappear to a nice palmy isle. It can be managed."

Just then Sue and Dusty bounded in noisily, breathlessly reciting details of a wildly thrilling game, and asking if Dot and Stephen knew the Harvard-Yale score. All was cheerful confusion as Stephen went out in the kitchen and Ellen appeared to know if she should make the gravy.

It was a strange dinner, Dot thought, after it was all over. In fact, it wasn't entirely a success. The hitch came when Dusty raised his glass and proposed a toast. He had held his glass high and looked around, a strange look of bewilderment coming into his eyes.

Stephen had quickly handled the strained moment and said gracefully, "To Thanksgiving. May we all be grateful for what we now have, and want no more than we deserve." And then he turned to Dot and added, "To your perspective, darling. Let it return to you bright and polished and no longer askew. And may you once again feel the holiday spirit in its gloriously fresh and pristine state, unadorned and unwrapped!"

"Which is good enough," Dusty said a little sharply, "for one of Mitchelltree's windows adorned at this Thanksgiving moment with white patent leather holly wreaths."

Dot said, "This is a holiday. Not even allusions to business permitted."

After dinner Sue said, half apologetically to Dot, that she didn't want to spoil a holiday, but would they mind very much if she ran over her song for to-night? There was a tricky phrase here and there

she wanted to perfect. And Stephen said that now that the morale was completely broken down, he would like to try out his new fortune-telling game on Sue afterwards.

There were two men in Sue's life, the chart said, a tall dark one and a light one. There was a letter, money, and a journey, and a bad black card which meant grief or sorrow. Then Stephen shuffled the cards as directed, laid three in front of Sue and asked her to choose one. He nodded in satisfaction and announced that Sue would get her wish.

Dot said she simply couldn't bear to know what the future held in store for her and saw Dusty looking earnestly at her. But he turned away quickly and addressed Sue. "I'd pay a lot to know what you wished."

"No sale," laughed Sue. On the way up to the broadcast Dusty referred to the subject again. "Of course, beautiful, it wouldn't have anything to do with love?"

Sue said, "You don't get your wish if you tell. That's one of the rules."

Dusty settled back in the seat and then with sudden decision put his arm around her, drew her close and kissed her.

She drew away gently. "Dusty," she pleaded. "Please—"

"I'm sorry," said Dusty. "No, darn it, I'm not! You're wonderful, and I've been dying to do just that for days. I might as well admit it."

"But what about Dot?"

"Sue," Dusty said, taking her hand, "Dot and I were once in love. We talked a good deal about getting married, but something always happened. If we had gone through with it any one of those times we might have been deliriously happy. But we have been drifting apart. Good friends, you know, but nothing more. The last time I talked to Dot about marriage she laughed at me."

She looked earnestly into Dusty's eyes. "I do like you, Dusty, better than anyone I've ever known."

"Well, that's something to start with," Dusty said, pulling out his cigarette case. "And I wish you'd think about this, because from now on I'm going to make love to you at every possible opportunity."

"It's always nice to know ahead of time," Sue said smoothly. "I'll have a cigarette."

"You can't have one," said Dusty. "You're just too careless with that voice of yours. And now about this other matter—this thing called love. What about a little concentration?"

"I'll write it down on my list of things to do to-morrow: 'Buy new toothbrush: Make appointment for hair: Write Gran and think about Dusty.'"

"That's fine," Dusty said, "only the Dusty item ought to be at the top of the list—and at the bottom, too. And speaking of Gran, Joel is coming to town."

She half remembered Joel, and asked: "Didn't he once have a black eye?"

"Joel," Dusty said, "perpetually had a black eye when he was young." But they were near the studio and he didn't like the way they had lost the train of thought. There was only one way to recover it and he proposed to take it. He didn't add that Joel had said he wanted particularly to meet Sue Garland if she looked as her voice sounded. Dusty's new protegee, Joel had written, was a sensation.

Dusty took her firmly in his arms.

JOEL PAINE stood up to get his coat and bag as the train dived down into the black tunnel that led to Grand Central. He

BUT ONCE A YEAR

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

was not as tall as his brother Dusty, but he had the same powerful shoulders. Where Dusty's hair and eyes were dark, Joel's were light. His nose was rather longer and twisted oddly to one side as the result of a football collision. His eyes were his most remarkable feature—wide, blue, marked definitely at the corners with laugh crinkles.

He was conscious of the curious excitement which the sounds of New York always brought him. It was a stimulating city, over-stimulating, in fact, but good every now and then. Nevertheless, after a day or two of racing around, theatres and a night club or two, Joel was always glad to get on the train for White Creek. How Dusty ever stood the grind, he couldn't imagine.

Joel looked unusually grim as he walked down the aisle, preparing to get off the train. He had everything just about ready, if Dusty would be willing to invest some money. And it was pretty important that Dusty should. In fact, if he didn't, Joel would face a very serious future.

Dusty was about the finest man in the world, Joel was thinking to himself. If it hadn't been for Dusty, where would he be? At first Dusty had left Joel at home with the housekeeper while he worked his way through Harvard. And that wasn't a success at all, Joel remembered with a grin. Dusty had to get him into a nearby prep school, where he could keep his eye on Joel. And it was a good thing, too. He never would have made the grade if he hadn't been for Dusty.

How Dusty ever managed to get them both through Harvard he couldn't quite imagine now that he had some acquaintance with the difficulty of earning money.

But in these latter years it had been easier for both of them. Dusty managed to make plenty here in this hectic city, and the old estate in White Creek had begun to pay a little instead of eating everything up in taxes and interest. And that was due to Joel's efforts—fixing up some of the old houses and the old Paine block on Lower Hill so that they could rent them.

When you had a brother like Dusty, who had been practically the only parent you had known in the important growing years, there was nothing you wouldn't do for him.

It was odd how your life settled in a kind of pattern after a time—Dusty down here and Joel back in White Creek. Probably Joel would end up there—he would get the mills running somehow—and probably he would marry Jinny Ransom. He had kissed her just last night. Joel's heart beat faster at the memory.

They had been in Jinny's car—she had picked him up and had taken the new road up the mountain, now turned wild and bleak with only a few of the leaves clinging to the trees. At the bend in the road beside the pond where he had gone swimming when he was a boy, they had stopped—and he had kissed her.

The train stopped with a bump and Joel hurried down the platform, found a taxi, and gave Dusty's office address. Dusty's greeting to him was a hearty slap on the back. He said, "Well, old-timer! Do you want to come with me to a rehearsal?"

Joel grinned and said, "My word, yes." He wondered if Sue Garland would be there, but did not tell Dusty how anxious he was to see what Sue was like. He had made up his mind he must see her, the evening he had dropped in to talk to Gran.

Gran had sat there in that musty, ancient-smelling parlor, with her cane by

her side. Nearly eighty she was, but as hale and hearty as a youngster. Why, her hair wasn't even grey. Joel remembered with a start. Joel had called in to ask for some advice about the mills, and Gran had really listened. Few people knew how to listen.

Then Joel had turned on Sue Garland's programme. Gran's little black eyes were as bright as those of a field mouse. And her infinitely delicate wrinkles chased each other into a pattern of satisfaction. She tapped her polished flat shoe on the floor in time with the music. And the song had gone straight into Joel's heart, almost as if someone had been singing to him and no one else was listening. It was an odd experience, as he sat there, listening with his eyes closed.

He knew then he had to see her. Afterwards Gran opened a musty cupboard and took out photographs and showed him pictures of both Dot and Sue. But he wasn't interested in Dot. He had to see every one of the pictures of Sue.

First there were the pictures of her as a little girl as he remembered her, with fair curly hair. And then there were some solemn ones taken at boarding-school, with her hair parted in the middle. The gay college pictures followed, showing her on skis and snowshoes. There was an envelope of snaps taken abroad, most of them scenic, but every now and then Joel could pick out a small figure that was certainly Sue Garland, laughing, with her hair blowing across her face.

So when he saw her standing there in the studio at the microphone she wasn't at all a stranger to him.

The first things they said to each other were rather absurd. The only thing Joel knew was that he had to keep her there, keep her talking. And he noticed that there was a kind of glow about her that the pictures didn't show. Her nose was quite like Gran's, he discovered, straight, with the same thin, fine, delicate nostrils. Her eyes were wide apart and very blue. Now the pupils were dark and deep with a kind of suppressed excitement.

Joel supposed that singing for the radio audience made you look like that. He didn't know that Sue's heart was beating faster than usual and that the brightness in her cheeks was not out of a compact.

Dusty came up, then, with his watch in his hands. "I've got to run," he said. "Joel, why don't you look after Sue for a little while until I get through this next hour? There's a restaurant in the building. You and Sue have lunch and I'll join you for coffee."

So here they were sitting opposite each other across a stiffly starched expanse of linen on the thirteenth floor in the Skytop Restaurant.

Joel took up the menu and said: "I hope you really have a good appetite—I'm ravenous and want an honest-to-goodness lunch."

Sue said, "I'm always famished."

Joel countered: "There's a nice white cloud floating behind your head. Do you always have your head in the clouds like that?"

She laughed, not because it was funny, really, but she had to laugh. Because she was having such an unexpectedly good time with Joel Paine and it was such fun to be dining here, right up so high.

They talked about a lot of things, mostly about White Creek and Gran. Then Joel told her sooner than he had intended to

about the night he heard her sing. Last week's programme.

She put her hands together quickly in a little gesture of her own, raised one eyebrow and said, "That's interesting. That very evening I had the most curious sensation while I was singing—I felt as if someone important was listening. Only then," she said lightly, "I thought it was the scout from Hollywood. I couldn't know it was you."

Joel said: "I mean every word I am saying."

"So do I," said Sue, her eyes large and animated.

Then Joel saw Dusty coming in the door and had just time enough to ask rather huskily if Sue would come out to tea in the afternoon. He added, before Dusty had reached their table, "It's terribly strange we should know so much about each other, that I should know Gran so well, and that both of us have lived in White Creek—but have met so seldom."

She laughed a little and said, "Yes. In fact, if you must know, I feel that all my life up to this moment has been a stupid waste of time."

SUE had cancelled an appointment for a fitting, to get her hair done before dancing with Joel Paine. While the wind roared in her ears as she sat under the drier, she looked at a picture of herself in a current magazine. In a gossip column she stumbled upon a buried mention of herself and "that current bachelor-about-town," Dustin Paine. She read with a feeling of mingled surprise and self-conscious elation that they had been seen together at one of the most popular night clubs.

"Dusty," she thought, "is a darling. What would I have done without him? It's awfully nice to have him in love with me, besides being definitely exciting. I wonder if he has seen this, and if he has, what he thinks of it?"

She adored going about with Dusty. He made her feel precious, and cared for. He eased them out of the clutches of people who were likely to become boring; effortlessly provided the best theatre seats, the right table and superb food. But it wasn't only that. It was much more; his rich laughter, his attractive brownness, the way his hair grew on his forehead, and the level gaze of his tree-bark eyes. Though when he looked at her earnestly and long, as he occasionally did, as if beneath the light chatter he was seeking her out, it frightened her. But it made her pulse beat high and her head feel light.

Sue surveyed the odd effect of a cluster of curls tied at her neck with a black velvet bow and observed that it was just exactly right for the black velvet dress with the white broderie anglaise. Mr. William (whose name was not William at all, but Dominick Lucia) brushed the soft puffs around her face. He was as much excited over the new hair style as she was pleased with it.

In a soft speech which caressed her name he said, "Miss Garland, he weel like it, eh? Or maybe an appearance?"

Sue's neat ears were as pink as sea-shells from the drier as she put down the mirror and smiled. "It's not exactly an appearance," she said truthfully, "but it may be a rather important occasion."

She slipped into her coat, and hurried to keep her appointment with Joel. Now as she waited for him in the foyer of a streamlined cocktail lounge she knew that she was right. The afternoon was going to be

important, and undoubtedly before they parted Joel would take her in his arms and kiss her.

Then she saw him as he stepped out of the elevator in his loose tweed coat, a felt hat carelessly jammed on his head. When he saw her and came directly to her she had the feeling that she had been waiting for this a long time.

"I like your hat," he said, "only it cuts off part of the view." He noticed that she was more beautiful than he remembered her from the morning.

The waiter brought cocktails, and at the end of half an hour they were still untasted in front of them. The place was crowded, noisy, and blue with cigarette smoke.

"Do you really like this?" Joel asked, smiling. "Or shall we find a place where we can hear each other?"

"Let's," Sue said, rising, "find a place where it isn't so stuffy."

It wasn't at all stuffy on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, they found, and there they were really alone with white feathery snowflakes falling all about them. Joel put his arm around her and observed that a snowflake had caught on her eyelashes and that he'd like awfully to kiss her.

Their lips clung together in the darkness, polka-dotted by the falling snow. Below them people were scurrying on sidewalks; the shop windows were bright and festooned with Christmas wreaths, tinsel, bells and magnificently lighted Christmas trees.

In that brief moment Joel knew that something in his world had snapped and changed direction. He thought it was a very good thing he hadn't yet asked Jinny Ransom to marry him. Because Joel knew without any question this girl belonged to him.

Sue said without any shyness or coyness, "I was sure you were going to do that, from the minute I saw you this morning."

"Sue Garland," said Joel over and over, "Sue Garland. I knew that name was significant the first time I heard it. I've been in love with you, I think, ever since I first heard you sing."

She laughed happily because it was a mad thing to do, to fall in love like this, without any preliminaries. "Don't think I ride around like this on the top of Fifth Avenue buses—I mean—the only—"

Joel lit his cigarette. "You mean you didn't know people actually fell in love at once. That's it, isn't it?"

"Yes," Sue said a little breathlessly. "Yes."

Joel kissed her again. "Well, it does happen." At the sight of an illuminated clock face he asked suddenly, "What about dinner—when do you eat?"

"After the broadcast, and I must be at the studio by eight-fifteen."

"Fine," Joel said. "We don't have to hurry. Now we'll have a chance to talk. There's something I particularly want to ask you. Is there—is there any other man in your life?"

"Only Dusty," Sue said, laughing. "He's the only other person who ever kissed me on top of a bus."

"You mean—my brother—is in love with you?"

"Yes," said Sue lightly, "he makes love to me all the time. I don't suppose he really means it, and after all he is a lot older than I am—and now—of course—"

Joel was looking at her from under his felt hat with incredulous eyes. "Dusty!" he exclaimed, feeling like a falling man reaching for projecting objects.

Joel knew Dusty. If Dusty made love to

Sue he meant it. It was a good thing he had found this out in time.

"I thought we were going to talk," Sue reminded him after a long silence.

"What? Oh! Yes—yes—" now he was speaking sharply. "I wanted to talk about Jinny. She's a girl back at home—a very particular girl—I want to take her a present, something really nice, and I thought perhaps you'd help me select it."

Sue was staring at him in the semi-darkness.

"I suppose I should have told you before," Joel said. "There's always been Jinny. She's the prettiest girl in White Creek. Her father runs the 'Star.'"

"Oh, yes," said Sue. "The White Creek 'Star.'"

Joel looked down at the lighted shops. "That one looks open. Do you think a girl would like perfume? It ought to be—" he hesitated, "a reasonably expensive present."

"Any girl would like perfume, I should think," Sue said quietly. "Joel, you're a funny boy. I thought you meant all that—a few blocks past—I was sure you did—"

Joel gritted his teeth. This was going to be bad. "I suppose I overplayed the part. But, Sue, you are in love with Dusty, aren't you?"

Sue didn't hear the urgency in his tone because of her deep, sudden hurt. So she answered carelessly, "Who wouldn't be in love with Dusty?"

By this time the bus had stopped. They had descended and were part of the hurrying crowd. The snow which had fallen like drifting lace against high, dark buildings was melting brown sugar on darkly wet sidewalks. Presently Sue was saying that a girl with dark hair called Jinny Ransom would surely like this scent. Joel paid for it and chattered brightly while it was being wrapped.

"I'll have to rush," Sue's voice was a little shaken.

Carefully Joel said, "I hope you don't mind being just chucked into a cab. I have a couple of errands to do and I'm leaving in the morning."

Alone in the taxi, what Sue most wanted to do was to cry, but she couldn't because she was due at the studio and there would be an audience, and Dusty would hate it if she didn't look her best. For just a little while she had thought she had found it—that something so amazingly, utterly wonderful—that something she had dreamed about.

At the entrance to the big studio building Sue noticed with surprise that with all the hurry and confusion she had nearly an hour to herself. Her head was aching madly and she decided upon a turn around the block.

The snow was still falling in fantastically perfect crystal flakes resting briefly on her fur coat before they melted. The slush was quite deep. The snow was twisting about her; the flakes lighted from above were shadowed underneath and she had the feeling that the whirling grey specks came from a cloud blown to bits.

When she eventually returned to the studio she felt strangely light-headed and swallowed two aspirin tablets before going on the air. Strangely enough, however, she never had sung better. Dusty noticed that her eyes were unusually bright and her cheeks were scarlet with excitement. It was, he supposed, because of a flattering offer she had received that day from a popular night

club in the centre of town, for a ten-week engagement. He sighed and thought he didn't exactly relish the prospect of Sue Garland as a night-club singer with all the blatant publicity, though this did seem like a foolish attitude when he had turned himself inside out to get her publicity—and to promote a career for her.

As they left the studio, she amazed him by asking: "Will you be generous at this point and lend me a nickel. I—I want to put in a telephone call."

There, she had said it. It had been on her mind all the evening. Joel was staying with Dusty. If she could hear his voice again she might be able to smooth out her own mixed feelings. If she could hear Joel's voice saying nothing more than "Hello," she might be able to lift this dark cloud. She might even know if her own emotions were the result of an overwrought imagination. At the same time she knew she was doing something which, under ordinary circumstances, she certainly would not do. But what was so fearfully extraordinary about having been kissed suddenly on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus?

"Why don't you use the studio phone?" Dusty asked in surprise.

Because she wanted to be safely hidden in an enclosed booth when she called Joel. Because she wouldn't want anyone to know

The nickel went ping in the slot and Sue's heart beat so loudly she could hear it. Frightened, she almost hung up. Suddenly she couldn't bear to know. Then she heard his voice. "Hello—hello!"

Sue's voice was paralysed in her throat. "Hello!" said Joel, irritably. The telephone hook on the other end jangled. "Operator, you rang here."

"Sorry—there's no one on the line now."

She put the receiver back on the hook and stood there until someone who wanted to use the phone rattled the door of the booth.

Sue went out, smiling. Dusty was waiting for her.

"That's the end of it," she told herself; "of that merry little excursion into silliness. I hope you've had enough. I hope you're satisfied. I hope you'll behave yourself from now on."

"Well, there you are!" Dusty picked up his hat and gloves. "Why all the secrecy? What's it all about? Can't I be told about it, too?"

But something remained definite in Sue's mind. "There was something between us. I know there was. And I'll never be truly happy and at rest until I find out from Joel what happened."

DOT wasn't there when Sue and Dusty arrived home after the broadcast. Dusty snapped on the lights and took Sue in his arms. "You're cold," he said quickly. "You're shivering. What's the matter?"

She crossed her arms, with a hand under each elbow and said, "I don't know, Dusty. I am cold."

"Well, of all the crazy things—look at your feet!"

She looked down at her open-toed shoes, the sheer stockings dark with dampness. "Oh, I must have got my feet wet."

"Must have," said Dusty. "Good Lord! You certainly have." He bent down and unstrapped her shoes. "They're caked with ice. What in the world have you been doing?"

"The snow—forgot my overshoes," Sue murmured.

Dusty heated bath towels on the radiator

BUT ONCE A YEAR

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

and wrapped Sue's feet in them and then he came back with hot whisky.

"Drink it while it's hot. Good Lord, Sue! Don't you realise you can ruin your career with a frog in your throat?"

Sue was feeling better. "Dusty, please don't worry so. After this fire-water of yours, I'd hesitate to have a sniffle."

Dusty, filled with anxiety, leaned over her. "Oh, Sue—Sue," his voice choked with emotion, "you're so sweet. You don't seem to realise that your voice is your fortune—and here you practically throw your future to the winds. Don't you care about a career?"

Sue raised one eyebrow at him and smiled. "Of course I do, Dusty." Then she had a chill which shook her from head to foot, and she thought, "But it isn't true. I don't honestly care about anything at this moment."

She put down the glass. "Really, Dusty, I can't swallow another mouthful."

With a determined look Dusty took the glass and held it to her lips. She smiled, and Dusty set the glass down and took her hand between his two hands and kissed her slowly. He thought it might be a blessing in disguise if Sue did get a cold. She might marry him sooner without than with a career. He wondered why he had been so anxious to make her into a career girl when what he perversely wanted was someone who stayed at home and looked after his house and children. Certainly if he had married Dot he would have had an unsettled enough home life, and at this particular moment he wanted Sue as he had never wanted anything before in his life.

Then they heard Dot's key in the lock. Dusty rose rather abruptly and plunged into the business of telling her about Sue. He sighed with relief as Dot efficiently drew a hot bath and came back with some white stuff in a glass. "Run along, Dusty," she said carelessly, as if the sight of him hovering over Sue were not in the least unusual. "I'll phone first thing in the morning. She'll be all right, I'm sure."

DUSTY found Joel hunched up in his red leather chair before dying embers in the fireplace, an empty glass on the table.

Joel had thought, when he saw Sue's face turned back in the taxicab in the early evening, that he had been unnecessarily cruel. There must have been a kinder way than he had chosen. To kiss and make love to a girl was one thing, but really to fall in love with her was quite another.

It had been a crushing blow when she had said that Dusty was in love with her. Sitting in Dusty's apartment waiting for him to come in, something ached so fiercely inside that Joel felt he couldn't bear it. He thought perhaps a drink would help.

He had gone into Dusty's pine and copper kitchen and poured himself a stiff one, but it hadn't helped much. So he had poured himself another. And now Dusty, with a worried frown between his eyes, was saying: "I hope you don't do this sort of thing regularly—drinking by yourself isn't quite the thing, old man. And what in the world is this vile smell?"

Joel grinned. He didn't know how to tell Dusty that if it was a vile smell it had a French name three inches long, that the tiny bottle had cost him a lot of money and that he had, in a fit of disgust, drawn the stopper and poured it all down the sink. He changed the subject, and began talking of his work.

Dusty said, "I can't think of anything more outrageously foolish to do with money

than to invest it in the outdated Paine Thread Mills—even if this elastic thread is something to revolutionise women's clothes. You're swayed by sentiment."

Joel said heatedly, "There isn't a scrap of sentiment in me. We own the confounded mills and the machinery, don't we? We pay taxes and get absolutely nothing out of them."

"Well," said Dusty, "if we don't tear down the buildings, they'll fall down."

Joel gritted his teeth. "There's no reason why you shouldn't come up and look this thing over. I've adjusted one machine so that it runs like a million-dollar car. The expense and adjustment on the old machines are trifling. You seem to forget, too, that I have a patent on this development. This thread of mine has qualities that other thread doesn't have. It's colored, for one thing, and it's reasonably boifast. And let me tell you it's going to be important. When you make better thread than the others, you're bound to make good."

"The mousetrap idea. I see it, Joel, but I won't do it. If I thought I could satisfy you with a couple of thousand dollars, I would." But that would only be the beginning. What do you know of merchandising? Of production and labor costs? Of taxes? It's confounded pig-headedness. "Pig-headed, am I?" shouted Joel, "pig-headed when you—?"

"Forget it all and come here with me," said Dusty, "and we'll get you a jolly good job in the advertising game. By the way, how did you like Sue Garland?"

Joel carefully averted his eyes and said with a fair degree of casualness, "Oh, she's a very nice girl."

"Fine," Dusty said, "I want you two to like each other, because—because," he added, "I am going to marry her. And Joel, don't let this business stand between us. After all, you and I have come a long way together, and pretty much through our own efforts."

"Yours, you mean," said Joel, his brief anger quite spent now. "Since I was twelve, Dusty, I haven't had a soul in the world but you."

The next morning Sue definitely had a cold deep in her lungs. She couldn't appear for the audition which the night club had arranged. So Dusty and the well-groomed restaurateur of the Trocadero closeted themselves in the soundproof studio connected with Dusty's office and listened to recordings of Sue Garland's voice.

Dusty knocked his cigarette ashes into the chromium ashtray and stared at the monk's cloth curtains. Hearing Sue's voice always stirred him, and for a moment he was not sure he could trust himself to speak.

"The offer stands," Tony Stefano said, waving his fat black cigar. "The girl's voice is maybe a little too sweet, but she has something. I think maybe the customers will like it. And she looks good, you say?"

"If," said Dusty, bargaining, "you could add another hundred to the first two weeks, payable in advance, she'd consider it."

"Now, how do I know how her voice is going over in a crowded night club, with everybody talking and dishes clattering and nobody paying attention—maybe the girl gets frightened. Maybe she doesn't do so well, maybe her voice doesn't carry. Why, then, I'd lose a lot of money."

"You won't lose any money on Sue Garland," said Dusty, with conviction. "You're darned lucky to be able to get her at that price. In six months, Tony, you won't be able to afford her."

Tony's black eyes rolled. "All right and

all right, and just to be a good fellow I'll give her five hundred bonus at the end if everything goes all right."

It was altogether a generous offer. Dusty knew, and he nodded a little wearily. He didn't approve of what he was doing as Sue's agent. He didn't like the idea of Sue appearing in a night club, but he knew that with work like this you had to take an opportunity when it came. It would make a pretty heavy schedule for her, three times a week on the radio and two appearances nightly at the Trocadero. She'd be running back and forth half the time, but still she was young and strong and healthy. He nodded to Tony to come into his private office to draw up the contract.

Dusty kept wondering all the time how Sue was feeling. How like a careless girl to get a cold when her career hung in the balance! He wasn't exactly worried about it, as he felt sure she'd throw it off in no time. He wondered, too, if Joel had taken the flowers around as he had promised.

Joel had seemed uneasy at breakfast and anxious to be starting for home. No use wasting time in the city since Dusty was not going to help him with the factory.

"Stay for a while, kid," Dusty had said. "Don't be in such a hurry. I haven't really seen you. Besides, I want you to take some posies over to Sue. She's under the weather with a cold, and we'll have to keep up her spirits."

That, Joel thought, was a pretty turn of events. If Dusty only knew that he was leaving town just so he wouldn't have to lay eyes on Sue Garland again, just because he knew it would be slow torture if he had to see her, or hear her! Just because he didn't dare. If he were ever to behave honorably toward a brother who had done everything for him, here was his opportunity. Here was a chance for him to repay kind with kind, even though Dusty might never be aware of it. And Joel meant that he never should be.

Dusty had said, "I want you two really to like each other. If she's going to be your sister-in-law you'd better get to know her. She was pretty sick last night and I want to be sure she doesn't get up and go outdoors or do anything silly. She's so careless, and it'll ease my mind if I know you're there."

"I'll be glad to," said Joel. Only he was thinking rather wildly that he'd do it in the quickest possible way. He'd say with emphasis, "Dusty insisted that I—"

He almost forgot about it, though, when he saw her eyes light up. She was sitting up in bed, her hair astonishingly light, touching her shoulders, which were covered with a fluffy blue bed-jacket. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes bright, and her hand, which he accidentally touched when he gave her the flowers, like fire.

She said, and her voice was barely a whisper, "How nice of you, Joel. How nice. I thought you had gone home." She let the fragrant mass of red roses lie on the bed while she looked at him.

"Yesterday," she said presently, "I thought you didn't like me."

Joel sat down. This was going to be even worse than he had anticipated.

"Sue," he said, "I like you awfully. That's the trouble. I was afraid I was going to like you too much, and after all there is the other girl—the girl I'm going to marry," he added hastily.

"Yes," she smiled up at him. "Jinny."

"Yes," he said. "Jinny."

There was nothing more to say, and the two sat uncomfortably silent until Dot came

to the door and motioned to Joel to come to the living-room. "Don't you think I ought to get a doctor?" Dot asked, worried. "You'd better get one quickly," Joel said. "She's burning up with fever; I wouldn't delay at all."

When Dusty finally got rid of Tony Stefano after they had lunched to thresh out the final details of the contract, it was a quarter to three. His secretary sighed with relief as he came in and said, "Oh, thank goodness, Mr. Paine. Miss Garland's apartment has been calling frantically ever since you left. I'll get the number for you right away." She dialled repeatedly, but there was no answer.

"Try again," Dusty insisted. "There must be somebody there."

At last he heard Joel's voice, breathless. "Dusty," Joel said, "get over to the Memorial Hospital right away. We called the doctor for Sue and he took one look at her and ordered the ambulance. She's being typed for pneumonia. Dusty, I'm afraid—I'm afraid she's dreadfully sick."

Dusty dropped the receiver and grabbed his hat and coat. He thrust his arms in the coat sleeves as the elevator took him down.

He found Joel and Dot in the hospital waiting-room, with its linoleum floor, great wicker chairs and chintz-covered cushions and floor-lamps. "No report yet," Dot said, her eyes opening wide as she saw Dusty.

"Are they sure it's pneumonia?"

She nodded. "Definitely. Now it's a question of typing and giving her the serum quickly."

Dusty sat down and lighted a cigarette with shaking fingers. "Yes, yes, of course," he said. "There was a girl in our office who had it and she came out in no time after the serum. Amazing, aren't they, doctors and serums?"

An attendant called Dot out to sign the entry papers and make some arrangements, and Joel held an evening newspaper before him so that Dusty wouldn't have to talk and could pull himself together. Joel had always thought of his brother as strong and invincible, but this white-faced, stricken man was a stranger to him.

It seemed years before Dot came back into the room and said a little hysterically to Dusty, "What she has is not one of the ordinary types at all—it's a rare type that they don't know much about—a dangerous type."

"But the serum, Dot. What about the serum?"

"That's just it, Dusty. There isn't any of this particular serum in the city of New York. It seems impossible, but it's true. There isn't a vial of it anywhere."

WHEN Dot appeared in the office, circles under her eyes, her face white and drawn, Stephen said, "Don't worry so, Dot. Everything possible is being done. Sue is young and healthy, and she'll certainly pull out of it."

"I—I—don't think she will," Dot said. "Even Dr. Towne has more or less given up hope, and he was the one who thought she'd make it. She's been getting weaker all day. It doesn't seem possible that three days ago she was as well and happy as we are now. It's my fault. How could I have let it go? I ought to have called the doctor the night before. If—if she dies, it will be all my fault."

Stephen led her gently to a chair. "But the serum is effective, isn't it?"

"You see—you know, of course, that they were delayed ten hours with that. When they finally located it, it had to be sent by plane. If they had had it sooner it might have made the difference between recovery and—she hasn't known anyone for hours."

"I've never known you to lack courage before," Stephen said. "Of course all this time you've scarcely eaten or slept. I hope you don't worry about the office."

"I do, though," Dot said, "even in the presence of—death. But I thought I'd go stark, raving mad if I had to sit in that white room any longer and listen to Sue struggle for breath. You just sit and wait—and there is nothing in the world but waiting—and the uncertainty of the outcome."

Stephen's dark eyes were soft and sympathetic. "Waiting is—just that, Dot."

When Dot returned to the hospital she found Joel pacing the corridor. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes haggard.

Dot laid her hand on his arm. "Sue—is there any change?"

Joel shook his head slowly. "No—no change. No change at all."

He continued to shake his head while Dot led him back into the little waiting room where Dusty stood looking out the window. And the vigil began all over again. An hour later she was sitting with Dusty and Joel, each like a radio tuned to catch every sound which came from that still white room across the hall.

Suddenly Dot became conscious of something moving in the hall. Dimly outlined against the shaded lights it looked like a small figure with long skirts sweeping the floor. At first she thought it must be an hallucination. Then she heard the swishing of ribbed silk, the familiar sound of flat-soled shoes, the determined tapping of a cane, and she realised suddenly that it was Gran. Her wrinkled little face was full of anxiety, but her voice was loud and peremptory in the still room where they had been talking in hushed tones.

"This is a pretty howdy-do! Where is she—where's Sue?"

"She's in her room," Dot whispered.

Gran tapped impatiently with her cane.

"Well, where is her room? And where's her doctor? I want to see 'em both."

"In there," Dot stammered as the nurse came tip-toeing out. "Here's the nurse."

Gran followed the nurse into the sick-room, her cane nervously tapping the floor.

"Now I'll have her to worry about," said Dot, shaking her head. "She shouldn't have come. She's eighty-one years old, and her own condition is precarious."

Dusty smiled reassuringly. "You needn't worry about Gran; she'll outlive all of us. A little thing like a trip to New York—only—if—"

"Yes," Dot said, "if—"

But they did feel better with Gran there. There was something steady and vital about her presence. Even the doctors felt it. Gran had looked them all over, questioned them sharply, and then had singled out a red-headed young nobody named Scott, who was only an interne. Now she sat over by the window in Sue's room while the interne in a white coat lounged wearily in a chair and watched two ivory needles flash about in red wool under Gran's fingers.

"A body can think better, leastways I can—if my fingers are busy," she explained. "Besides, there's no sense in wastin' time. These are mittens. Now—I guess you and I have the same idea about Sue. Disre-

gardin' all this talk about serums and injections and oxygen tents and whatnots, you and I think she's not puttin' up a good enough fight. Is that it?"

Dr. Scott nodded. "Up to last night she seemed to have everything in her favor—youth, health, vitality—but this is a particularly bad germ. I haven't had the experience of these older doctors. They seem to think that as a rule people just don't recover from it."

Gran pressed her point. "Isn't it likely now that she's got something on her mind that keeps her from wantin' to get well? I've been listenin' to her delirium and it's not a happy kind. It makes me think she's had a setback of some sort. Now certainly it's not her work. I wonder—I wonder if it could be. Well, anyway, while there's life there's hope."

Dr. Scott smiled and stood up. "I'll certainly say that, Grandma, and we'll pull her through if it can be done."

Gran briskly wound up the ball of red yarn, put it in her bag, and walked slowly across the hall into the room where the other three sat. She looked at them calmly.

"Joey and Dot, you two go out and get your dinner right away. We're not goin' to leave Sue alone for a minute. Dr. Scott is sendin' me a bite on a tray. And, Dusty, you're to take your turn while I'm eatin'."

It was towards morning when Gran and Joel were watching that Gran had leaned over suddenly and asked him, "What's the trouble between Dot and Dusty?"

Joel shook his head. "No trouble that I know of."

Gran looked sceptical. "Don't try to tell me that. I saw there was something amiss the minute I laid eyes on Dot. Now what is it?"

Joel squirmed. "It's Dusty." He felt a lump forming in his throat. "He's in love with Sue." He had to swallow hard before he was able to say, "They're engaged."

Gran nodded and drew down the corners of her mouth. "So that's it!"

As the crisis approached, the doctors gathered outside the door, where they stood in their white smocks consulting in whispers. The nurse, watch in hand and a finger on Sue's pulse, crouched by the bedside. Suddenly she turned and called in a startled voice, "Doctor!"

All the doctors moved quickly, but Gran was already bending over the bed. "Sue, dearie," she said coaxingly but distinctly, "it's time to get up now!"

Sue stirred—struggled—and opened her eyes.

"Now!" said Gran. She thrust Joel forward. "Say it now!"

Joel bent over the bed. "Sue, darling, I did mean what I said. I meant every word. I do love you. Come back, darling!"

JOEL had intended to spend three days in New York. Instead, he had been there a week. Now that Sue was well on the way to recovery, however, there was no reason for him to remain any longer, barring his appointment to take Dot to lunch.

He had planned to go to one of the more fashionable restaurants, but Dot could spare only a short while and preferred a place near the office. It was a pretentious and expensive place, but Dot was well known there. The head waiter called her "Miss Graves," and bowed deferentially. He came up during the progress of the meal to ask if everything was all right, to see if her chop was cooked to the right turn, and, finally, to say that they had some of those particular preserved peaches which Miss Graves so favored.

Dot had no wish to impress Joel, that he knew. It was all too apparent that she was used to this sort of thing. But to Joel, from Mrs. Van Anden's boarding house in White Creek, it was extraordinary. He was not accustomed to have a girl give the orders. Joel was not at all sure he liked it. He wondered if it was right for women to have jobs which gave them such power and money. Didn't it do something to their inner selves?

Still there were scarcely any women more essentially dainty and feminine than Dot. He had a feeling that Dot was unhappy. Why, he couldn't say. She seemed so perfectly a part of her surroundings, but there was a lack of ease, a jumpy tension even in the most casual conversation. Joel felt that even now she was turning things over in her mind, making out lists of things for other people to do.

Dot declared that she couldn't understand why Joel liked White Creek. "You don't want to get your roots in too deep," she said.

Joel felt her implication that it was a backwash, that nothing ever happened there. One grew up and then lapsed into some kind of slow dry rot. He grinned. "You don't seem to understand. I honestly prefer White Creek. I feel about New York the way you do about White Creek. I don't see, for instance, when you ever have time to think."

"New York," said Dot, "suits me perfectly. I find it both amusing and stimulating."

"I do, too," agreed Joel. "In small doses. The thing that hits me about New York, though, is the disreputable environment in which one has to waste such a lot of perfectly good time. The elevators, the subways, the waiting-rooms. Now, wasting time in White Creek is often productive and always pleasant. No matter where you are there is usually something satisfying to look at—a tree, or clouds, or the sunset on snow. It's those vivid flashes that make up a lifetime."

"Yes," Dot agreed with a little frown. And then, "You're a queer boy, Joel."

"I guess you and Dusty feel the same. Dusty simply won't understand why I refuse to come down here and make what he considers a decent living in the advertising business. I think a way of life is more important than money. Of course there should be enough of that."

"I can see your point," Dot said, looking at her watch. Joel saw that she didn't and probably never would. Dot didn't like the idea of White Creek because there she couldn't be the person she was now. The opportunity didn't exist. Here in New York she was an important executive who wore expensive clothes, ate expensive meals, and met interesting people.

Afterwards he realised that the reason they had discussed the matter so extensively was because they were both carefully skirting the topic of Dusty and Sue. Agreeing that Sue's recovery had been more or less of a miracle and that Gran had arrived just in the nick of time, they dropped the subject.

Sue, for her part, had no recollection of the time she was so very ill. It was just as if those days had vanished completely from her memory. She didn't even recall going to the hospital, although something persisted with the vagueness of a dream. Even that was fading and now she indulged in the pleasure of getting well.

Dusty insisted that she looked a great deal better than when she first went to the hospital. She was pale and a little thinner, which gave her a decidedly spiritual

appearance, highly becoming. Dusty was worried about her voice which continued husky and occasionally died to a whisper. However, the doctors insisted that would clear up as she gained strength, while Gran was sufficiently satisfied with her progress to return home to White Creek.

Joel followed some days later, and wrestled with the most serious problem of his whole life as he walked home in the chill December air. The Ransom brick house on the corner was dark, except for a light upstairs in Jinny's room. He'd call her to-morrow. He'd arrange to see her. He'd take a look at the Peterson house which belonged to the estate and see about remodelling.

Only—only—Sue liked him. He could tell. He knew. He was almost certain that Sue had liked him in just the same way he had liked her. They had known at that first moment that there was something inevitable about their meeting. What he hadn't known then was that circumstances would contrive to make her as unattainable as the farthest distant star.

"Sue," he said into the night, wondering if any vibrant wave could carry such a thought to her, "I came back to forget you. And I've got to try. Because, except you, my brother is to me the most important person in the world."

JINNY RANSOM'S eyes were large and dark; her hair was black and curly. Melting softness lingered around her soft red mouth. When she walked Joel imagined her leaning against the wind as it blew her green tweed skirt back and billowed under her Scotch plaid coat.

They sat in the Coffee Shop and Jinny smiled, which was, in a sense, her way of talking. Now, as she bent over her sandwich, Joel noticed that her cheeks were faintly pink in her smooth, creamy skin, and that her lashes, unbelievably long, were shadowed by the overhead light into a long thick fringe.

Joel had been explaining his plans for opening the mills, and Jinny was a good listener. Now she said, "Joel, dear, I hope it works out. It would mean such a lot to White Creek if it did. I've talked to father about it, and he will do everything he can to help you."

It would be fine to have a girl like Jinny beside you, helping and caring about your work, Joel thought.

"There ought to be something I could do on your project, Joel," Jinny spread out her white hands and looked at them. "I'm really not useless—although sometimes I think I am. It hurts when I realise how hard I've tried and that I still haven't a job. Joel, I am strong and willing—there must be a place for me."

"There is, too," Joel asserted stoutly. "You just haven't found it—the right place. You will. I know you will, Jinny."

"All I can do now," Jinny said dispiritedly, "is housework. I'm learning to cook, and I'm compiling a recipe book." She smiled wryly. "Mother has fifteen recipes for lemon chiffon pie, cut from newspaper and magazines. I practice, and once in a while I work down at the office. I could do more, but Mary Jones, who has been there practically since she was born, resents me. Of course she is good, and father couldn't get along without her. They don't want me unless they are in a jam. I wish that school job had materialised. I'd love to teach history and economics and the principles of government. But they wanted a person with experience. Tell me, Joel, how can you get experience if no one will give you a chance to try out?"

Joel said comfortingly, "For my sake, anyway, I'm glad it didn't. I wouldn't have wanted you to go so far away."

But Joel offered her no job on his project. His mind wasn't on Jinny's problems so much as it was on his own. "If it isn't too late, let's go over the house plans. I have the blueprints of the prefabricated houses which are inexpensive to put up. And that land of ours beyond the Guidepost is just growing up to scrub oak. Good land, too—good enough for home gardens. It isn't crazy, is it? I know we have to be very sure so that some unforeseen difficulty doesn't trip us. Although—oh, Jinny, I haven't told you—Dusty won't put up any money."

"Oh!" said Jinny. "Oh! But somebody will. Somebody will, I'm sure. Joel, how much would it cost to extend the water main? How much would it take to get the light poles up to the Guidepost? I wonder. Could you work it on a co-operative basis with the town?"

"I'd thought of that, too," Joel said eagerly. "If you've finished, let's take a look at the plans and work out the costs."

Jinny's house on the corner was old and mellowed; the shrubbery was thick and tall. Inside it was quiet, comfortable, and a little shabby, but it was, Joel observed as he had many times before, a real home. A fire flickered on the hearth, casting orange lights on the brass andirons.

Jinny brought out the card-table and snapped open the legs while Joel pulled the rubber-band from the roll of blueprints.

While they sat opposite each other Joel thought, "I've known Jinny Ransom ever since I was big enough to toddle."

Absorbed in their task, neither noticed the time until the old clock in the hall struck twelve slow notes. Joel looked up in amazement. "Jinny, can it be as late as that?" He stacked up the sheets of paper covered with figures. "I've stayed very late."

"Oh, Joel—" her eyes were dark and bright with the vision of a workers' farm village created out of purely waste land.

"If it would work out!" She stood with her back to the fire which had burned to white ashes, with here and there a glowing ember. Joel stepped over and gathered her to him.

Jinny's soft arms stole around his neck as he buried his face in the fragrant cloud of her hair. "Oh, Jinny, Jinny, darling, I do love you."

Jinny whispered, "I love you, Joel. I've always loved you, I think. I've never really cared for anyone else."

That was how it would be, Joel suddenly saw very clearly. Jinny would be his own, his dear one. Jinny would listen to him always, and help him with his plans. Jinny belonged to White Creek, too. They belonged together.

Sue Garland was the forbidden, the unattainable, the bright star the dream, the glory girl, who would undoubtedly marry his brother Dusty.

"Jinny," he whispered over and over. "Jinny—darling!"

"SUE," Dusty said with enthusiasm, "I've never seen you looking better!" It was true. The tenseness which had been part of Sue's eager enjoyment of life had disappeared, and in its place was a becoming serenity which Dusty often found puzzling. Since her illness Sue seemed no longer the heedless girl he had met at the boat, but someone more mature. He wondered if she knew how sick she had been.

They had had dinner in a nearby restau-

rant, and now Sue sat in front of Dot's modern fireplace with its glass key-shaped andirons and sipped a cordial. The small fire consumed a miniature birch log at which Sue looked thoughtfully. She said, "Dusty, you know a lot about money, don't you?"

"Oh," said Dusty, relieved, "so that's it. You're worrying about money. Well, don't. It will come rolling in fast enough when you get back on your feet."

"It's awfully expensive being ill, isn't it? The bills keep coming in. Every day there is something I had forgotten about. Dusty, I must have spent a lot of money. I've charged things and now I haven't money to pay for them. Another thing—I don't know why I didn't think of it before, but it's hardly fair for me to stay with Dot like this, is it? I've been here an awfully long time. Of course, she hasn't said anything, and won't. Dot's that kind of person. But I should be sharing her rent or something, shouldn't I?"

"Look here," Dusty said, "you have post-hospital blues or something. Forget it all. Let's have a little music."

How he could ever have made such a blunder Dusty afterwards couldn't imagine, but he happened to tune in on Sue's old hour, just in time for the announcer's fulsome introduction of Gloria, her successor. There wasn't any mention of Sue, of course, but just that the other girl's voice was something to listen to.

"Oh," he said, and snapped it off. "Wait," Sue put out her hand. "I'd like to hear her, please."

As they listened they could not escape picturing themselves in the studio. Sue wondered when the queer huskiness in her voice would be cured so that she could get back to work. Dusty kept thinking what an idiot he was, and that this was the most insane thing he could have done.

After a little Sue said, "She is good." "Have a little more cordial?" Dusty asked.

"No, thanks. I've been wondering what to do for money. Christmas is coming, you know. I've worked the entire day on my checking account, and it is quite hopeless. It's like tucking in a blanket that's too small. You turn it in at the bottom and then it doesn't come up far enough. When you pull it up, your feet are cold. Somehow, I must earn some money soon. The next time I'm on a pay roll I'll have to work out a budget and stick to it, although budgets and I aren't really compatible."

"Tony Stefano," said Dusty, "calls up nearly every day to inquire about your health. As soon as you're ready you can begin. As a matter of fact, wouldn't two weeks' salary from Tony straighten out your finances?"

"I haven't told you, Dusty, but the last time the throat specialist examined me there was the queerest look on his face. Do you suppose there is anything incurably wrong?"

"Of course not. But if you like I'll call him up."

"I wish you would," she said soberly. "I think it's odd that I can't get my high notes back. My register is much lower than it's ever been before. Tell me, Dusty, do you think being so ill could have injured the vocal cords?"

"No," said Dusty promptly, "I don't. You're just staying consistently in the dumps. I do wish you'd give me the bills and let me advance the money to pay them. I really want to, my dear."

"Oh, no, Dusty. Thank you. I made this mess for myself and I'm afraid I'll have to get myself out of it. I don't understand how I could have been so foolish."

"See here, Sue. I can even charge you interest if you'd feel better about it. Like a bank. Anything for your peace of mind. It's part of my job to keep you free from worry."

"You're kinder than I deserve. Will you listen to a song and give me an honest opinion? I ran over some things this morning and they sounded so awfully queer that I had a crying spell, which of course was weak-minded and silly. But I couldn't help it."

Dusty said, "Of course. And shall I play a two-fingered accompaniment?"

They tried three of Sue's songs, and afterwards Dusty was silent. He lighted a cigarette, poked the tiny fire, and paced up and down the room.

Sue put her face in her hands. "Dusty! Is it as bad as that?"

"Oh!" he said, as if he had forgotten her presence and was jerked back from his own thoughts. "Oh, Sue, it is surprising. It's appealing, too, very. But it isn't any more like the liquid tone you had before your illness than if you were another person. Some of the notes are, of course. But this low huskiness—why, I shouldn't be surprised if it intrigued Tony Stefano."

Sue's eyes, bluer and larger than ever, seemed enormous now. Her sweet red mouth seemed larger, too. But her face was alight with the old eagerness, and she said, "Dusty—please—please. Let me try!"

"But, Sue, you're barely out of the hospital. It isn't possible."

"Dusty—oh, at least you might give me a chance!"

Finally Dusty telephoned Tony Stefano. Tony was delighted. He would take Sue on as soon as she was ready, and he'd like to feature her this coming Saturday night if she felt equal to it. To conserve her strength they'd dispense with the rehearsals and Sue could run over the songs once or twice with the orchestra leader and the piano.

On Saturday night Sue was extremely nervous, and Dusty doubted the wisdom of her appearing before she was actually strong. After all, she had been dangerously ill, and just because she had made such a startlingly quick recovery there was no reason to push her. He had bought her some fur-lined velvet overshoes, called in his mother's gay days, carriage boots. If he could help it Sue wasn't going to get her feet wet again. Underneath her velvet coat she wore a warm knitted sweater which Gran had sent her, and admitted that it was comforting.

Sue let her hand rest in Dusty's and watched the lighted shop windows flash past. "I'm glad," she said, "that I won't miss Christmas. I should have hated to. What day is it, anyway?"

"Christmas is less than two weeks off, if that's what you want to know. And, young lady, just to give you fair warning, remember you're just out of the hospital, and if anything happens to you I'll be responsible. At this moment I have cold feet for calling up Tony Stefano at all. I should have kept my hands off and refused to have anything to do with it. I should have insisted on a cruise to Bermuda or the South. I should have—"

She turned to him. "Dusty, darling, don't be frightened about me. Really, I feel well, although I haven't the strength I had before, and I get tired quickly. But you know

I urged you to do this. Don't worry so. I'm all right."

Sue came early on the programme. The night club was glittering with lights in crystal chandeliers. It was newly decorated, smart, and doing well. Dusty took a table and sat down to wait for Sue. Now that it was time for her, he was beside himself. The rehearsal, Tony had told him, had been all right, which meant little or nothing to him. Now that Sue was to face this roomful of people Dusty felt he had been most unwise to allow her to undergo this ordeal. He beckoned to the waiter and ordered a stiff drink, as if he himself were about to sing for this audience.

When Sue stood there, her hands clasped before her, she looked so fragile and beautiful that his heart leaped. Yet no one seemed to notice her.

Then her voice, low and husky, came forth appealingly, and he saw people stop, listen, and turn towards her. She finished her song, and Dusty heaved a sigh of relief. The applause was spontaneous and continued. The orchestra leader nodded to Sue to give an encore. This time there was silent attention throughout, with scattered clapping. She reached the refrain, and then a stange look of panic and bewilderment spread over her face.

Dusty rose. When he reached her she had stepped behind the piano and the orchestra leader, puzzled, was staring at her.

"What is it, Sue?" Dusty asked. "I can't," she said in a whisper. "Of course you can," he said heartily. She looked up at him, her eyes wide and terror-stricken. "But you don't understand. My voice—is completely—gone."

WHILE Dot briskly packed Sue's suitcase because Sue was so weakly incapable of anything, Dusty was trying to cheer up Sue.

"Don't take it so seriously, my dear. All you need is a rest and everything will be all right."

"It won't," Sue said. "The specialist told me that probably my vocal cords are permanently injured."

"Doctors don't know everything," said Dusty. "They don't know you, Sue. Cheer up, and we'll all come up to White Creek for Christmas if you'll be good, won't we, Dot?"

"Of course," Dot said brightly.

But as the days passed, Dot found herself more and more on edge. One morning she actually flew into a rage at her secretary for a trivial error. It wasn't only for that, but for the mistakes of yesterday and the day before and the day before that. She actually yelled at the girl, who sat white-faced, staring straight ahead. Then Dot rose and unsteadily poured herself a drink of water from the vacuum carafe on her own desk.

"Connie," she said, with a sudden surge of warm feeling, a reaction from the anger which left her limp and trembling, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean all I said."

Connie crumpled at her kindness and put her head on her typewriter.

It was the sort of miserable affair that one shuddered to recall. Dot had never dreamed that in her own smooth world she could be anything but just, even-tempered and unblamed. Always, more than anything, she had hated business women who were mean, who vented their ill-humor on their underlings—and it seemed as if now she had become one herself.

Was it because she had felt guilty ever since she had sent Sue home to Gran? But

what else was there to do? Even Dusty had agreed with her. But she had, she knew, a black little thought that if Sue were safe in White Creek, at least Dusty could not see so much of her as he did here in New York.

She put on her hat and coat and went out of her office.

C. C. Mitchellree's was jammed with people. Although the counter for Christmas wrappings had been centred so that customers could get on all four sides of it, and there were half a dozen extra girls, still people were complaining that they couldn't get any attention.

Dot paused with her hand on the stair railing and looked down. The store was a madly turbulent sea, heads and arms wildly bobbing about on the waves. Although it was early in the afternoon, the sales girls were already weary, their smiles strained, their faces wan.

"And it's still two weeks off!" Dot sighed. "The Christmas spirit is supposed to be at the back of all this," she mused. "If there is anything more unlike the Christmas spirit as it was once envisaged, it's these weeks before Christmas with their burden of shopping. Don't people know—can't they realise that nearly all of it is artificially stimulated? That it's just a commercial racket fostered and bolstered and built up by people who have things to sell?"

Yet she knew she was only cynical, and she was doubly angry with herself because no one reaped a bigger profit from Christmas than the company of C. C. Mitchellree. In fact, they had done almost more than anybody else to make wrapping gifts a joy, with their vari-colored paper, their transparent colored bows, the gilded holly, the miniature Santa Clauses, and as a final touch of festivity there was the Christmas party, not only for juveniles, but for grown-ups. Decorations and costumes, the new indestructible kind, and crepe paper tablecloths and new table settings, and favors and Jack Horners and ten thousand other silly items.

Stephen opened the door of his office and met her on the stairs. "Why so glum, my lass? We're doing three hundred more than last year, even as early as this."

"Oh, but Stephen," Dot groaned, "it's all so absurdly stupid. Why can't shoppers understand that it isn't what they buy, but what they can give of themselves? Of time, or thought, or affection?"

Stephen took her by the arm. "Come into my office. I want to talk to you, anyway. Besides, this—this speech of yours about Christmas has a ring of familiarity. Didn't we have an ad. this season that ran: 'It isn't the gift, it's its wrapping'—or something to that effect?"

In his office, Dot sat down limply and looked out through the long, thickly-woven white curtains into the street, blue in the early dusk. "How can you twist it so? Though your gift be small, its wrapping can be important. And a Mitchellree wrapping shows the giver's loving thought, of you. Listen to those females down there, yapping—full of loving thoughts."

"Dot, my sweet," he said gently, "I hate to see you so tired, so frazzled, so wearily caustic."

She turned her face away and for a moment her chin trembled. It was quite true. Other people besides Stephen had noticed it. She just couldn't help the cutting remarks that came to her lips. Nerves, she supposed. Otherwise—well, what else could it be? She was tired to the very marrow of her bones. So tired that some-

times she thought they would all go soft as jelly and drop her in a tired little heap, to sleep—and sleep.

"Perhaps," Dot thought, "if I make up my mind to marry Stephen and really think about him and plan to make him happy, I can be a nice person again."

Then she heard Stephen saying, "Dot, we could get married and take a trip after the rush."

Dot smiled. "But New Year comes on the heels of Christmas. It just isn't fair—and February is the party month—"

"There's still almost all of January. And it's nice in the south."

"Yes," said Dot. "A little sun helps, but I want to be sure."

"All right, Dot," Stephen said gently. "By the way, are you bent on White Creek for Christmas?"

"I suppose so," Dot said. "Gran always expects us—and Sue is pretty well knocked out. Gran is planning a gay Christmas chiefly for her sake."

"Dot," said Stephen, "I'd love to come, too. May I?"

"I'd love to have you," Dot said.

"Oh!" said Stephen. "Oh, my dear!" As he reached to take her in his arms, a sample roll of crepe paper which had been leaning on the shelf tipped over and crashed down about their heads, winding them foolishly in yards of a new shade called glendina.

"NOW when the cakes are done," said Gran, stirring the brown aromatic spices into the rich dough, "we'll douse them with sherry and let 'em ripen. Then we'll get the keys to the Blue Chamber and the Green Chamber and inspect Lucy Gilbert's cleanin' upstairs. She's apt to slight things—can't so young and spry as she was. And, Sue, when you get through there, I'd like you to sort over all the Christmas ornaments in the box in the living-room. Make a list of what we need, and when you take your constitutional this afternoon, stop at Joel's and tell him we want the biggest tree he's got. Tisn't every year we can have a real celebration, and we might as well make the most of it. Dusty and Dot and this new beau of Dot's, Stephen Emery—my! my!" Grandma drew a long breath in anticipation. "I do love a party!"

"Yes," said Sue.

The box of Christmas ornaments was yellowed and grubby with dust. She opened it and found the carton with each bright ball in its own partition, like eggs in a box.

Here was the blue-and-silver one with indented sides, the crimson-and-gold one with the pointed tip, the yellow-haired angels, the huge star for the tip, the cotton-stuffed Santa Clauses, the walnuts she had gilded one Christmas time, and the tarlatan stockings.

A smile crossed Sue's face, and she said to Gran who came in, "You know, Granny, these are the real Christmas things. In the city they try so hard to make Christmas streamlined and modern; they gild and silver their trees and do all sorts of things, but a real tree should be green and spicy and furry with ornaments like these."

"Why, Sue," said Gran, a delighted smile on her face, "you begin to sound like yourself. We'll just show them, my dear. We'll make it a Christmas to remember."

The air was frosty later in the afternoon when Sue, her cheeks whipped into color by the wind, walked along Pleasant Street. Her hair flowed out loosely under a blue knitted cap and her arms were filled with bundles. A pinky-gold sunset lingered

briefly in the grey sky and was reflected on the snow.

She wouldn't admit that she had been looking forward to this last errand ever since Gran had first suggested it in the early morning. She hadn't seen Joel since he'd left New York.

The light touched a pile of new lumber in the yard of the Peterson house. The windows were open, she noticed, and some of them were spotted with paint. "They're doing it over," she observed. "I wonder—" and she stopped short as she saw two figures on the steps. One was Joel and the other was a girl with a soft cloud of dark hair. Jinny, of course.

Their voices floated out happily in the sharp air. Then Jinny's voice reached her clearly. "But, Joel dear, if we don't take out that partition couldn't you use that little room as an office?"

Sue stopped as if she had been struck. Joel's voice was lower and she didn't hear his reply. But Jinny said lightly, "Well, it really doesn't matter." There was a short silence and Jinny's voice again. "The kitchen will be red and white. Mother is giving us a complete set of red-enamelled pans and I've bought some red curtains with white spots."

"Sounds like a circus," Joel said. "By the way, did you look at the second-hand store—"

Sue heard the door squeak, the key turn in the lock. Then their footfalls on the steps, and creaking on the hard-packed snow.

"Oh!" thought Sue. "What shall I do?" Her cheeks burned.

There was nothing she could do, because now they stood in front of her. "Oh, Sue!" said Joel. He introduced Jinny and stood awkwardly for a moment. "How are you? Been buying out the town?"

"It's just Christmas," Sue said as lightly as she could manage. She never knew exactly when her voice was going to jump into a squeak or fade into a whisper. "This is a piece of luck," she said, "because I was to stop and tell you to bring Gran the biggest Christmas tree you have. You know, of course, that Dot and Dusty are coming for Christmas. And Stephen Emery."

Joel nodded. "Yes, I knew. Let me have those bundles. Jinny and I'll walk along with you. I've taken Gran a Christmas tree ever since I was big enough to cut one," Joel went on. "And here she is again, eighty or so—"

Jinny's hand clung lightly to Joel's arm. "I've heard you sing, Miss Garland," she said. "And I was so sorry to hear you had been ill."

Sue turned to her and saw that Jinny's eyes were large and dark and had a melting innocence. She thought with a little pang. "She really adores Joel. And she is quite happy. What a lovely girl! I mustn't let her know—"

They all walked along together, but Sue opened the green iron gate and walked up to the house alone. As she opened the door, a far-off bell tinkled. The hall was dark and musty, fragrant with spiced rose leaves in a jar and the wood smoke of a fire. She stopped as she heard voices.

"Why," she thought with a little rush of pleasure, "it's Dusty—come unexpectedly. How good of him! How thoughtful!"

Dusty was vigorous and eager. "Darling," he said, "you're looking simply wonderful."

He hadn't been able to bear it another

minute, he said, and had come on the five o'clock, been all the afternoon on the stupid train and when he arrived he had found her away.

She drew her arm through his and walked into the lighted living-room. Now that Dusty was here, suddenly everything seemed to come to life and have meaning.

Dinner was a very merry affair that night.

It was a magnificent meal, hastily conjured up out of the unsuspected depths of the old larder. Sue realised that she had never before fully appreciated Gran. There were the old damask cloth, heavily monogrammed, and the cut glass decanters; fricasseed chicken and biscuits as light as a cloud were served by a disapproving Lucy on thin, hand-painted china plates.

"This," said Dusty, taking another helping of chicken, "is great stuff. Never did a better piece of work in my life, Sue, than to return you to your ancestral seat." And then after a moment, "Is Joel still set on that crazy notion of opening the mills? I haven't heard from him since he came back."

"I saw him to-night," Sue said, "with Jinny. They're doing over the Peterson place."

Dusty scowled. "So he intends to stay on, does he, the scatterbrain? Kid! He'll never be able to raise the money."

"Why don't you back him up?" Gran's voice was sharp and abrupt.

"Because he can't possibly run into anything but disaster."

"Joey's got gumption and sense," Gran declared firmly.

"Maybe, but what does he know of the actual business of manufacturing?"

After Gran had gone to bed, Dusty unwrapped the huge bundle of brightly jacketed new books and magazines he had brought. "What I really had on my mind was to find out what you want in your Christmas stocking."

"One soprano voice," Sue said lightly, "coloratura, preference, with no squeaks, rasps, breaks or frogs. And something to use for money."

She poked around excitedly and gave a little squeal of delight. "Dusty, how sweet of you to bring Christmas carols! This—why, this looks like an old manuscript. Oh—I wish—"

Dusty took the sheaf out of her hand and went over to the piano. "We can play them, anyway."

Sue played them and Dusty sang in a rich, full, sometimes uncertain, bass.

The candlelight fell on Sue's earnest face as she followed the notes. Dusty halted in the midst of a phrase and stopped both her white hands. "Sue, dear, you belong here. You are so right in these surroundings. Darling, why aren't you happy here? Why do you want to go away and sing?"

She looked up into his kind, eager brown eyes. "I don't know, Dusty," she said, troubled.

"You know why I came to-day, Sue. I waited as long as I could. I wanted you to be well and strong and sure—you do love me, Sue?"

The question hung between them and suddenly Sue recalled the laughter of two others in the still, cold air. Joel and Jinny, so happy in each other. She looked

up at him. "I do love you, Dusty. I'm sure I do."

Then curiously enough for the first time Sue saw Dusty embarrassed. He groped in his pockets for a little satin-lined case. "It is a Christmas present. I bought it this morning and now I can't wait to know whether it fits."

Once on her finger, the ring did something to Sue. She felt a pervading peace and happiness. It was good to have her life decided. "Dusty, I promise—" and the word held an echo of solemnity, as in taking a vow, "—to be a good wife to you. You're so wonderfully—"

Dusty didn't wait to hear what he was. He ended the sentence with a kiss.

The next day was spent quietly. There were errands to do for Gran, and Dusty and Sue had lunched at the country club and looked over the ski-ing possibilities. Then Dusty had spent most of the afternoon with Joel while Sue rested.

Now it was after dinner. "What," inquired Dusty, "does White Creek offer in the way of bright things to do?"

Sue smiled. "White Creek is in the throes of Christmas, and there will be nothing doing for the next few days until the festivities burst with a bang. Then everything will happen at once."

At that moment footsteps sounded on the porch and the bell tinkled brightly.

"Joel!" exclaimed Sue, "and Jinny! Do come in, both of you!"

They couldn't come in, Joel said, because they were caked with snow. They wanted Dusty and Sue to come out. Dakin Hill was marvellous. It was a moonlit night and Joel had rigged up the old bobsled he and Dusty had had when they were boys. "We'll carry Sue up the hill, Gran," Joel shouted into the living-room. "And she and Jinny can ride over. She doesn't need to take a step."

The still air was like wine, and the runners, rusty from disuse, squeaked on the hard-packed sidewalk as Dusty and Joel pulled it along, their breath blowing back in white, steamy plumes. The moon, which was round and full, threw a white light over the snow-covered roofs; the white lawns in which stood old evergreens thickly furred and heavy with snow. Sue had her mittened hands around Jinny's waist, while Jinny bent her head forward because the sled was travelling so fast.

There were others bobbedling on Dakin Hill, dim figures in the moonlight. A squeal of laughter went up after they were all seated and the sled gathered speed, throwing back a fine snow dust on its way down the slippery hill.

The earth, Sue thought as she gripped Joel in front of her and felt Jinny tighten her hold from behind, practically dropped out from under. The first time her stomach was weak and queasy, but as the air ceased rushing past her and they slowed to a stop, she wanted to do it again. It was one of the things Sue had missed in her childhood.

"You haven't ever coasted on Dakin Hill before, and you've lived in White Creek all your childhood?" Jinny asked incredulously.

Sue shook her head. "Gran was nervous about it and I didn't have any brothers to take me, so I had to be content with a toboggan slide built in the backyard, which was scarcely exciting."

Sue jumped up from the sled and insisted on walking up the hill.

"But we have to pull the bobsled up, anyway," said Joel. "You may as well ride."

"But I don't want to ride," Sue an-

nounced. "If I am ever going to regain my strength, I'll have to exercise."

Joel caught her by the sleeve and tried to put her on the bobsled, but she laughingly eluded him and he dashed after her. Dusty took hold of the rope. "Come on, Jinny," he said, "we'll pull it up while the children play."

Jinny grasped the rope and fell in beside him as he started up the hill. "I hope you'll be nice to Sue," Dusty said as they climbed. "She needs friends right now, as well as new interests. She doesn't know it yet, but she will never sing again. Her voice is gone forever. And the only thing for her to do is to stay in White Creek until she is perfectly well." He talked about Sue all the way to the top of the hill.

Joel and Sue came lagging behind. At first they walked along briskly, both self-conscious and a little embarrassed at being left alone. But as they began to ascend the slope and Sue was unable to keep up with Joel, he took her by the arm. "Let me give you a lift," he said.

At the touch of his hand Sue's heart began to beat so violently she could feel the throbbing in her ears. Her breath came in gasps. "Joel," she said hesitantly, "for a long time I have been wanting to ask you something. Were you at the hospital when I was so terribly sick?"

"Of course I was. I hung around most of the time."

"Did you bend over the bed and say something to me?"

"Oh, I said lots of things to you." Joel tried to speak casually.

"Did you bend over the bed—with your face very close—and tell me that you loved me? Or was it a dream?"

Joel kicked the snow as he walked along. "I don't remember all that I said to you. And what difference does it make, anyway? Call it a dream if you want to."

"I don't want to call it a dream. I want to know the truth."

"Whatever makes you think I'd say that to you?" asked Joel harshly.

Her voice was low. "Because I heard you. I know you said it."

"Girls make me sick," Joel said. "Last night you accepted Dusty's ring, and tonight you're trying to trap me into admitting that I said I loved you. Is that the way to act behind his back?"

Sue's eyes were blazing with anger. "So that's the way you feel about me, is it? Without another word they returned to the bobsled and took their places.

"Let's go!" shouted Dusty, and gave an energetic shove. He hurled himself on to the rear and where he could handle the brake.

The bobsled was off like a rocket, but Joel had left the guiding sled turned slightly to the left, and when he attempted to straighten it the unwieldy craft skidded dangerously to the right. Dusty reached for the brake, but found it jammed with snow and, as he struggled to release it, the bobsled took another course down the steep slope, gathering speed as it went. As Joel pulled out of one skid it went almost instantly into another and finally ended in a ditch with a grinding crash.

Dusty had dropped off as he felt the sled start on its final dive. Jinny rolled clear a moment later, but Joel and Sue took the full impact. Jinny was the first to regain her feet. Then Joel rose, rubbing the snow from his 'ace and slapping it from his mittens. Sue lay motionless. Joel was at her side in what seemed to Jinny a single move. He raised Sue in his arms

with a tenderness of which Jinny had thought him incapable, saying shortly, "Are you hurt, Sue? Are you hurt?"

If Sue answered, Jinny did not hear her, although nothing else escaped her. She saw Sue's eyes open—saw her lips move—saw Joel's face bending down to them. Then she saw Dusty stride toward Joel. The next thing she knew Joel was sprawling in the snow and Dusty had Sue in his arms.

"WELL," said Gran, giving her back hair a final brush before tying on her bonnet. "I can't see why you're in such a hurry. You've got the rest of your life to live with him."

"Yes," said Sue, sitting in Gran's old rocker by the window. "But I'd like to have it announced right away."

"Now where did I put my gaiters?" Gran wanted to know, searching in her closet.

"Couldn't we have a tea on Sunday?"

"Christmas is only a week away. Can't you wait till after Christmas?"

Sue got up and put her hard young arms around her small grandmother. "Oh, Granny, please, please! We have all that fruit cake and we could serve tea and wine to a very few people. And—and—then we could send a notice to the White Creek 'Star.'"

"Hm." Gran sat down on a plump chair opposite Sue. "Now, mind you, I'm pleased enough to have Dustin Paine for a grandson-in-law. For a while I was scared you'd come back with one of those foreigners—the way your letters sounded. But I'm proud enough to want to do it right. I can't see any reason for rushing matters. I can't see that it's goin' to make any difference in the long run whether it's in this week's 'Star' or next week's."

"Oh, dear!" said Sue. "You see, Dusty will be here on Sunday and he could meet everyone—"

"Nobody in White Creek needs to be introduced to Dusty Paine. But I want you to be perfectly sure the man you are choosin' is the one you really want. And if you go tearin' ahead like this, how'll you ever have time to find out?"

"I don't believe I'll ever be any surer than I am now." Sue looked into Gran's old dark eyes with her honest blue ones.

"We-ell, I might give a small tea. But they wouldn't get much but tea. I've still got a turkey to stuff."

"Oh, Gran, you will! You wanted to be coaxed, didn't you?"

"Perhaps, but let me tell you here and now, Lucy Gilbert isn't the one to take these goin's-on lightly. She'll be rarin' around here before we get the tree trimmed, mark my words."

"She needs stirrin' and airin'," Sue said. "All these years she's grown as mouldy as a—"

"An old lot of maple syrup," supplied Gran cheerfully.

In the end Gran refused to have the invitations telephoned—a modern touch which seemed to her like a real breach of etiquette. So Sue and Dusty, warmly wrapped in an ancient bear robe that still smelled a little of the barn and the carriages, were driven around White Creek by Sam O'Toole, of O'Toole's Garage, in the car which Gran occasionally hired for her formal calls. At almost every other house they dropped the neat white cards engraved, "Mrs. Dexter Bass Graves," on which Sue in her square black script had added, "Tea—4-6," and the date.

One of their stops was halfway up Pentecost Hill, which was enough of an eminence for White Creek to spread out below them like a map. From here one could see the casual, winding streets along which the houses, with their overhanging old trees, were clustered. White Creek itself, now a mere icy line on the map, meandered at one end, and here were the ancient stone buildings of the mills. Fallen into disuse, the elaborate gingerbread Paine house, in its day a mansion of some elegance, stood staring out into the snow with the vacant eyes of broken window-panes.

Dusty said, "To look at it now is to see with detachment the gravestone of one's whole family. Once it was the centre of White Creek. Once that house was lived in, and admired, and pointed out. Most of the time it is to me as if it had never been. It has the quality of a dream. But at this very moment it has a kind of meaning."

"I think because you are here, so alive and so well, and because Gran has preserved the flavor of that time so remarkably. It is good to think that our grandfathers, who had so much to do with building this town, might be looking down out of a heavenly peephole, smiling at the possibility of a certain kind of immortality in our children."

Sue smiled. "That would do for the Don't Give It Another Thought Department."

But Dusty was not the only one to whom this occurred. The engagement tea stirred the society editor of the White Creek "Star" to inspired flights of rhetoric. It caused her to dig in the old records of the ancient newspaper, and she presented two very fair columns on the history of the town, beginning with the grant from the Crown of the first land to the first Graves.

She told an anecdote or two concerning the Indians, several Revolutionary tales which everyone knew, and ended the first part of her story with the observation that these two families, the industrial Paines and the merchandising Graves, had built the town to its present size. She was on less sure ground when it came to describing the achievements of the present generation. Nor was she any better off when it came to describing the refreshments and material of Sue's gown. So, rather lamely, she ended with a complete list in fine print of all the invited guests.

The old parlor was aired, the heavy curtains taken down and brushed free of imaginary dust. Sue herself wiped the glass bells which covered oddly-branched coral-and-hair flowers and filled the lovely old bowls with quantities of yellow roses, softly peach-colored in their centres. The sliding doors into the rear living-room were pushed back, and a long table skirted to the floor in glossy old linen held a brave array of silver urns with blue alcohol flames burning underneath, and plates heaped with sandwiches and cakes.

It was an event of social magnitude in White Creek. Not for years had people been invited to the carefully secluded old house with its high hedges and shrubs, and the tall trees which kept it perpetually in shadow. Almost a generation had passed since the walls of the old parlor and the oil portraits had looked down on such a gathering.

"They'll be married in June and not before," Gran announced. "The ceremony will be held in the old summer-house just as her mother's was. And if Sue can fit into it with her strong young body, she'll wear her mother's wedding-gown and the veil of bedroom lace."

"That goes with me," said Dusty in an undertone to Joel. "Long time to wait and all that, but I don't mind being a little sentimental. You would be, too, if you were marrying Sue."

Joel escaped from the party and went for a long walk. Late in the evening he appeared at Jinny's door. Jinny let him in with a glad cry. "I thought you were with Dusty," she said.

Joel went over to the fire and held out his hands. "Jinny, let's get married at once. Then we can go away. We'll go south, or to Bermuda, or somewhere. White Creek's so cold in winter."

"But, Joel, our house—the mills—everything—"

"I've been thinking about all those things. Opening the mills on my own would be crazy when you get right down to the facts of the matter. I haven't told you before, but I can lease them to Warren, the big toy manufacturer. And there's a doctor who wants to rent the old Paine house for a sanatorium. If all that goes through, we'll have an adequate income without working ourselves to the bone."

"Joel, dear," Jinny said very slowly, "what is the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing!" He put his arm around her. "Everything is all right."

After a moment Jinny drew back and looked up at him. "Joel, don't—don't you love me any more? Something's wrong. Please tell me. Is there—is there someone else?"

"No," said Joel, and he wondered then if he were lying or not. "Let's get married soon, Jinny."

Jinny's face was white, framed by her dark hair. "No, Joel, we can't get married this way."

He put his face in his hands. "Oh, Jinny! Jinny, dear. I didn't mean to hurt you. You have no idea how much I respect you. And I love you—only I'm afraid it's not enough to make you happy. Say something, Jinny, please say something!"

Jinny shook her head sadly. "I don't know what to say."

JINNY RANSOM had been doing some good, hard thinking. She had come to the conclusion that something had happened to Joel, had happened on his trip to New York. Even though he had actually proposed after he came back, he had been curiously restless and unlike himself. She had supposed, of course, that it was because he had failed to get Dusty to invest in his plan for the mills. But her instinct told her that somewhere there must be another girl.

Jinny thought of all this as she stood before the hall mirror and put on her hat. She heard her mother's voice. "Jinny, you'll miss the train if you don't hurry." Less distinctly, "I can't understand you, Jinny. Last week you were all excited over being married. Whatever in the world Joel's going to think when you go traipsing off to get this teaching job I can't help wondering. I don't know whether you know it or not—but marriage isn't a thing you can put on and take off like your coat and hat."

"Oh, mother!" Jinny said it to the white-faced image in the mirror. "Please don't. If I don't get this job I don't know what'll happen to me. Joel doesn't want to marry me—and at this moment I certainly don't want him to—if he doesn't want to. I've always known how he felt, and because we drifted into this, there isn't any reason why we should go on with it, is there?" Jinny knew her mother couldn't hear.

Mrs. Ransom came out of the dining-room. "There's your father with the car. I do hope he has his chains on. Good-bye, dear."

The nine fifty-five was whistling as the Ransom car drew up at the old brown station, and Jinny dashed out to get a ticket. For a second she doubted the familiarity of the tweed coat in front of her at the window. "Joel," she gasped.

He turned around, incredulous. "Jinny!"

And then it was all confusion as the train, breathing out a white plume of smoke, its wheels turning furiously, came into the station. Joel took Jinny's arm and they dashed up just as the conductor leaned down the platform and yelled, "All aboard!"

"Well," said Joel, casually, after he hung up their coats and they had settled back in the green plush seat, "I am about to lease the mills to a toy manufacturer."

"Oh!" said Jinny. She drew off her gloves and rolled them with meticulous care into a little ball. "Oh! A toy factory?"

She was thinking, "He wouldn't do that if he weren't simply desperate." But now he was asking her what she was doing on the early train. "Christmas shopping?"

"No. It's about a teaching job. One of the teachers has had a breakdown and they need someone to start the next term."

Joel was thoughtful as the white fields edged with dark green pines flew by. "It isn't exactly as we planned, is it, Jinny?"

"No, it isn't. But we can be friends, Joel. And if it wasn't going to work it's better to know now. What are you going to do after you lease the mills?"

"Oh, I'm going to drift around a while and see America. A college chum of mine has a car and we think we'll see what the west coast looks like. I've just come to the conclusion if you don't see a little of what the world is like when you're young, you just never do."

As if Jinny couldn't hear the echo in his voice under the casual inflexion!

"That sounds splendid," she managed.

"And then eventually I may go into advertising. Dusty's firm. Settle down, you know."

Jinny thought: "I don't care what happens to me ever, if Joel can be happy. But I can't help him either if I don't know what's wrong, can I?" And then she said without meaning to: "Uncle Ed sent us a silver platter for a—"

Joel's eyes turned toward hers, away from the grey sky with its whisking clouds. Her eyes were dark and wide, and her face was pale and sad. "Jinny, are you sure you don't want to go through with it?"

The train rumbled on the uneven roadbed and the cinders settled lightly over everything with the finality of the despair that closed around Jinny's heart as she bit her lips. Then she said: "Marriages can be happy—at least, they can be successful, even if both sides aren't in love. Only—it seems to me that is being satisfied with second-best. And for us, Joel, her voice was very low, "I would want the best."

Life stretched before Joel, suddenly bleak and grey. He said, "Dusty'll have to carry on the Paine tradition."

Jinny's breath stopped as suddenly everything became clear. How could she have been so blind as not to know what was in Joel's mind! It all fitted perfectly. Of course it had been Sue Garland all the time. When the bobbed topped over, hadn't Joel rushed for Sue? Hadn't Dusty done the same thing? Hadn't she seen Sue in

Joel's arms? Hadn't there always been a wistful, restrained note in Joel's voice when he spoke to Sue?

Jinny said, "Joel, are you in love with Sue?"

Joel turned his head. "Yes," he said miserably.

"Oh!" Jinny's voice was cold and frightened. Though she had not admitted it, all this time she had clung to the faint hope that something else had occupied and disturbed Joel. This was the end.

Joel was as glad as Jinny when they reached Brattleboro and Jinny had to get off. Joel was going on to Greenfield to keep an appointment with the toy people.

"Good luck," he said, as she got off. "Of course you'll get the job."

Jinny's hands were wet with nervousness as she climbed the steps of the brick building. "I mustn't let him know how frightened I am. I mustn't let him see that if I don't get this—there is nothing. I must be calm and relaxed and tell him exactly what I can do."

The waiting was the worst. Even worse than when she heard the cold words in her ears: "We-ell, you say yourself that you haven't had any experience in handling youngsters."

When she left, hardly conscious of what she was doing, she walked down to the station, sat up on a high stool and ordered a cup of coffee. Now it was under her nose, the steam rising.

She kept thinking, "I must have some time alone. I must get things straight. I must think them through." But her mind went round and round and she kept hearing first the superintendent's cold words, and then Joel's as he had ended things for good on the train. And then she thought, "Sue Garland hasn't any right at all to both Dusty and Joel." A black chill shook her. "She doesn't care a peanut for Joel. She hasn't any right to make him so unhappy. He would be a lot happier with me—"

The train whistled. Jinny paid for her coffee and left it on the counter.

"GRAN," said Sue, "what is the use of having the piano tuned? If it's tuned I'll play it and then I'll try to sing and then—"

"Perhaps you'd rather I moved it out to the carriage house," snapped Gran.

"No-o, I didn't mean that."

"All right. Then we'll have it in tune. At Christmas it's nice to have a little music. You might as well get used to the fact that yours wasn't the only voice in the world. If you could shake off this hangdog look of yours and limber up your fingers on some of the Christmas hymns, we'd all have a merrier Christmas. And now that I think of it, to me you don't exactly act like an engaged girl."

The morning sun cast bright lights in Sue's hair. She wore a blue angora sweater and a dark blue skirt as she carefully watered Gran's numerous red-leaved plants. "Gran's soul is as mellow as an old apple, but you'd never know it from her tongue. But she's right. I won't get my voice back by staying away from the piano." Aloud she said, "I don't feel awfully engaged right now. Since you insist that I can't get married until June, it seems forever."

"June," said Gran crisply, "is as good a month as any to be married. Now will you get Jinny Ransom on the phone?"

Sue spilled a little water on the table as she put down the cracked brown pitcher. Jinny's name brought back the recollection

of the bright laughter in her voice, and the answering gaiety in Joel's. "Jinny," she said, "is a lucky girl."

"Just what," asked Gran, peering up sharply, "do you mean by that?"

Sue felt the warm confusion on her cheeks as she said hesitatingly, "I mean she is simply—instinctive. What she wants most in life is a neat little house, a nice husband and some children with their faces washed, their hair combed." Sue's voice was carefully light and casual.

"And that's all you know about it. One person knows mighty little what's going on in another person's mind. You don't live this life smoothly, Susie. If you begin pokin' around in other people's affairs you'll find troubles, mark my words."

In all the years Gran had had it she had never become quite used to the phone. To her it was a contraption, and she held the receiver far away from her ear and talked into it in an unnaturally loud voice. Now she said, "This you, Jinny? Drop in this afternoon." Which had the sound of a curt command and was not as Gran meant it—a simple and pleasant invitation.

When Jinny arrived late in the moway afternoon Sue was gone, loaded with the details of one of Gran's extensive shopping lists. Gran sat beside a bright grate fire and a well-laden tea-tray.

Her purpose in asking Jinny to come this afternoon, she explained as she passed a plate of lacy cookies, was to give Jinny the mittens for the newboys. She had made 24 pairs. She didn't say she had tucked a dollar bill into the palm of each mitten.

"And now, Jinny," said Gran, "do you think your mother and father could spare you on Christmas Eve to help us with the tree-trimmin'? We're havin' a party and then we're goin' to Ephraim Jones' Christmas service at nine o'clock."

Jinny hesitated. "I supposed Joel hasn't told you, Gran, but he won't be here."

Gran sipped her tea noisily. "Nonsense. Of course he's going to be here."

"No, he isn't. I saw him yesterday and he's leaving for good. He's going tonight. And—" Jinny's face twisted wryly. "Gran, he has leased the mills to a toy manufacturer. Gran—I wouldn't care to come—anyway—because—you see—we're not to be married after all."

"Well, now," said Gran in a voice unusually tender, "I'm sorry about that, Jinny. I'm sorry about both things you told me. Openin' the mills, even if it didn't make a great amount of money, would be a good thing for us here, as well as for Joel. Why, the last time I saw him he was all afire to do it. Come to think of it, he hasn't been around much lately."

Jinny put down her cup of tea and clasped both hands over her knee. "Gran, what shall I do?" And she went on and related her talk with Joel, and the interview of the day before.

Gran was very quiet. Then she said: "Jinny, nobody can tell you what to do. Sometimes things look pretty dark. I've lived eighty-one years, and I've seen some mighty dark places in that time. I remember once—well, it doesn't matter now—but Dexter, he was my husband, did something pretty foolish, and right on top of that there was a fire which burned about half the town and our property and 'twas just time for Sue's mother to be born, and I couldn't think of a way to turn."

"And another time—well, we won't go into it—but when Sue's mother died after her brother a few years before her I just couldn't think there was anything in life for me."

But there was. I've been happy. There was Sue, who was just another daughter, and there was Dot, who was very close, too, although not like Sue, because Dot still had her own mother. There was a great deal.

"There always is somethin' to hang on to, my dear. Only you have to look for it. It never comes to you. You're too young to know it, but whatever happens is usually for the best. The things you push too hard are the ones that won't come right. If you can ever let go, sometimes they come back to you."

Gran sighed. The doorbell rang sharply. "Now, Jinny, you come to this tree trimmin'. And my goodness. You'd better skip into the bathroom and wash your face, or somebody will think you've been cryin'. It's the door on your right."

Jinny skipped gratefully into the darkness of the little room to an ancient marble-topped washstand with a wavy mirror. There was the scent of fragrant soap, a bar of immaculate fringed towels. Outside, she could hear Gran's slow steps growing fainter as she went into the front hall.

"Why, Joey," called Gran, "isn't that a beauty? I never saw such a tree. Never in all my life. You can drag it right into the parlor, snow and all. There's a sheet down all ready for it."

Joel tugged and strained and presently one of the largest hemlock trees ever raised in White Creek lifted its proud tip to the very ceiling. Particles of ice and snow which clung to it loosened, melted and dripped as it filled the house with its spicy odor, the very essence of Christmas.

Joel said apologetically: "I almost forgot the tree, Gran. Then at the last minute I remembered."

"At the last minute?" repeated Gran. "Yes," said Joel hurriedly. "I'm leaving to-night. By the way, Gran, I've leased the mills."

"Who to?"

Joel told her and she sniffed loudly. "And now what are you going to do?"

"See the world for a while. Probably end up with Dusty."

"Joel," said Gran sharply, "not so long as I'm able to speak are you going to run away from a situation which isn't to your liking? I knew your father and grandfather and they were men who stood and faced whatever they had to. You're bein' selfish and cowardly and weak. I'm ashamed of you."

Joel averted his eyes and grinned sheepishly to cover his embarrassment.

"I mean it—every word," said Gran. "Another thing, Joey," Gran's voice had changed. "I'm an old woman. I'm not going to have many more Christmases and I've counted on a real one this time. With all of you. It wouldn't be Christmas without you, Joey."

"All right, Gran, you win. Christmas, but no longer!"

A little later as they walked down the path, Joel took Jinny's arm. He leaned his head toward her with a little of his old intimacy.

In the silence of the dark street, Jinny's voice floated back happily. "Gran was right," she was thinking. "If you can only let things go—sometimes they come back to you."

Sue, her arms laden with packages, opened the gate soon after Joel and Jinny had closed it. She watched the two dim figures until they merged with the darkness and stood motionless a long time, staring after them.

STEPHEN'S secretary took the receiver off the hook and said that she was terribly sorry, but Mr. Emery was in conference and could not be disturbed. On the other side of the partition, Connie, Dot's secretary, said to the caller who waited in the doorway that she would leave a memo for Miss Graves. Miss Graves would attend to the matter as soon as she was free. At the moment she was at a meeting and couldn't be reached.

In the board room over the burl walnut directors' table, littered with water-color sketches and piles of gaily-colored pamphlets, Dot and Stephen bent their heads.

Dot took up a sketch and Stephen noticed that the pink fuzzy sweater she wore was extremely becoming with the dark red skirt which belonged to her suit, and that on the whole she was more animated and eager than he had seen her for days.

"I think," Dot said, "that the pale green living-room with those long beige curtains from ceiling to floor over this nice expanse of windows is infinitely more restful than the other."

"But if we take that apartment," Stephen said with a little frown, "that definitely discards the game room, and I had rather set my heart on that."

"Well—" Dot reached for a cigarette—"we'll have to compromise somewhere. I honestly don't think we ought to take a bigger place, because I've been counting on a house in the country, too. I think we ought to make our place in the city as modern and as streamlined as possible. In other words, as high up as we can possibly afford and, if need be, as compact. In the country we can expand and go into the past—old quilts and chintzes and hooked rugs and old glass."

Stephen rose and swept the sketches into a pile. "Well, at least we're agreed on Trinidad for our honeymoon."

"Do you realize," Dot said, turning to him, "that our honeymoon will undoubtedly be the only time we'll ever dare take a vacation together? All the rest of the time one of us will have to stay here to look after things."

"Damn!" said Stephen. "C. C. Mitchelltree doesn't own us."

Dot turned to her little black notebook and wrote down Cruise Clothea. She sighed a little and thought, "We could get the apartment ready if only Christmas didn't interfere."

"Dot," said Stephen, "would you consider—" and even as he said it he thought he must be a little soft in the head—"not working, say, for a year or so? I—" then his voice trailed off lamely as Dot stared at him with amazement in her eyes.

But he took courage again. "Some women consider marriage a full-time job. I mean, why do we strain to plan every detail of our married lives now? Dot, planning a marriage isn't exactly like making out an advertising campaign, or launching a new crepe paper item."

"Stephen, are you saying you don't want me in the office any more?"

"Good Lord, no! But I want—I want our marriage to be real and fundamental, based on our feeling for each other. I don't want it to be successful because we haven't overlooked anything that might wreck it. I want it to go because it can't help going—oh, don't you understand, Dot, it is because I love you so terribly? I want you, not your grand executive talent. I want your heart this time."

Dot's head swam a little. As if through

a haze she was trying to sort out the meaning and the effect of Stephen's words.

But Stephen had not finished. With one swoop of his hand he brushed the sketches into the waste-basket. "I'm right. I know I'm right. If we're to have anything from life, we've got to make it ourselves. We can't buy a marriage by hiring expensive decorators and leasing penthouses. I want a home, not just decorations. I want a home with a wife in it—not a wife who returns fagged from the office, not knowing what the cook has in the oven."

Dot's face was white and drawn. "It seems to me, Stephen, that you might have thought of all this before." Her voice was calm and very cold. "Perhaps you'd like my resignation in that case?"

Stephen turned quickly. "Dot—Dot! Forgive me. Can't you see what I'm driving at? I don't want to take Mitchelltree's leftovers. I want your fresh, bright energy. I don't want you to love me when you have time and when something else doesn't interfere. I want your whole time and attention. It is probably selfish of me—but, Dot—oh, good Lord! I have waited and been more impatient than you'll ever know, and now that you are here within reach I'm greedy, I suppose. Say something, darling, please," he begged.

"It seems to me, Stephen, that in one sense—I may be quite wrong—I am the person I am now because you have had a hand in shaping me. I wasn't very efficient when you first knew me, if you remember. I took pains with my appearance because it pleased you. I used to come to the office with a certain amount of anticipation because I knew you would notice a new dress or hat. I tried to do a good job because I was eager for your praise. And now you don't like me the way I am."

Stephen groaned. "Tell me just one thing, Dot. Do you love me? Do you want to marry me?"

Dot put her head in her hands. "I'm sure I do, Stephen. I think what I have just said proves it quite clearly. But you have stripped me of all my qualities, imaginary or otherwise, and I feel a little lost and afraid. I am wondering how much of me there is left."

Stephen gathered her into his arms. "I want you just as you are, darling. I want you any way—with or without your job, in a penthouse or in a streamlined flat. Make your own terms." He kissed her hungrily.

Color flooded back into Dot's cheeks then. "Oh, Stephen, this is so stupid of us! This is the first time we have ever disagreed on anything important. And it just occurs to me that I have a million things to do. But, Stephen, I think I'll take a few days off. I think I'll go up to White Creek tomorrow."

Stephen nodded. "Just the thing. Perhaps I could get there a little early, too. Why don't you leave to-night?"

"But my Christmas cards and shopping," Dot sighed.

"Let Connie attend to it for me."

Dot seized upon this suggestion. She would give Connie her Christmas list to-night and have her order things sent from a department store. It occurred to her that this was the last year she would send out a card with her own name on it. Next year she and Stephen would choose one with a chaste lighted candle, and Noel in block letters. Underneath in matching print would be Dot and Stephen Emery.

THE notes of "Good King Wenceslas" followed Dot along the street. With a growing sense of excitement she realised that she had nothing in the world to do before train time but pack her bag, a task of a few minutes. At the same time, Dot made the interesting discovery that once she left the office and ignored its demands on her she had a life of her own which at the moment seemed strangely empty.

"I'll buy somebody a Christmas present," she decided, "make a selection alone—just for the fun of it. I'll buy the first thing that reminds me of Stephen."

She stopped before a men's haberdashery-shop window filled with slippers, dressing-gowns, pipes and a large placard labelled "Gifts for Him." It could be something small and rare and old, a nicely carved piece of jade, or an antique paperweight.

But she dismissed these ideas and thought with dismay, "I can't know him very well if I can't think of a simple little present to give him. I used to give Dusty pipe-cleaners and horehound drops and bright, new pencils."

She must have been staring into the window of the little corner shop for five minutes before she realised what she was doing. "Artist's Materials," the sign said, and the window was filled with modelling clay, opened boxes of rainbow pastels, tubes of paint, stacks of paper and canvases and boxes of charcoal. And for the third or fourth time that afternoon she had a distinct shock. "Why, Dorothy Graves," she said, "whatever has happened to you? Once you were going to be a painter, and a very good one, too."

Then she was inside, sniffing the familiar smell of paint and clay, eagerly buying pads, pencils and paints as if her life depended on it. The desire took hold of her so fiercely that she couldn't wait to begin. She ordered the big bundle to be delivered, extracting only a tablet and pencil. "I'll make a series of street sketches for Stephen," she thought. "I'll go back and begin with the Salvation Army lass."

At ten o'clock, Dot, in an old, paint-smudged smock, stood in front of the easel in her own apartment, painting with a fine frenzy. She had forgotten all about dinner, forgotten that she had intended to go to White Creek and that Connie had sent a messenger boy to pick up her reservations for a lower berth on a crowded sleeper. When the bell rang she looked at her watch, astonished. It couldn't be Stephen, for he had had a dinner and evening appointment and had apologised for not seeing her off.

Still wondering, she opened the door, to find herself facing Dusty. A little awkwardly he greeted her and followed her inside. But his constraint fell away as he studied her canvas.

"It's good, Dot. Really good."

"But you see I haven't the background in yet." Then she said limply, "Dusty, does that sound familiar? I mean, don't you remember—it was always like that?"

"Yes," Dusty said soberly. "When you were living on Thirteenth Street you never had the background in."

"See, Dusty, what I found when I was hunting for some old stuff in the bottom drawer!" As she picked up the old sketch-book the pages fluttered out all over the blue carpet. There were hundreds of small, rough sketches of Dusty in various poses.

"We went on a picnic that day, remember?" Dusty was down on his knees. "I had a little more hair, then, hadn't I?"

"The past rises before me like a dream," she said quietly. Then she began to gather up the sketches. "As a matter of fact, when you rang I was coming to the bitter conclusion that that's just all it was—an excursion into the past."

Dusty said, "You've probably been working hours without anything to eat, haven't you?" "All right," as she nodded, "take the paint off your fingers and I'll bring back some food."

It was heartbreakingly like the old days. Dot opened the cartons which Dusty brought back. The same smell of coffee, well-creamed, in a paper cup, the same hamburger, the same thick paper napkins, the very same wedge of layer cake.

"Dot," Dusty said as if it were all a brand-new idea, "why don't you take a year or so off and do nothing but paint? As a matter of fact, I could probably manage the time, too. Why don't we just take a trip somewhere and loaf along?"

Dot stared at him until she realised that he meant what he was saying. She closed her eyes. Her head reeled dizzily. "Dusty, dear," she said, "have you forgotten? I am marrying Stephen on New Year's Day!"

Dusty put down the coffee and walked over to the window. When he came back, he said, "Yes, of course. For the moment I had forgotten. And you know, too, that Sue and I are engaged. But we shan't be married until June."

"No, I didn't know it was definite. I knew that naturally you intended—" for the moment she had completely forgotten about Sue.

Then she said, in a voice harsh and strained, "The past is past, anyhow, Dusty. You can't ever go back. You have to go on!"

"Yes," Dusty said. But you couldn't tear ten years out of your life in a moment. Even in the fine fervor of his deep passion for Sue, he would go on loving Dot, he supposed, to the end of his life.

AT breakfast Gran made a little ceremony of pouring hot milk and coffee from two silver pots at the same time.

Sue took the proffered cup and observed that she had never seen Dot eat so much breakfast. "She never takes anything but orange juice and coffee before she dashes off to the office."

"Sue!" laughed Dot. "Well, do pass me another buckwheat cake. I don't mind saying that I feel as fresh as new-fallen snow this morning. I can't remember when I've slept like that. I just wasn't here—"

"Hm," said Gran. "No wonder you looked so peaked in New York. Nothin' starts a day so aright as a good breakfast. Why, my mother used to cook a real meal every mornin'—ham, fried potatoes, eggs, and wheat cakes. The way some men can eat! Which reminds me"—she looked at Dot thoughtfully—"perhaps you two girls would go out and take a look at the old farmhouse."

Larsen, next door, telephoned that somebody had broken in last week and it's been on my mind. If you could walk out—it's about a mile and a half—I'd send the car for you around noon. I'd like to have you out of the way this mornin'. Lucy and I have our hands full with a final cleanin' and a turkey to stuff."

"But we can help, Gran," Sue said. "You can help by your absence," said Gran sharply.

THE morning was sparkling and clear, the snow so bright that everything one looked at was outlined in rainbows.

Dot drew in a deep breath as she strode

along. Beside her, Sue, her profile clear and sharp and very young against the sky, said with a little rush, "And if you could manage to get away, Dot, I'd like you to be maid of honor. Gran has her heart set on a regular wedding—and it's the least I can do, I suppose."

"At the moment," Dot said, walking a little more slowly, "I can promise anything. I feel as if I have all the time in the world and that nothing really has any claim on me. As a matter of fact, it's quite true, isn't it? We all have twenty-four hours to spend as we like. But I was coming to the point. Nothing could stop me from being your maid of honor, dear, only it'll have to be matron, I think." She was thinking that she would have to see Dusty married, that she would have to witness the ceremony with her own eyes. And that if she didn't, something would seem to her, and would be, forever unfinished.

But Sue said, "Stephen, of course, I'm so glad, Dot. I didn't know that you had decided definitely. You'll go on at Mitchell's?"

"No, I'm planning to concentrate my energies on being domestic for a year."

"I'll have no choice," said Sue a little bitterly. "I'll have to be domestic or take a course in typing or something if I'm ever to be any help to Dusty. That is, since my career failed to skyrocket as planned."

"I hope," said Dot, "that you aren't marrying Dusty just because it's something colorful to do."

Sue stopped quite still. "Sometimes you say sharp things like Gran. Only it's all right for Gran to say them, because inside she's kind—" Sue was pale with anger.

"I didn't mean it to sound as if I did," Dot said. "I think I said it because it sounded a little clever. Although, since we've brought it up, I've always wondered if you were very much in love with Dusty, or if it was a sudden kind of attraction. Please believe me, Sue, I do want you both to be happy."

Sue walked along slowly without saying anything. When she did speak, her voice was calm. "I believe you, Dot. We will be happy. We both like the same sort of thing. We're the same kind of people underneath. That's important, isn't it?"

"Yes. Very."

Sue was thinking, "This is all talk, really. I'm quite satisfied and happy. Only it's terribly funny that the fact that Dusty's brother kissed me on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus is something I can't forget. It's silly to let a chance incident, that obviously meant nothing, ruin a life that is bound to be happy. I won't let it. Even though he is Dusty's brother, Joel is crude and ill-mannered. He's essentially detestable, and I loathe him."

By now the two girls had reached the goal of their outing.

The small farmhouse, weighted down with a thick roof of snow, with the snow piled high against the boarded-up windows, peered sleepily at them from over the rise in the land. They ploughed through the unshoveled path and Dot fitted the key in the rusty lock. Inside it was chilly, and a damp musty odor greeted them from the darkness. Sue brushed away a cobweb from a back window, raised it, and opened the shutter. Sunshine, in thick slanting yellow beams, lay on the old board floor.

"We could build a little fire," Dot said. And she was down on the hearth, crumpling yellowed newspapers and getting kindling from the wood basket. The fire blazed with a roar and then settled down to cheerful crackling, throwing its light on the rough

old furniture, the hand-carved chairs, the big old pine cupboard with the funny hinges, and giving out the sweet odor of burning wood. "It's queer, isn't it," she said, "that a fire on the hearth is the life of a house?" To herself she said, "There is something about this house that has a vital quality. I could find myself and be happy here. I wouldn't try to change it, or remodel, or do anything but live. Oh, Gran, Gran, it is right, isn't it? I'm so glad you sent us up here. It's what Stephen has tried to tell me. To touch the real things in life is to live."

Dot walked about in the dim light, found an old broom, and, pushing open the back door, brushed aside brown leaves and the white snow. She swept clean the stone doorstep, and with the cold air whipping her cheeks she looked out over the long valley.

When Sue found her she was leaning on the broom and her face was shining. "Sue," she said ecstatically, "once Gran told me I could live in this house. It was ages ago, and I did mean to. I'm going to ask her if she meant it and if I can have it now to live in for a little while, because—because I'm going to paint. I want to do some snow pictures with deep blue shadows. I want to do that old sleigh half covered with snow. And—what a studio that shed would make!"

Sue said, "But Stephen?" "That's just it. Stephen and I are going to live here. Stephen would adore this. I think it's what he has wanted all along."

Sue answered absent-mindedly. She was still pursuing an odd little doubt in her mind. "I wish," Sue thought, "Dot hadn't said that about Dusty. But it will probably be all right—when I see him."

When Sue awoke the next morning she thought with a tiny echo of the thrill she had felt when she was a little girl: "Why, to-night will be Christmas Eve, and we'll meet Stephen and Dusty at the train in Gran's old red sleigh."

But when she had dashed into her clothes and gone downstairs to be greeted by the aromatic odor of the Christmas tree, mixed with the spices and baking pies in the kitchen, she stopped stock still in the living-room, for there was Dusty, chatting gaily with Dot over a second cup of coffee.

When he saw her he rose quickly and said, "I couldn't wait any longer, darling. I had to come. The Christmas spirit was too much for me." He took her in his arms and Sue felt the warm security of his embrace, tender and restrained. As she took her place at the table she noticed Dot's color and thought how lovely she looked—almost youthful.

Dusty noticed it, too. In fact, he found it hard to take his eyes from her. "You ought to stay here all the time," he said. "This place definitely does things to you, Dot."

Dot smiled happily. "I've been thinking the same thing. Miraculously, all my troubles seem to have disappeared."

Her words were cut off by the sound of sleigh bells coming from the driveway. The livery horses, the only ones left in town, were pawing and prancing and switching their tails before the big three-seated sleigh which was to take them to meet Stephen.

It took time getting stowed in. They had to arrange the warm bricks at Gran's feet and tuck in the bearskin rugs. But at last they went jingling off and picked up Joel and Jinny at Jinny's house, after which they made a circle through the town, stop-

ping to leave packages, and now and then causing a minor traffic panic as the oncoming cars halted to let the fantastic equipage pass by, veering precariously on one runner as it rounded a corner.

At the station Stephen said, after the first excited greetings were over, "If I'd only known, I would have come in costume." He sat beside Dot and kept one of her hands in his.

"Stephen," she began, and wondered why it was so hard to tell him, "there's the dearest house, Gran's old farm—"

"Yes?"

"And I want to stay up here and paint." Stephen threw his head back and roared. "Really, Dot, when I suggested taking a year off, I didn't mean you to go to such absurd lengths as that. You don't—you can't mean you want to stay up here in the winter?"

"Yes, I do, Stephen." But she felt curiously let down and a little disappointed.

It was Sue who discovered that they were not going towards home and she called to ask Gran about it.

"We're going to the mills," Gran answered complacently. "I've been wantin' to see this fancy invention of Joel's and I thought I'd better go when I had the chance."

"Did you know I lost my lease?" Joel called to her. "The toy people cancelled. Said it would cost too much to refit."

"Probably would, too," said Gran, her breath a white cloud.

As they drew up before the mills they could see the stone buildings, sturdy and strong, though the windows had been broken by wind, weather, and by reckless small boys with stones. Piles of junk stood desolately about, half covered with snow.

"There isn't anything to see, really," said Joel, as the key rasped in the rusty iron lock, and threw open the door. He turned on a light and they all went into the dusty office littered with papers and drawings and blueprints. Joel led the way into the work-room and showed them the machine. He threw a switch, and spun some elastic thread on a spool. Gran looked closely, but said nothing. Dusty asked sceptically if Joel had been able to patent it. Stephen was the only one who seemed impressed. "There's an idea for our crepe paper, Dot," he said. "Nobody ever thought of using elastic thread with it."

"Oh, I've thought of that," said Jinny. "I've made lots of samples with crepe paper."

"She's my 'creative department,'" said Joel.

Stephen looked at Jinny with undisguised interest. "An idea person, eh? You and I must get better acquainted."

The visit was cut short when Gran went tapping towards the door, saying that the place was colder than the grave, and they'd all be ill if they stayed any longer.

Back home again, Gran bundled the whole party into the front parlor, where the tree stood tall and furry, the gifts piled high at its foot.

Tree trimmings, the ones they had used for so many years, as well as all the bright new ones Sue had bought for the occasion, cluttered a side table. A stepladder stood by the tree and Gran took her place in a chair where she could supervise.

"It may be I'm superstitious," Gran said to Stephen, "but the one time I believe in sorcery is Christmas Eve. I've often observed that a Christmas tree has a magical effect upon those who trim it."

"Perhaps you're right. I wouldn't know. I've never trimmed a tree."

"About time you did," said Gran.

Dot widened her eyes at the sight of Dusty and then said hurriedly, "May I light the candles, Gran?"

The candles, tall and white in silver candlesticks, stood in twos and threes on the window-sills under the holly wreaths. Dot carried a lighted taper and touched each one.

Dusty watched her, then sighed and turned to the table. "We may as well begin." He took a loop of the popcorn which Sue had prepared, a string of plump red cranberries and climbed the stepladder. He wondered if Dot remembered the tree they had trimmed together one Christmas, a tiny table tree in Dot's apartment. They had bought it late on Christmas Eve and they couldn't afford any bright tinsel or lights or ornaments, so Dot had cut out and gilded some paper angels, which were so successful that she later sold the design to a novelty house for twenty-five dollars and had, into the bargain, met Stephen Emery.

Dusty finished hanging his decorations and climbed down the ladder. He went over to where Sue stood by the table fingering an ornament, and took it from her. "Let's hang it, shall we?" Dusty climbed the ladder and hung it far back in the furry darkness, while below Sue watched, her hands clasped behind her back, her face upturned.

Dusty thought suddenly that he'd like to watch what Dot chose to hang on the branches. She was bending over the ornaments.

"If she takes those funny old-fashioned angels with their yellow hair, I'll know she hasn't forgotten," he thought.

Dot's finger touched and disregarded the tinsel, the ornaments in their separate compartments. Then she spied the angels. "Look, Stephen, look! Aren't these the darlings?" Gran, where did you get them? They must be years old."

But as she carried them over to the tree, she was thinking "I wonder if Dusty can possibly remember a particularly dreary Christmas we spent together? Neither of us had a cent. And I made some funny little angels to decorate a tree. I'm going to trim a little bit of this tree for Dusty—because it's possible that this is the last time we'll ever be together on Christmas Eve."

Gran turned to Jinny. "Why don't you help, too? It's partly your tree, you know."

Jinny went over to the table where Joel fingered the silver stars, framed in tinsel, and Joel looked up at her, his eyes wide and full of pain.

She picked up a red stuffed Santa Claus with painted cheeks. She hung it from one branch and moved it to another, but a new thought was in her mind. "What I honestly want more than marrying—though I do love Joel and I'll always love him—is to get a job where I can be really useful. I've kept mixing marriage with a job all the time. I've kept seeing Joel and myself running the mills together and me as a sort of guiding hand for the housing project. There must be a job for me somewhere. If Mr. Emery likes my things, I suppose I could ask him for one. I might even go to New York and try."

Stephen came up. He smiled down at her and said, "You haven't forgotten that you're going to show me something to-morrow, have you? This is a jolly idea, isn't it—trimming a tree?"

"Yes," said Jinny and noticed that his eyes were very dark and kind.

"Gran says," shouted Joel, "that we can't have our egg-nogs, or supper either, until we say our prayers. If you're all through, I'll climb up and put the star on the top."

"This star," he said to himself, "is for Sue Garland. To-night I can see her and watch her and to-morrow, perhaps. Then I'll never see her again as Sue Garland—because in spite of Gran and Dusty, I intend to go away and stay away until she is safely Dusty's wife."

Gran's cane was thumping. "Come along," she was saying, "we don't want to miss any of the service."

ST. STEPHENS-IN-THE-WOODS was built of stone, and to-night as they all walked together down the shovelled path, through the dark green branches of the evergreen trees in the back of Gran's estate, the arched windows were shining invitingly.

Gran and Joel walked ahead, and as they neared the church the carillon in the tower began to play a simple melody. The bells echoed in the stillness and it seemed to Sue, who walked with Dusty, that they vibrated in her own breast—chokingly, beautifully, as if she had never really known Christmas before.

She looked up at Dusty and in the dimness his face was a pale oval, his eyes dark shadows. But the face was, she saw in a flash, and had always been, the face of a stranger.

"Oh!" said Sue, tugging a little at his arm. "Walk, Dusty!"

Slowly the echoes of the pealing bells faded and died. In the church the organ began with rich deep tones. Sue tugged furiously at her glove. Now she laid the ring in his hand. "Thank you, Dusty darling—but I can't, ever. I want to—but I can't. Please understand."

Dusty looked down at it stupidly for a moment. Then he shook his head as if to clear it. "Are you—sure?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, Dusty. I know now I have never loved you. Please forgive me."

"There's nothing at all to forgive, Sue. We'd better forget it, if that's the way it is."

Sue could say no more. But she nodded as she went up the steps of the church. After a moment or two Dusty followed her, but he let her kneel alone quietly in one of the back pews.

Sue's prayer came in little patches of words. "I didn't want to hurt him. Please—make it right for him. He is a darling, but not for me. I would be cold and unreal to him. I wouldn't be what he wanted and in the end I'd make him far more miserable than he is at this minute. How could I have been so blind as not to know in the beginning?"

Young voices lifted up as the choir boys, angelic in their white robes, marched two by two down the aisle carrying candles.

"Glory to God on high;

And heavenly peace on earth;

Goodwill to men—to angels joy,

At the Redeemer's birth!"

Sue's silent words, at first passionate and frightened, faded into an unutterable peace. Strength flowed into her and with it the conviction that she would be ready for whatever came. She raised her head while the music carried her up on wings.

Dot, beside Stephen, looked up to let her eyes rest on the manger in the corner. A light was trained on the Child, and the kneeling wise men. She thought: "If you grasp life too closely and try to mould it to your own pattern, you are bound to fail."

I wish I could know if there is still anything between Dusty and me. Is it the flavor of the past—because then we were so young, so fearfully intense in our love? Is it love, or the memory of love?" Dot shut her eyes and tried to make her mind a blank.

"Goodwill to men—to angels joy,

At the Redeemer's birth!"

With a little start Dot opened her eyes.

"It's Dusty," she said to herself. "It always has been Dusty." Then because her hand accidentally touched Stephen beside her—Stephen, who was so very dear, she smiled at him. "But we can be happy together, too, if it's to be that way."

She felt warm, oddly comforted and more at peace than she had been for years. She turned slightly to see what had become of Dusty. She saw him in the back seat, his gaze directly upon her. His dark eyes were so full of love and understanding that Dot's heart leaped.

Gran shuffled her feet in her flat shoes and bent her head. "Dear Lord," she said, her lips moving slightly. "I've been mighty independent of You in my past eighty years, but now, unless You think I've tried too hard to do Your business—it's a risky matter to handle the threads of destiny—please put Your spirit into my children. Let them feel this Christmas as it is meant to be felt—let them know themselves—and, dear Lord, keep them from making mistakes. Amen."

Dusty held Dot's arm as they walked back to the house. "Dot," he said lightly as they lagged a little behind the others. "How is one supposed to feel when an engagement is broken? Crushed—or relieved? Or—what? I'd like to register the proper emotion because—"

"Dusty, what? You can't mean that Sue—"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"And now you'd like to cry on my shoulder?"

"Something like that."

"Well, do. By all means. I have a clean hanky in my pocket, too."

Dusty said huskily, "Dot—Dot—how could we—all this time? I have known for a long time, even after Sue agreed to marry me, that there would never be room in my heart for another. Dot—it came over me so clearly as I sat there and listened to those Christmas hymns. I kept thinking that you and I—"

"Dusty," said Dot sharply, "I am marrying Stephen."

"No, you aren't," said Dusty, "because you are marrying me, just as we have always planned. You know it—and, oh, Dot—you will, darling, won't you?"

Dot closed her eyes for a fraction of a second. Dusty gripped her arm. "Let's—to-night. We've always put it off before. I mean—to-night."

Dot swayed towards him. "Oh, Dusty. Yes, let's." But a little cold feeling came over her as she saw Stephen walking ahead. "Stephen," she said, "I'll have to tell Stephen."

GRAN said, as she sank slowly into a chair. "My goodness! You make my head swim."

Dot buried her face in her grandmother's soft, sweet old neck. "Grand—Gran—I've always loved Dusty. We just drifted and—"

"Hm," said Gran. "It's a pity you've been so long in makin' up your mind. You've lost a good bit out of your life. For such a smart girl, you've been—a little slow. Dusty's worth takin' some trouble over."

"Yes," said Dot, and the warm color rushed up into her cheeks. "I mean to take trouble over him all the rest of my life—and I want to begin right now."

"Well, we've got the makin' of a good weddin'," Gran said. "The table's all set for a weddin' supper, if you'd like it so."

Dusty in the small living-room said to Joel: "You'll have to be best man, old-timer. I'm getting married straight away."

The room swayed before Joel. With an effort, he said "Fine," and then, "I suppose you've taken care of all the little matters, such as a ring and licence—and my heavens, man, you can't get married in that necktie! You must have another—a sober one, at least."

Dusty muttered as they went up the stairs, "I hate to use the ring I gave Sue. It doesn't seem in very good taste. I'll take it back and change it for something else. Though I'm positive Dot won't mind."

Joel steadied himself on the railing. "Look here—did I hear you say Dot? What has Dot to do with it?"

"Dot?" said Dusty, astonished. "Why, it's Dot I'm marrying to-night."

Joel stared blankly. "I seem to have missed out on something," he said slowly. "The last I knew you were going to marry Sue."

"Slight error on my part," said Dusty with a grin. "I just thought I was. Sue never really thought so at all. Neither did Dot."

"I see. Oh, I see!" Joel's voice was a shout as he turned and jumped down the stairs three at a time.

"No," said Stephen, as Joel peered into the parlor where he sat with the Christmas tree and Jinny. "Sue hasn't been in here. I hear sounds in the kitchen. Maybe she is there. As I was saying, all my girls turn me down sooner or later." He laughed lightly. He had taken the blow philosophically, and now he was offering this pretty little dark-eyed creative department of Joel's a job in New York.

Jinny's eyes were glowing. "But I haven't had any experience, Mr. Emery. I would try awfully hard."

"Jinny, if you're going to work with me you must learn to have more confidence. Don't be afraid to look things squarely in the eye and know that you can do them. Just feel sure of yourself. Can you do it?"

"Of course. That's the way I've always felt inside."

Stephen smiled at her.

"And how soon may I start in, Mr. Emery?" asked Jinny.

"Right away. The Tuesday after New Year." He smiled down into her eager eyes.

A little later he saw Dot at the foot of the stairs. The hall light shone on her face and her hand was white and slim on the polished railing.

"Stephen, darling," she beamed up at him, "can you ever forgive me?"

Stephen realised that she had never before been so beautiful. "I only want you to be happy, my dear, which is as trite a wish as one could express," he said. "If in any way my presence here detracts from your happiness, or if it stirs a single memory that will hurt you, I'd rather not stay."

"No, Stephen, I—I want you. From being one of my oldest, I want to make you my best friend."

Stephen reached for her hand. "That would make me very happy. What is a mere wedding between friends?"

"Stephen! You darling!" Dot reached up quickly and kissed him.

At a ring of the doorbell she flew up the stairs.

"Perhaps you'd like to have me give you away," Stephen called after her.

Dot put her hand on the polished stair-rail and walked down slowly. Sue behind her. At the bottom of the stairs stood Dusty, his eyes devouring Dot, his hands full of large red roses.

The stairway had always seemed long, but never so long as it did now to Dot. She did not take her eyes from Dusty's upturned face. There was to be no more twisting and turning, no more doubling on her tracks. This time she was walking straight into Dusty's arms—for the rest of her life.

Dusty took Dot gently by the arm and led her into the big parlor where an improvised altar stood ready and waiting in the alcove. Then Sue slipped behind the piano and began to play, "Oh, promise me that some day you and I—"

Sue had sung this at so many weddings that now, without thinking, she rendered the words, softly, almost crooningly at first, and finally in the fuller tones of her natural voice, ending on a long-sustained liquid note of the rich clarity she had always commanded before her illness.

Scarcely anyone in the room breathed when she had finished. And when Sue rose to stand with the bride she caught sight of Gran, tears coursing down her strained cheeks.

"Dearest beloved, we are gathered together here—"

The Reverend Ephraim Jones had decided, since there was to be no giving-away, that he would use the ring service, passing the ring through the succession of hands emblematic of unity. In a small wedding, it was a pretty thing to do, besides making all the members of the bridal party participants. So the ring, which had been hastily garnered from Gran's jewel box, was passed through Joel's hands to Sue's, and on around the circle.

To Sue the words of the service seemed incredibly solemn and beautiful. She had never really listened to them before. And then that which was to last a lifetime was all over in a minute. After that came a great confusion of congratulations and Christmas wishes all at once.

At the proper moment the doors were opened on what proved to be a surprise to the members of the household as well as to the assembled guests; for in the centre of the well-laden table stood a heavily-frosted, two-tiered wedding cake, adorned by a miniature bride and groom standing beneath a crepe paper wedding bell, with twisted white streamers of the same material running to the four corners of the table. Lucy Gilbert, the perpetrator, stood in the doorway, her cap a little crooked, as always, her usually sour face cracked into an unaccustomed smile.

Stephen shook with laughter when he saw the bell. "An authentic case of just retribution if I ever saw one," he said to Dot as she stood dabbling at tears which her own laughter had brought. "I never dreamed you'd run into a crepe paper wedding if you married Dusty."

Meanwhile Dusty was shaking Sue's hand so enthusiastically that he failed to hear her congratulations. "Your voice has come back! It's more magnificent than ever. We'll have you back on the air in no time!"

"The funny thing is that it was all I wanted for a Christmas present—remember? But it seems of no importance to me now."

At this point Gran came between them. "Better stop all this talk and get to doin'

things. I'm not goin' to be able to set up all night, so I'd like to have you open one of the presents under the tree while I'm still able to keep my eyes open. Now, if you, Dot, can find that short envelope marked with your name—"

So it was Christmas again, with all of them trooping back to the tree. Dot opened her present from Gran—a long envelope containing a document headed in Old English type, "Warranty Deed."

"But what is it, Gran? Oh—you did mean it! The little old farmhouse belongs to me!"

"You'll have to make it do for a weddin' present, too," said Gran, "at least for the time bein'."

Soon afterwards Dot was rushing down the stairs in her coat and hat, a taxi was at the door, and even Gran, leaning on her cane, was throwing rice. Sue noticed that everybody but Joel was there and she looked around for him.

Then just as the bride and groom were leaving in a shower of rice he appeared from nowhere and tied a string of old shoes to the back of the taxi.

"Oh," said Sue, "I was beginning to think that you were leaving, too."

Joel took her arm and drew her into the parlor. Jinny and Stephen went down the steps and Gran's footfalls on the stairs were growing fainter as she climbed up to bed.

"Why—just why," demanded Joel, "did you let me think you were in love with Dusty? Didn't you know that I love you?" And with a gesture that was hungry and a little ruthless, he swept her into his arms, and pressed his lips down upon hers.

Sue reeled and the Christmas tree, glittering, swayed above her.

"Yes!" Her voice was low and shaken.

"I knew, Joel, but—you and Jinny—"

Joel clenched his fist. "What a beautiful pair of complete idiots! Do you think for one minute I would have let you go—if it had been anyone but Dusty?" Then almost pleadingly he said, "It is true, isn't it Sue? You do love me?"

"Oh, yes!" Sue said in a voice so full of joy and happiness that Joel was at once assured. Then she turned around and ran her fingers idly over the keys, and began to sing.

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

She finished on a clear note of triumph and satisfaction, and turned to find Joel sitting glumly, his chin in his hands. "Your voice," he said. "Don't you realise what this is going to do to us? I wish it had never come back. Now you'll go to New York and everything will begin over again, and after we're married I'll rarely see you."

She was at his side. "You don't understand, Joel. I don't care about it—except of course I'm terribly thrilled to have it back. I don't care about being a great singer, or a success on the radio. I want to be wherever you are. Oh, Joel, please understand me!"

"I'm so glad you feel like that," he said, looking into her eyes, "although it hardly settles our problems. Don't you see, I can't let you give up a career. It wouldn't be fair—"

Sue had risen to her feet. "I wonder what that big box is under the tree, Joel? Let's snoop."

Joel said, "Here's an envelope with my name on it—looks like Gran's handwriting. Let's open it. After all, it's Christmas—"

A blue slip of paper, obviously a cheque, fluttered out and Sue picked it up as Joel

read a letter. He gave a great whoop and threw his arms around Sue. "So that's why she's been asking me all those questions! The sweet old thing. Was there ever anybody like Gran? I thought she wanted to know so she could tell Dusty, but she wants to go into partnership with me herself and encloses a cheque to cover her share." Joel looked at it again and said, "Wow!"

"And that settles everything beautifully," said Sue. "We'll stay in White Creek, both of us and run the mills."

"There's another envelope just like this one. It would be fun to see if it's for you."

"Can you poke it down?"

"It is for you! Now let's see how Gran has settled your hash."

A sheaf of small papers fluttered out as Sue tore the envelope. "I think I've seen these before," she admitted wryly. "They're my unpaid bills following me from New York."

"Unpaid?" shrieked Joel. "They're all receipted, every one."

Sue read out loud from the spidery script on the small sheet of paper. "If you don't owe anyone, you're rich."

Joel stood thoughtfully. "Does it occur to you, my dearest, that Gran has had a hand in all this? I mean, isn't it mighty funny that that man reneged on the toy factory lease—and then all of a sudden Gran comes into the picture with a partnership? And Dot—and Dusty—"

"Yes," said Sue, "and that time she sent Dot and me up to the farmhouse I wondered. She said she thought it had been broken into. Only why—"

"Why? To make us realise the depths of our own hearts. Oh, Sue darling, if it hadn't been for Gran!" He bent over her to press his lips against hers. "Forever and ever," he murmured.

"Yes," Sue echoed. "Forever."

The old clock in the hall gave a stertorous whirr, a premonition that it was about to strike. Just then the door opened and Stephen came in, stamping the snow from his feet. "Merry Christmas!" he called, simultaneously with the mellow stroke of the grandfather clock. "Merry Christmas!"

Rubbing his hands briskly, he said, "That Jinny of yours, Joel, is a great find. She's going to be very useful to me now that I must learn to get along without my right-hand man. I shouldn't be surprised if in time she'll be just as useful as Dot." His eyes travelled curiously from Sue to Joel.

"Stephen," said Sue, "Stephen, can you bear anything more to-day?"

"Well," said Stephen smiling, "Christmas comes but once a year."

"You see, since we've started this pairing off—rather differently, Joel and I thought—"

"We'd get married," Joel blurted out helpfully.

Stephen sighed in mock distress. "Do you think the Rev. Jones can be fetched again at this time of night?"

"Oh," Sue's laugh was happy, musical, "not for ages, Stephen. Not until June. But we could celebrate—there's lots of egg-nogg still. Do fetch some glasses."

Upstairs in the big front chamber Gran rolled over on the squeaky springs. She wished those youngsters would go to bed. Still—it had been a Merry Christmas. A Christmas to remember.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 186-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.